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MUSIC AS A PART OF EDUCATION.

OF all the follies which came to their height in the last century, the popular notion on the value of music as a part of education was one of the most truly absurd. It was a part of "the wisdom of our ancestors" to look upon the cultivation of music as *immoral*! Happy generation, indeed! which could tolerate every vice under the sun in Church and in State, in public and in private, in politics and in literature, at the supper-table and on the stage, while it shuddered at the idea of studying the mysteries of crotchets and quavers; and devoutly believed that the surest way to ruin a boy, both in body and soul, was to teach him how to sing and play.

People whose musical recollections do not take them so far back as even some five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, have no conception, indeed, of the utter obtuseness of perception with which every class in the community closed their ears against the arguments of those few enlightened thinkers, who urged the cultivation of music as a most important branch of a sound education, and asserted that its tendency was to refine and elevate, rather than to debase and corrupt, the youthful mind. Popular opinion has already undergone so marked a change, that, except in certain rare instances of bygone prejudice, nobody is now to be met with who will reiterate the old nonsensical notions about the fondness for bad company which a taste for music was supposed to induce, or who would be bold enough to turn up his nose at a gentleman for playing the piano-forte. Whatever be the greater merits of a love for music, most persons of any degree of sense are prepared to admit that it is at least an *innocent* recreation, and in no way incompatible with manliness of character, habits of business, and diligence in severer studies. Folly and fiddling, singers and scoundrels, are no longer classed together, as belonging by the laws of nature to the same category; and the gravest and most learned personages in the kingdom might take their part in a musical performance without calling forth any remarks, save expressions of admiration at the versatility of their talents.

Nevertheless, we fear that the battle of

sweet sounds is as yet but half fought and won. If a host of fierce and active prejudices have been demolished, a giant monster of ignorance yet remains unquelled. Many a weary hour of argument has yet to be gone through, many a laborious practical example to be carried out, before the great mass of the influential portion of this country will awake to the real value of the cultivation of music in all classes of the population. It is only by slow degrees that we can wring an assent to our wishes from that vast multitude of grown-up people who are by nature *conservatives*, and whose great motto it is in all things to "let well alone." There are tens and tens of thousands of well-disposed people—statesmen, divines, schoolmasters, and fathers of families—who have to be roused from their frigid apathy by the untiring zeal and energies of that more energetic class of minds, who abhor stagnation as a source of moral contagion, and are determined to act up to their principle, that in every thing our race must go forwards, if it would not go positively backwards.

In many cases, also, the Catholics of this country are not a whit in advance of the Protestants in this onward progress. Puff and praise ourselves as we may, there is no denying the fact, that while every thing in our religion would impel us to be first in the land in the culture of the divine art of music, we are, not unfrequently, as blind to its exceeding importance as any other class in the kingdom. Stunned as our ears too often are with unendurable music in our churches and chapels, and perpetually as we are thus reminded of our defects, we have been hitherto too much content to busy ourselves with complaints against the miserable results of our educational neglect, without thinking of going to the root of the matter, and remedying the abominations of the choir by a reform in the school. While there is scarcely a priest in the three kingdoms who does not lament the deficiencies of his musical knowledge, and while nine-tenths of many of our congregations look upon High Mass and Vespers as a species of musical penance, instead of a refreshment and a delight, we have attained no further than to reiterated lamentations, objurgations, and recriminations;

and have wasted the breath that might have been spent in practical reform, in ultra-Gregorian and ultra anti-Gregorian rhapsodies.

The real fact, which we have not hitherto grasped, is this: that music must be made an integral portion of our general education; both for its own sake, and for the sake of the public services of the Church. The clergy and laity, who now groan under the tyranny of singers and organists, may rest assured that there is no possible cure for the dominant evils, but in the introduction of a system of musical training into all our places of education, from the highest college to the poorest of poor-schools. The choir-plague will be perennial; the Bishops may enact all they can; the clergy may lecture, and teach, and entreat, and spend their pittance of money; the sufferers in the congregation may recalcitrate with their utmost vigour against the caprices of the singing-gallery; every extravagance in the way of musical theory may be broached and refuted; a whole library of unexceptionable music may be published at the lowest price; but until Catholics, as a body, are taught singing in their childhood, nothing enduring, nothing real, can be accomplished. Here and there, as we now see, the zeal, enthusiasm, and good sense of some competent amateur or priest may call into existence a genuine Church-choir; and in other places an endurable mediocrity may be attained in the performance of inoffensive music; but never until boys and girls are taught to sing, just as they are taught to read and cast accounts, shall we wipe away the reproach from our churches and chapels, and satisfy the tens of thousands of devout Christians who are so unfortunate as to be sensible to the charms of good music and the torture of bad.

1. We speak first of the importance of a general musical education towards the reformation of our choirs, because the present state of our ecclesiastical music is a fact which might move the most apathetic to fall in with the plans of those who would make music a part of all education. Whatever be the concurrent causes which go to keep up the wretched system against which we all are remonstrating, we have not the slightest doubt that the *chief* hindrance in the way of a better state of things is the deficiency of *singing boys*. Without an ample command of boys for our choirs, we can never make our music such as the service of God demands; and with them we shall be safe from almost all the scandals which even to this day are the sorrow of the clergy and the pests of the people. We have no aversion, it is true, to the presence of women, *as such*, in choirs, as we have no blind devotion to the musical compositions of any one particular age or school, as inherently and specially Christian and ecclesiastical. True it is, that a body of women singers, were they models of all musical and devotional propriety, could not adequately

fulfil the duties of choristers, or take such a part in the services of the Church as her various functions require. A woman, at best, is but half as useful as a boy or a man; she must be kept nearly out of sight, thrust up in a gallery, lest her flowing ringlets and ribbons strike the people with a sense of impropriety, and remind them of the concert-room. But still, it is not so much against the bonnet as against the voice that our objection lies. It is because nature has made the boy's voice exactly what true ecclesiastical music requires, and nothing more or less, that we look to it as the natural cure of our musical maladies, in place of all the quack medicines, the diet, and the regimen, which we are urged on all sides to adopt by those who have not penetrated to the root of the mischief.

The difficulties which are brought forward by those who would retain women singers in Catholic choirs are the following: first, it is said that the compass of the boy's voice is so limited, and his capabilities are so small, that we must either give up a great deal of excellent music altogether, or retain the services of women; and secondly, it is pretended that the labour of teaching boys to sing would be interminable, because their voices ordinarily change at the age of fourteen or fifteen years, and thus each boy can only sing for some five or six years, whatever toil be devoted to his instruction. Let us, then, see whether there is really any thing in these two objections which ought to weigh with us.

As to the first assertion, we partly deny it, and partly acquiesce in it, and rejoice in it. The compass and capability of a boy's voice are precisely those which are most desirable for the performance of truly expressive religious music, apart from the two extremes of cold formalities and theatrical impertinencies. The *quality* of boys' voices is indeed so charming, that few will be found sufficiently hardy to advocate the retention of women on the ground of the superior beauty of the female voice in choral performances. It has a richness, a solidity, a roundness, and (so to call it) a ringiness of tone, and a peculiar masculine sweetness, which are never to be met with in the ordinary run of good women's voices. No one can contrast the effect of a chorus of boys with a chorus of women without instantly feeling how thin, shrieking, and wiry is the latter in comparison with the former. Take from the average female singer her execution, her dramatic expression, her languishing tenderness, her pretty ornamental flourishes, and leave her the mere sounds of the voice to depend on, and her inferiority is at once undeniable. It is in its extent of compass and flexibility alone that the female voice has the advantage. That this advantage, however, is excessively exaggerated, a most moderate experience with a choir of boys is more than convincing. There is not a school of

forty or fifty boys in the country which would not furnish five or six voices abundantly capable of singing *all* ecclesiastical music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, while they would as unquestionably be equal to the performance of a large portion of the works of the more florid writers of a later day. Two-thirds of the Masses of Haydn and Mozart are within the powers of ordinarily trained boys' voices. Doubtless, a boy cannot touch the extremely high notes which occur in some of the movements of these modern masters, nor can they execute the detestable flourishes with which these and other composers have sometimes caricatured the most sacred words expressive of the penitence and prostrate adoration of the devout soul. But we have no hesitation whatever in asserting that a large portion of the *best* pieces of Haydn and Mozart can be sung by boys with a more truly satisfactory effect than by the class of female voices to be found in our churches and chapels. Wherever an honest and persevering effort has been made to teach boys to sing such music, it has invariably succeeded. We have ourselves heard one of our largest new churches filled from altar to west end by the single voice of a boy of twelve years old; we have heard a choir of boys and men execute the Masses of Hummel, Mozart, and Haydn, in alternation with those of Palestrina, at the very least as well as they are sung by the best professional choir of paid women and men; we have listened to madrigal after madrigal, presenting every possible difficulty of time and change of key, sung by a society of amateurs and boys, without a fault and without wearying for some two or three successive hours; we have heard the boys in the Protestant Cathedrals sing solos and choruses from Handel's and Haydn's Oratorios, and from Mozart's Masses, with a precision, expressiveness, and power which can scarcely be excelled; and yet we hear it still sometimes alleged that boys *cannot* sing every kind of music that is fitted for the service of Almighty God! That they cannot insult the Majesty of heaven by uttering a *Kyrie eleison* or an *Agnus Dei* in a series of trills, roulades, and divisions, mounting up to a pitch that pierces every listening ear with pain, we count a most important gain. Women *can* do this; and because they can they *will*, we may rest assured, except in those rare cases where vanity never gets the better of piety, and singers love the edification of a congregation more than the sound of their own voices. It is for the very reason that the boy is forbidden such profane follies, both by the natural limits of his voice and by his inability to attain the necessary flexibility of his organ during the period of boyhood, that we look to him as the natural cure of all the corruptions and defects of our choirs.

The second objection to which we have referred is equally groundless with that which

we have just disposed of. When a choir-master professes that the labour of teaching boys to sing is too great to be undertaken, we assure our readers who may have no experience in such matters, that he is merely putting in a plea to excuse his own indolence. No man who has the least particle of combined judgment and zeal, and who has really tried what it is to teach boys, will ever give utterance to such a baseless fiction. Undoubtedly boys cannot learn to sing any thing at all in a week, or to sing Palestrina in a month. But there is not a school of eighty or a hundred boys in Great Britain or Ireland, which would not furnish a sufficiency of voices which, if taught systematically at the rate of half-an-hour a day, would not sing the treble and alto parts of an easy Mass in six months, and the music of Palestrina, Handel, and Mozart at the end of a year. We say *if taught systematically*—that is, by note, with a proper instruction in the regular course of elementary musical knowledge, by a competent, persevering, and determined teacher, who aimed at making his pupils sing, and not at getting up a show of sound to deceive the unlearned. It has been done over and over again; and wherever it is honestly attempted, it invariably succeeds. This is of course a more laborious thing than the collecting together two or three women in order to, what is called, "*get up*" a Mass; but to call it any thing insurmountable by a very moderate degree of zeal and energy, is a mere abuse of language, and a reproach to any who should be so barefaced as to excuse himself on such a contemptible ground. Let it not be forgotten also, that every one of these children thus taught is taught for life. Even though the boy's voice breaks, and he is no longer useful to sing the soprano and the alto parts, yet his skill and love for the divine art remain to him as a man, and he is competent to assume his place in the choir with far better qualifications than three-quarters of the singers, both amateurs and professional performers, who now play their pranks as basses, tenors, and counter-tenors in our churches.

The first reason, therefore, which is to be urged for the cultivation of singing throughout all our places of education is, the happy influence such a course of instruction must instantly exercise upon our Church music. Were the singing-master once fairly introduced into our poor-schools, middle-schools, and colleges, farewell to all the nuisances which now are the shame of so many of our choirs, the worry of our clergy, and the plague of our congregations. Farewell the excruciating noises which distract devotion, and set the teeth on edge; the flaunting rhodomontades of notes which some fair *prima donna* sends bounding along the echoing aisles and galleries; the lugubrious groans and drawls which are termed a chanting of the responses and the Psalms; and all that combination of inflictions which so often

combine to convert a High Mass into something like a painful penance, and render the Protestant notion that Catholics go to Mass to hear the music, the most absurd of all the absurdities which they believe about the Catholic Church and her children.*

2. But if it is important to introduce a systematic musical training into general Catholic education, for the great purpose we have just specified, surely it is equally important that we should open our eyes to an appreciation of the vast influence which the love and practice of music have upon the whole life of man. We have no hesitation whatever in asserting, that the formation of a sound musical taste, and the communication of a moderate degree of skill in musical performance, whether vocal or instrumental, is literally a *blessing* to every child who is placed in our hands to educate. We have no wish to exaggerate the matter beyond its due value, or to fly off into any preposterous rhapsodies in order to recommend the study of the art we love; but we do not scruple to say, that the moral and religious results of an early and well-regulated cultivation of the musical faculties are such as to lay a most serious responsibility upon those who either from indolence or prejudice neglect to foster the gift which God has given to the children who are under their care. We might have expected, indeed, that the mere fact that the singing of the praises of God will be one of the occupations of the blessed in heaven, would have been enough to make teachers pause before they adopted any system of education of which the cultivation of music did not form an integral part. And we fear it must be taken as an indication of the singularly little thoughtfulness and hopeful joy with which too many of us are wont to meditate upon the glories yet to come, that, as a body, the

* As collateral benefits, we must not forget that the employment of boys would have the double advantage of enabling us to do away with the nuisance of the singing-gallery, and to support our choirs at a far less expense than they now entail. Though exceptions may here and there be found, universal experience shews that a singing-gallery is nothing but a private apartment for gossiping and every thing that distracts devotion; to say nothing of the flirting, and so forth, which will inevitably *sometimes* result from the mixing up of young men and young women behind a screen or curtain. Every good choir-master also knows that in a gallery the singers are always placed too near the organ to allow them to sing perfectly well. On the score of cheapness, it may fairly be assumed that, were singing universal in our schools, a choir at least *equal* in excellence to any given choir of the present sort might be supported for two-thirds of the present expense.

Our readers will, of course, understand that we do not advocate the banishment of women from our choirs while there are really no good singing boys to be found in their place; or that we pretend to assert that there is anything inherently objectionable in a female choir. Even where the staple of the treble voices of a choir is made up of boys, it may often be desirable to employ a few women as assistants, placed sufficiently near to the choir to take a part in its performances, but yet not actually standing in the very spot in the church where the choir is placed. In congregational singing, we must further remember that women will fill a very important function.

people of this country are still so little alive to the importance of commencing upon earth that very work in which they trust to be engaged throughout eternity. Be this as it may, however, we are surely more than justified in urging upon the clergy, and upon all on whom devolves the instruction of the young, the folly of any theory of education which does not recognise the existence of the musical faculty in the human mind, and which, while it is especially framed with a view to fit the child for the occupations of his future natural life, neglects to teach him to anticipate that blissful work which will constitute one of his ineffable joys before the throne of God for ever.

The whole notions with respect to the importance of music as a part of education, which prevail among devout Christians, strike us as almost unaccountably absurd. Unquestionably it is not a positive sin, a literal disobedience to the moral law, to neglect the culture of this faculty which our Creator has implanted in us. But yet the fact that God *has* gifted almost all men with a capacity for the performance and the enjoyment of music is so undeniable; and at the same time it is so clearly revealed to us, that whatever else of this world shall pass away, the love for singing the praises of God shall *not* pass away; that it seems almost an infatuation in us that we have remained so insensible to the importance of an early training of the infant soul to its celestial work and enjoyment. Why do we diligently cultivate *any* of the natural powers of the mind, but because the soul of man is an immortal spirit, whose destiny it is to employ these powers in a higher state of being, in the contemplation of the infinite perfections of her Creator, and in fulfilling his perfect will through boundless ages? Why, we say, is education, beyond such a trifling education as the demands of this brief life require, a duty at all? Why need we trouble ourselves to strengthen our reasoning powers, to purify our taste, to quicken our imagination, to render our judgment more solid, except because we know that the hidden spirit within us has before it a glorious life of immortality, wherein all these noble and divine powers will be brought to their full perfection, and will be called into play in a condition of sinless obedience to the will of their almighty Creator? Why are we not content to dwell in the depths of the profoundest ignorance and the most dense stupidity, seeing that the most ignorant and the most stupid can attain the highest degree of personal sanctity, but because there is within us a yearning for an intellectual immortality, in which *thought* will be as truly glorified as *love*, and the intelligence and the body together will be employed to the glory of Him who made them?

Strange and sad, therefore, it seems that persons of wisdom and piety should be so little alive to the propriety, the beauty, the Christian excellence of that sweet and guile-

less occupation which can make the rocks and deserts of this wretched world resound with the strains which will echo for ever through the courts of the new Jerusalem. There seems something singularly impractical and wanting in common sense in this general neglect of that which is, without a doubt, an anticipation of the employments of the just made perfect, and which of all things is most calculated to brighten the gloom of this present state of sorrow and trial. If it is the duty of all men, so far as their vocation allows, to aim with all their energies at the angelic state, even while on earth; if we are all called to aim at the most exalted moral perfection, and to thank God when by his grace He calls us to the attainment of the highest possible form of the Christian life; what sense or meaning is there in this cold neglect of that very species of enjoyment and refreshment with which hereafter the glorified body will utter forth the fervent love and adoration of the perfected soul? Faint, indeed, and worthless is the most touching earthly strain, in comparison with those ravishing notes which will swell forth from the bands of the redeemed. Who can conceive of the sweetness of those songs, and the sublime and celestial splendour of that full tide of sound, which will be the expression of the bliss of the saints as they walk in perfect purity before the Lamb? There is not, indeed, a sound upon earth which can worthily represent those ineffable harmonies.

Yet the truth remains; music is, when purified from its frequent sinful accompaniments, a foretaste of the occupations of heaven; and if our present strains are not worthy to be compared with the hymns of the just in heaven, yet they share but the fate of all other good things now in our possession. What is the clearest faith in comparison with the beatific vision? What the most ardent love in contrast with the glow which will burn in the glorified soul? What the most profound contemplations of the Christian philosopher, or the knowledge of truth possessed by the whole Christian Church from the day of her first institution till the end of the world, when put in the balance with the perceptions of truth and of the attributes and works of God which are already given to the Saints who see his face? That the best of mortal music, then, is but a trivial, passing sound; that much of it is merely secular and harmless in its purpose;—all this interferes not with the fact, that music, as such, is one of the employments of the blessed, and therefore demands our present careful cultivation, in order that our education may be a truly *Christian* education, and a preparation of our whole being, moral and intellectual, for that state of existence for which we are created.

3. Further, there can be no question that the formation of a taste for music exerts a most beneficial influence upon the future character, during our time of trial upon earth.

All sensible persons are coming round to admit this, and to reject as the silliest and most superficial twaddle, the old notions of the last century respecting the frivolity of playing and singing, and the tendency of a love of music to lead young people into bad company. Every day we see that there is no taste so civilising and innocent as the love for musical performances, when kept in due moderation. From the prince to the peasant, it unquestionably unbrutalises our coarse nature, opens the mind to simple, economical, and lasting pleasures, and satisfies that natural craving for amusement and recreation, which will otherwise fly to grosser and more perilous sources of gratification. The effect is the same in every rank of life. The Queen's consort, who is both a musical composer and performer, is not more different in his private character from the immoral and infamous princes and sovereigns who have so often filled the throne of England or been associated with it by family ties, than the poor Lancashire weaver, to whom the sweet sounds of music are the most delightful of recreations, is unlike the half savage and wholly demoralised mechanics and labourers who are still found in such multitudes in our cities and villages. The priest who has the direction of a poor-school, the father of a family, the president of a college, may be assured that he is conferring no trifling boon upon the children who are under his charge, if he fosters in them a love for sweet sounds, and has them taught to play or sing during the season of their childhood. He will have furnished them with a more potent spell for the banishment of the temptations of after-life than is to be found in many and many a wise regulation with which the wise and aged would fetter the free enjoyment of those in whose veins the blood of youth still beats with a perilous vivacity.

All this is no idle speculation, or baseless metaphysical theory. It is a plain fact, proved by the experience of all who have put it to the proof. In France and in England, in Belgium and in Germany, the result is invariably the same. Every where the morals of a class improve, when a proficiency in the musical art is acquired. It is the same also in every rank of life. Dissipation vanishes before the sound of *Do, re, mi, fa*; and people are content to sing when they would otherwise be in the public-house or at the gaming-table. Exceptions, of course, there are, as there are exceptions to the happy working of the most faultless systems and institutions. Even the word of God is turned into a means of temptation by the arch-enemy of man. Many there are who are vile and gross, notwithstanding all the attractions of the music they cultivate; and, in some cases, the culture of the art is the instrument which, humanly speaking, seems to be the very channel in which the perverted mind rushes headlong to its utter ruin. But these instances are exceptions, and nothing else. The ordinary re-

sult of an early study of music, and of the formation of an intelligent taste, is unmixed good; and therefore it comes before the doubting and the timid with an absolute claim for their consideration, and imperiously demands that they act upon it without further delay.

4. There is also another circumstance connected with the study of music which is of not a little moment in times like our own: we mean, its extreme *cheapness*. If nothing else would touch the hearts of English legislators and parents, surely this one grand excellence must commend itself to their ardent approval. When once we are taught to sing, it costs little indeed to practise the art we have attained. It is only in cases of extreme poverty that even the labouring man cannot provide himself with the musical publications which are necessary for his enjoyment. And wretched and poor as are the millions of our country, yet it is a fact that, where a love for music exists, there is scarcely a mechanic in the land who does not find means to purchase one or more musical instruments, according to his tastes. Strained and burdened, therefore, as is every class of society, and urgent as is the need of providing innocent amusements for *all*, nothing less than utter blindness can lead the truly philanthropic to overlook the paramount claims of the science of sweet sounds, or to continue their present shilly-shallying half measures for the introduction of music into our places of education. It is sheer folly to talk of a poor man's being able to exist in a healthful condition without proper recreations. The life of man is a mere energetic state of disease, unless he has both time and means for innocent refreshment. If we could penetrate into the heart of hearts of the thronging crowds who toil, groan, and die, in the dark recesses of our overgrown towns, we should see at once that, of all the stimulating causes which so frightfully do the devil's work among them, there is none, except the want of a knowledge of religious truth, which exerts so deadly an influence upon their minds, and plunges such multitudes into despair and guilt. Why, therefore, do we not rouse ourselves to a sensible, practical use of that one resource which our limited means allow us to employ? Appalling as are our difficulties when we would solve the sad social problems of our time, why, when a plain, positive good is within our reach, do we take such few and indolent steps towards turning it to the best possible account, and neglect what is really within our reach, because we cannot instantly attain to the abstract perfection which our imagination paints?

We desire, then, to see the cultivation of music—vocal, at least; and, where it is possible, instrumental also—introduced systematically into every one of our institutions for Catholic education. We would have it taught in every college and school, high and low, ecclesiastical and secular, as a portion of the education of the mind, as regularly and as ne-

cessarily as reading, and writing, and grammar. Wheresoever there is not a really inherent incapability on the part of the child (and this incapability does not occur in above one case out of ten), he or she ought to be required to learn the elements of singing or playing, as a matter of duty, as positively as he or she is required to learn to spell and to cipher. Nothing less than this will get over the natural difficulties of the study. Nothing less will serve to overcome the drudgery of learning the elementary knowledge, and of the first practice of the voice and the hands, without which it is impossible to sing or play. Grown-up people will not go through the needful toil; they are too lazy, or too busy, or too stupid, or too sorrowful, to undertake what is properly the work of childhood, and what, besides, is in many respects much easier in childhood than in maturity. The experience of all mankind shews indisputably, that, however loud be the lamentations of grown-up people over their musical deficiencies, they are ordinarily either unable or unwilling to take the necessary steps for making up for their loss. Notwithstanding the occasional instances that are to be seen on the other side, yet as a rule it is an undeniable fact, that persons of five-and-twenty or thirty years old will no more learn to sing than they will learn to spell. They will rather go on grumbling, wishing, lamenting, and declaiming against their parents and teachers, than devote such a portion of their daily time to the actual *work*, the dull, tedious, repulsive *drudgery*, without which they can no more attain to the proper performance of simple music, than they can attain to the power of studying books without the tiresome toil of learning to read.

In a school, on the contrary, nothing is easier than to make the acquisition of the elements of music a portion of the regular work of the day. Boys and girls, as a matter of choice, would quite as soon fag at the mysteries of the musical clefs and keys, as torture their brains with the bewilderments of arithmetic and algebra, or the dull details of chronology and grammar. In fact, they would infinitely prefer to do it. The musical lesson, when taught by a lively, intelligent, and good-humoured teacher, is welcomed in a school as the most agreeable thing which the hours of study comprise. Man is so essentially and naturally a singing creature, that the delight of exercising the voice, and the gratification of listening to the sounds of melody and harmony, more than compensate to the young mind for all the trouble involved in mastering the dry details of musical notation and the elementary rules of musical science. A half-hour's lesson in vocal music is better than an hour's sport in the play-ground, by way of refreshment to the confused brain; and there is not a school in existence in which a judicious master or mistress might not con-

trive to make an exclusion from the singing-class one of the most efficient of punishments for the careless and idle.

How far the system could be at once introduced into our educational establishments, is, of course, a question which can only be decided by the circumstances of each individual case. Unhappily, miserable as is our condition in respect of masters for poor-schools, our present race of teachers are perhaps more utterly incompetent as instructors in music than in any other of the many points in which their incapacity is so striking and lamentable. Nevertheless, far more *might* be done than is done. In all schools and colleges for the richer classes, nothing in the world is wanting but a determination on the part of the superiors to enforce the teaching of class-singing, and the result must follow at once. The organists, choir-masters, and music-masters, who play and teach in our colleges, and convent and private schools, are either competent to teach singing to the whole body of pupils in classes, or they are utterly incompetent to the work which they now pretend to perform. The superior of a seminary has nothing to do but to say to the person who holds the chief musical appointment in the establishment, "Mr. So-and-so, I have made arrangements for setting apart one half-hour every day for the instruction of the scholars in class-singing, and I shall be obliged by your taking the proper steps for carrying my wishes into effect;" and if the said musician has not taught his pupils to sing an easy Mass, *by note alone*, within the space of half-a-year from that time, he will deserve to be dismissed from his position, in the judgment of every person who knows by experience what can be done in a Catholic seminary by zeal, perseverance, and tact.*

In many poor-schools also, where the master or mistress is not personally able to teach children on a good system (and children had better not be taught at all, than taught ill), yet there can frequently be found in large towns some respectable person or other who will be capable of giving the necessary instruction, and who would do it at a very low rate of remuneration, provided he found that the clergy of the place took a real interest in the success of his pupils, did not expect too much at the commencement, and smoothed away the obstacles which are too often thrown in the way of musical instruction by our present ignorant and obstinate masters and mistresses. And considering the preposterous sums which are literally thrown away in the payment of professional and semi-professional singers in many of our largest churches and

chapels, it really is not too much to expect that when the outlay of a few pounds a year will create and keep up a class of singers far superior in real value and efficiency to these sets of half-a-dozen singers who now usurp the title of *choirs* (!), the influential people in a congregation should furnish the means of instruction in a very large proportion of the poor-schools throughout the country.

At the same time, let us not blink the real truth, that until our schoolmasters and school-mistresses themselves, as a class, are competent teachers, nothing thoroughly satisfactory can be done. Doubtless a degree of musical knowledge, and an average character of ecclesiastical singing, may be attained, wonderfully in advance of the lamentable state in which we now find ourselves. But yet there is one, and one only, method for really *curing* the evil. Never, until we have one or more Normal Schools, conducted upon thoroughly ecclesiastical and enlightened principles, for the formation of a race of teachers qualified to teach music, as well as every other branch of a poor child's education, shall we see a complete cessation of the offensive absurdities which too often disgrace the most solemn services of the Catholic Church in Great Britain and Ireland. We have had enough of patch-work in this and in all our other Catholic affairs. It is in vain to look for remedies, unless we are prepared to act like men, and go to the root of our evils. We are half dead with expedients, with postponements, with blunderings, with misunderstandings. A sort of mixture of conservatism and rashness has blighted too many of our undertakings of fairest promise. We have lived from hand to mouth, instead of reflecting that there is such a thing as the future to be provided for; while every body has been bent upon carrying out his own schemes, whether sensible or crotchety, instead of uniting with others in the establishment of measures upon a large scale, and on a well-ascertained basis, for the benefit not merely of this or that congregation, but of the whole *body* of British Catholics.

To the Catholic Poor-School Committee, therefore, we look for the formation of an efficient Normal School, of which one characteristic shall be, that it instructs its pupils in the art of teaching singing. They occupy a position which no similar body has hitherto occupied in the country; and therefore, as their position and powers are greater, so is their responsibility more weighty also. We rejoice to know that they are fully alive to the paramount importance of the speedy establishment of such a Normal School as we have described, and are already taking various steps in order to the accomplishment of their wishes. We can only trust that they will not suffer themselves to be disheartened by the obstacles and discouragements which they will most assuredly encounter in the prosecution of their pious labours.

* The admirable chanting at Old Hall, the large number of zealous and well-trained singers at Ushaw, the difficult old Church-music executed at Oscott, and the grace and spirit of the singing at Prior Park (not to speak of Stoneyhurst, Downside, &c.), are proofs of what may be done in every school throughout the country.

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

[Continued from p. 255.]

No. XIII.—THEIR PAINTINGS.

RELIGION has at all times exercised so important an influence over art, that it is necessary to have some acquaintance with the mythology of a country, before we can hope to understand or appreciate the productions of its artists. How hopelessly inexplicable the obelisks of Egypt, for example, without a knowledge of Egyptian superstitions! And so, in like manner, if we laid before a heathen all the paintings of the Roman Catacombs, he would lose himself in a maze of conjectures, and find it impossible to interpret their meaning, because in them painting appears as the handmaid of a religion which he does not understand. We may go still further and say, that even a Christian would find it difficult to explain why such and such subjects were taken in preference to others, or why they were treated in this way rather than in that, unless he had some little acquaintance with the writings of the Fathers, or at least with that traditional interpretation of the Scriptures which those writings contain. He would understand the general propriety of having representations of Christ's miracles set before the eyes of men who were assembled to worship Him as their Lord and their God; but he would not recognise any inherent superiority in the miracle of healing the man sick of the palsy by bidding him arise, take up his bed, and go into his house, which should account for its having been chosen for such continual repetition in the churches of the Catacombs, to the neglect of others quite as marvellous and edifying in themselves, and as well suited for the art of the painter, and having more obviously a special reference to the actual condition of the Christians of those times. Nevertheless, when we find St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Hilary, and other ancient commentators upon holy Scripture, all agreeing together in interpreting this miracle as a figure and an earnest of the resurrection, on which day all the elect children of God shall rise from the bed of their graves, and, being made whole from every pain and imperfection, whether of body or soul, shall enter into their eternal house—the house wherein there are many mansions, and whither Christ is gone before to prepare a place for them—we feel certain that these doctors are only bearing witness to a mystical interpretation of the miracle much older than themselves, with which the Christians of the Catacombs were familiar, and which led them to keep it so constantly before their eyes upon the walls of their sepulchral churches. So, again, a representation of Orpheus seems at first strangely out of place in a collection of pictures from the Catacombs; yet it occupied the central compartment of the roof in two

chapels of the cemetery of San Callisto: Orpheus sitting between two trees, lyre in hand, with wild and domestic animals about him,—a lion, a bear, a panther, a sheep, a horse, a snake, a tortoise, a peacock, and other birds, apparently enchanted by his strains. Some persons, perhaps, might almost be tempted to suspect some latent heresy in the artist; but the united testimonies of Justin Martyr and Origen, of Clemens Alexandrinus and Irenæus, of Eusebius, St. Jerome, and St. Chrysostom, assure us that the early Christians believed Orpheus to have sung the praises of the one true and living God, and to have foretold something of the coming of his Son; moreover, that they looked upon the whole fable of his history as typical of Him who said that “when He was lifted up from the earth, He would draw all things to Himself;”^{*} and as an indistinct reflection, cast upon the darkness of the heathen world, from that bright prophecy concerning the kingdom of Christ, wherein it was promised that “the wolf should dwell with the lamb, and the leopard should lie down with the kid; the calf, and the lion, and the sheep should abide together, and a little child should lead them.” And when we take these opinions into consideration, as having been familiar to those to whom the paintings in the cemeteries were addressed, we are no longer surprised to find the history of Orpheus taking its place among the pictorial decorations of the ancient Christian sanctuaries.

In my present letter, therefore, I propose to give an account of the subjects which are most commonly found painted in the Catacombs, together with a brief statement of their Christian meaning, taken from Arringhi and others, especially Bottari, who, by order of Clement XII., republished, with somewhat lengthy explanations, all Bosio's plates, that had become nearly worn out by the frequent impressions that had been taken from them. The work appeared in three folio volumes, between the years 1737 and 1754, being published by the Stamperia Vaticana, and it contains much valuable matter, though the author does not appear to have had much personal acquaintance with the cemeteries themselves.

The paintings are sometimes found upon the arched monuments, or even upon some few of the simple graves in the regular roads or galleries; but more commonly they are only to be

^{*} John xii. 32.

[†] Isaiah xi. 6. Mr. Eastlake, in his preface to the Handbook of Painting already referred to (p. xix.), observes, concerning Christian art generally, that the treatment of subjects from the Gospels was in some instances regulated “by their assumed correspondence with certain prophecies;” and something of the sort may have been intended, perhaps, in the fresco before us.

met with in the chapels and churches, where the shape and internal arrangements of the building offered many natural and convenient places for the introduction of such ornaments. In an ordinary square chamber, for example, there was the semicircular arch over each of the arcisolia, which might be taken up with one large picture, or might be divided into three several compartments, and a fourth painting might be executed on the wall at the back of each niche; then the vaulted ceiling, with its crossed arches, required a medallion in the middle, some little scene in each of the four divisions, and ornamental tracery between each in order at once to divide and to unite the whole. Of course the central place, whether in the ceiling or over an arcisolum, was always the most honourable and important; so that I am not aware of a single instance in which our Lord, if He is represented at all, either emblematically or otherwise, occupies any other position than this. Christ is in the centre, and other scriptural subjects are ranged round Him in order and due subordination. The celebrated head of our Lord, in the Catacomb of San Callisto, filled a large and richly ornamented medallion on the ceiling of one of the chapels; and Dr. Hugler fancied that he could read, in the representations over the three arcisolia of the chamber, allusions to the birth, passion, and resurrection of our Redeemer respectively. The idea seems a little far-fetched, perhaps; and I doubt not others will express the same opinion upon the following, which yet I think is worth laying before the judgment of my readers. It is the arrangement of a series of paintings, still in a good state of preservation, on the roof of a chapel in the Catacomb of St. Agnes, which may seem to represent the Law, the Prophets, and the Gospel. The medallion in the centre is occupied by our Lord under the character of the Good Shepherd, the very personification of tender and affectionate solicitude. One of the four compartments represents Adam and Eve, standing on either side of the fatal tree, with the serpent entwined around it; and this sets before us the beginning of sin and misery, and the occasion of all God's subsequent remedial dealings with mankind. In the second compartment is Moses, the Lawgiver, striking the rock, whence flows a copious stream for the refreshment of the weary children of Israel; here, therefore, we have the Law represented under one of those circumstances whose typical character was specially revealed; for we know that "this rock was Christ," who, through the instrumentality of his Church, continues to dispense to all Christian people that living water, of which "if a man drink, it shall become in him a fountain of water, springing up into life everlasting."* In the third department is the prophet Jonah, declared by our Lord Himself to be a sign and figure of the resurrection, and

* John iv. 14; 1 Cor. x. 4.

on this account, therefore, a most appropriate ornament in these cemeterial chapels; but also a forerunner and an earnest of the preaching of the Gospel to the Gentiles, since he, too, had been sent to threaten God's vengeance, and to preach repentance, beyond the limits of the chosen people; and on this account, therefore, he was a most fit representative of the prophets to be placed before an assembly of Gentile Christians. Then, in the fourth and last compartment, we have the figure of a female praying, that is, standing with her arms stretched out in the form of a cross, which, we learn from Tertullian and others, was the usual attitude of Christians when they were engaged in prayer; and this we take to be the blessed Virgin, were it only for this reason, that it is impossible to conceive any other person for whom it could have been intended; for although we have many figures in the attitude of prayer, both men and women, painted in the various parts of the Catacombs, I know of no other instance in which it occupies such a position as this. Here it manifestly forms one of a series; it fills one of the four compartments of the roof, and belongs to the whole chamber, therefore, not to any individual grave; whereas, ordinarily, these figures are appropriated to particular graves in a way that cannot be mistaken. In the Catacomb of St. Priscilla, for example, there are two of them painted upon a wall in one of the galleries, with some of the shelf-like graves between them; and the horizontal spaces between the graves are ornamented with a scroll pattern and two or three birds. Here we do not doubt but that the paintings represent two of the persons who lie buried between them—two martyrs or persons of high dignity. So, again, Marangoni describes one which he saw in the cemetery of St. Phraso, where these figures were found side by side with paintings of scriptural subjects, yet distinguished by inscriptions, so that none could be deceived by them. In the centre were the three children in the fiery furnace, and, on one side, a female praying, with the name *Grata*, and afterwards Christ raising Lazarus from the dead. On the other side was the same figure repeated, with an inscription, *Grata benemerenti*, and Daniel in the lions' den: above them was another horizontal grave, with an inscription, *Domina sua Grata Rogatianus*. I repeat, then, that in this chapel of St. Agnes it seems most natural to interpret the figure in prayer as the blessed Virgin, who would thus complete the religious historical cycle we have supposed to have been the artist's design. He began with the fall of man; next he reminded us of the Law, which was given as a schoolmaster to bring men to the knowledge of Christ;* then he represented a prophet, himself a type of Christ and a beacon of hope to the Gentiles; and then the blessed Virgin, who is thus placed immediately under her divine Son, and side by

* Galat. iii. 23.

side with that Eve, whose advocate (according to Irenæus) she was; lastly, in the centre, above all and between all, Him by whom fallen man was restored, and in whom both the law and the prophets received their perfect fulfilment—Jesus Himself. I need hardly say that this interpretation cannot plead a sufficient weight of authority to command universal assent; it can only be suggested as probable, or at least not impossible, that such may have been the intention of the artist. But the whole subject of the arrangement of the paintings in the Catacombs is so untrodden, and at the same time requires such a minute examination of each chamber by itself, and such a careful comparison of all together, that it is impossible to undertake it within our prescribed limits; we pass on, therefore, to fulfil our promise of enumerating the principal subjects of the paintings individually, only making a few observations by the way upon any peculiarity which may seem to require it.

First, then, of those which have been already mentioned: the representations of the Good Shepherd are by no means that unvaried round of repetition which some writers seem to imagine was a characteristic of the pictorial art in the Catacombs; on the contrary, He is sometimes to be seen a standing figure, with a sheep upon his shoulders, and a belt and scrip at his waist, without any accompaniment whatever; at other times He is placed in the midst of a landscape, with the sheep upon his shoulders, and other sheep standing or lying about Him, and a shepherd's pipe in his hands; sometimes also with milking-pails, and occasionally, but more rarely, with a shepherd's crook. I do not know whether this frequent use of the pipe, and very rare use of the staff, was accidental, or whether it arose from any settled design, and had its own meaning; but certainly it singularly coincides with the description of the Good Shepherd by St. Gregory Nazianzen,* that He moves and admonishes his flock more by the persuasive strains of his pipe than by the compulsory guidance of his staff. The milking-pails remind us of the vision of St. Perpetua, in which, having first ascended to heaven, she saw there an old man with hoary locks, dressed as a shepherd, and milking his sheep; they refer, we cannot doubt, to the fruit which Christ expects to receive from all the faithful of his flock. The sheep upon his shoulders, in like manner, is borrowed from the parable of the lost sheep, which, when its master had found, he "laid it upon his shoulders, and brought it to his friends rejoicing." In some of the paintings, however, a goat is found instead of a sheep; and it is generally supposed that these figures were executed at a somewhat later date, and were intended to testify the rejection by the Church of the severe and unchristian doctrine respecting repentance

* Orat. i. de Nat. Christi: ἀπαυλίσαι καὶ ἀνακαλίσαι ἐλάττω μὲν τῇ βασιλείᾳ, τὰ πολλὰ τῇ σύριγγι.

after baptism, which was a characteristic of the Novatian and other heresies. The emblem of the Good Shepherd, under one or other of the forms I have enumerated, is repeated more frequently perhaps than any other throughout the Roman Catacombs, not only on the walls or roofs of the chapels, and on the grave-stones in the galleries, but also upon the rings, the lamps, and the glasses, which from time to time have been found there.

Paintings of Adam and Eve are not so frequent; but neither in this nor in that of Moses striking the rock, which is repeated again and again, have I ever observed any variety of treatment: our first parents are always standing with the tree and the serpent between them; and, by a pardonable anachronism, they are already clad with the aprons of fig-leaves; and Moses is always standing alone, having just struck the rock, from which a stream of water has begun to flow.

The history of Jonas was a more fruitful subject, and supplied the Christian artists with four favourite pictures; the two first, representing his being swallowed up by the great fish and vomited out again upon the dry land, naturally bring to mind the important doctrine of the resurrection; the others, his reclining under the shadow of the bush which God had caused to grow up for the purpose, and his complaint on the following morning, when it had withered away, and the sun was beating upon his head, and the hot and burning wind,—these were not unsuitable memorials to the poor persecuted inhabitants of the Catacombs, of God's special providence over all his children, of the short-lived nature of any seasons of rest and refreshment which might be granted to them in this life, and of the duty of patience and resignation under every change of circumstances. At a later date the Church saw in this ephemeral plant a fitting type of the Law, which "had but a shadow of the good things to come," because "the body was Christ's," by whom "grace and truth should come;"* thus wrote St. Jerome and other doctors of his age; but the interpretation which we have just given is so simple and obvious in itself, and so well suited to the condition of the Church at that time, that we cannot doubt but that this was the artist's purpose in painting it there. All the four scenes are often to be seen in different parts of the same chapel; sometimes, however, they are separated, and in this way the ejection of the prophet upon dry land is certainly that which is repeated the most frequently; probably because the reflections which it suggested were the most consolatory. Sometimes also (but this was probably at a late period, in the decline of the art) the painter tried to introduce both histories together into one picture, and a very ridiculous exhibition was the result; thus in one case, whilst the sailors are handing the prophet into the fish's mouth from one end

* John i. 17; Col. ii. 17; Heb. x. 1.

of the ship, he is issuing from it at the other, and he is to be seen again already reclining in the shade upon the dry land. Absurdities of this kind were still more frequently perpetrated upon the marble sarcophagi; witness a certain remarkable fragment, for example, where the sea-monster is quietly contemplating the prophet lying under the tree, as though he were entertaining some secret expectation of being allowed by and by to recover his prey, and to retain it this time perhaps for ever; in another, his feet have scarcely emerged from the fish's jaws, yet he is sleeping quietly under the gourd; and in a third, Noah's dove rests upon the prophet's ship, whilst Jonas is standing erect out of the fish's mouth, who seems about to shoot him upwards into space. Any attempts to represent the ship or the other circumstances of the history were singularly unsuccessful; generally it was a mere open boat, with a single sailor, holding Jonas by the legs, whilst his head has disappeared within the monster's jaws; or with two sailors, one assisting the fish in the manner I have described, the other attending to the boat. More commonly, therefore, the treatment of the subject was quite simple, although the comparative size of the two figures suggests a curious speculation, as to how the prophet could have been compressed through so narrow a passage without injury to his bones; but the fish was always represented something after this fashion, not from any ignorance, on the part of the artist, of the real shape of the whale or any other great fish, but because, according to the tradition of the Church, the fish that swallowed up Jonas was a type of the devil, who was also "the bar serpent, the crooked serpent, the whale that was in the sea," spoken of by the prophet Isaiah; "the sea-dragon, which God had formed to play in the waters;" and "the Behemoth and the Leviathan" described in the book of Job.* It was therefore an amphibious animal, which could have received the prophet as soon as he was cast into the deep waters, and yet deposited him again in safety on the dry land; and as such it was represented to the early Christians. As to the later portion of Jonas's history, after he had fulfilled his mission to the city of Ninive, it is worth noticing that he is generally sitting, or half-reclining, with his hand to his head, in an attitude of despair, when the sacred text describes him as having been "angry even unto death;" and that the plant under which he lay is almost invariably a species of long gourd or pumpkin, such as is common in the Roman markets, and never (as our own translation after the Latin Vulgate has it) an ivy. Once only in the plates of Arringhi it appears as a leafless tree; but in all others, and in all the originals (which are numerous) still existing in the Catacombs, it is always the *cucurbita*, or gourd. St. Jerome tells us that some hot-headed

person accused him of sacrilege, when he adopted the translation *hedera*, or ivy; but that the truth was, the Latin language did not contain a word exactly corresponding to the Hebrew, because the plant itself was peculiar to the sandy soil of the East, and that he had followed the ancient translations, therefore, by rendering it "ivy," though St. Augustine preferred the other.

The next painting which we mentioned was of the Blessed Virgin; or, if this instance must be considered doubtful, yet there are others which do not admit of question. Such is one that was re-discovered* by P. Marchi in the Catacomb of St. Agnes, in a chapel to which he has on this account given the name of *Gesu e Maria*. It is a half-figure of the Blessed Lady, standing in the attitude of prayer, with her Infant Son before her, neither supported in her arms nor in any other visible manner, as though the artist intended to indicate by this his divine omnipotence, a fact which would have been already suggested to the spectators by his arms not being outstretched in prayer, like those of his blessed Mother. The picture occupies the principal place in the chamber, viz. the space over the high altar, or the altar immediately opposite to the entrance; and P. Marchi attributes it to the end of the second century. On either side is the monogram, so that it is on every account impossible that we can be deceived in our interpretation of the painting; in other pictures of a later date she was designated by the letters MP ΘΥ (a contraction for *μητηρ Θεου*), as in a chapel in St. Ponziano; and again in a highly ornamented chapel of St. Lorenzo, which was known to M. d'Agincourt, and has been re-discovered during the present year, where she appears with St. Cecilia, St. Agatha, and another, and each is specified by her own name. A *crux gemmata* upon the roof of this chamber proves the work to be at least of the age of Constantine, and M. d'Agincourt, judging by internal evidence, pronounced it to be even as late as the ninth century. The Blessed Virgin appears most frequently, however, in pictures of the adoration of the wise men, which was a very favourite subject of Christian art about the beginning and middle of the fourth century, both in frescos and upon the marble sarcophagi, as emblematic of the call of the Gentiles into the Christian Church. In both the Holy Virgin is usually represented as holding her divine Son on her knees, who is stretching out his hand to receive the proffered gifts; and the conical hats of the Magi mark their Eastern extraction, just as they are used for the same purpose also in the figures of the three children, Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago.

The history of the three children in the fiery furnace, and of Daniel in the lions' den,

* It was copied by Arringhi, tom. ii. p. 200; but since his time the chapel had been lost, the paths to it having been filled with earth.

* Is. xxvii. 1; Ps. ciii. 26; Job xl. xli.

bore such a close resemblance to the condition of the Roman Christians, that it could not fail to inspire them with confidence and courage. For they, too, were liable at any moment to be called away from their brethren, and to be thrown before raging lions, in the vast amphitheatre of the Coliseum, or to be plunged into caldrons of boiling oil, or to be enveloped in burning pitch, and made a gazing-stock, or to be roasted alive by fire; and if God did not always work the same deliverance for them as He had done for these their brethren under the elder Covenant, "stopping the mouths of lions, and quenching the violence of fire," still He did so sometimes; and at any rate they might rest assured, from the evidence of these examples, that the God whom they worshipped was able to save them from the hands of their enemies, if such were his gracious will; and if otherwise, yet that, however "straitened they might be, they would not be destitute; whatever persecutions they might suffer, they would not be forsaken."* We cannot doubt, therefore, but that allusions to these histories were of very frequent occurrence in the exhortations by which the faithful were encouraged to persevere in those days of trials and suffering; as, indeed, we find in the letters of St. Cyprian, and elsewhere; and, for the same reason, they were depicted also upon the walls of their sanctuaries, that so they might have a lively homily on patience ever present to their eyes. The story, however, was rather suggested to the mind, than fully represented to the senses; in the case of Daniel, indeed, he is seen always standing in the attitude of prayer between two lions, who are contemplating him with patience, but with open, expectant mouths; and this perhaps is distinct enough; but the three children are painted in the midst of flames of fire, without any indication that the fire did them no hurt; I mean, that there is no attempt to represent the form of "the fourth, who was like the Son of God;" only once the artist has introduced a dove flying towards them with an olive-branch in her mouth, which I suppose might have been intended to convey the idea that they were at peace, and that God was having a special care of them; and in another instance the fire is made to form a sort of bower over the heads of the children, thus shielding them from its own power. Most commonly the flames are surrounding them on all sides, and there is nothing to shew whence the flames are issuing; sometimes, however, the painter has attempted (not very successfully) to add the furnace, which appears as something between a large oven and a brick-kiln, divided into three compartments, to one of which a man is bringing another faggot of wood, as though to remind us that Nabuchodonosor had "commanded that the furnace should be heated seven times more than it had been accustomed to be

heated." It is observable, too, that they always adhered closely to the Scriptural narrative, that the men were "cast into the furnace with their coats, and their caps, and their shoes, and their garments;" all of which, more especially the "tiara" and the "braccæ," or *ἀναζυγίδες*, are marked with a most distinctly Oriental character, in striking contrast to the ordinary drapery wherewith the figures in the Catacombs are clothed, which is Roman and classical, and in opposition to Daniel, who has no drapery at all.

Another Scriptural history, which often formed the subject of these subterranean frescoes, is the raising of Lazarus from the dead, in which we are not so much surprised at the choice of the subject (for this in the midst of a cemetery was only natural), as at the manner of treating it, which at first sight seems almost grotesque; but it was not altogether without a meaning. The Gospel history tells us that the dead man had been "buried in a cave, and that a stone was laid over it;" and accordingly the resuscitated Lazarus appears standing under a kind of doorway, not wholly unlike the pictures we sometimes see of the mouths of sepulchral caves in the rocks and mountains of the East; occasionally, however, it bears a still closer resemblance to the altar-shaped tombs in use among the Romans of that time, with which, therefore, they would have been much more familiar than with any thing Oriental. We are told, too, that Lazarus "came forth, bound feet and hands with winding-bands, and his face was bound about with a napkin;" and, in fact, he is always represented in the Catacombs swathed like a mummy—or rather, to speak more accurately, and more in accordance with the original from whence the artist had borrowed—he is bound about with those *fascie* which make the figure of a Roman baby, even at the present day, so strange and uncouth to English eyes. The antiquity of these swaddling-clothes upon Roman children, is proved both by the express testimony of Pliny, and also by old marbles which are still extant; and Tertullian tells us that there was an exact similarity between the "*panni sepulturæ*" and the "*involucrum initiatus*;" a correspondence between the beginning and the end of life, to remind us (he says) that after all they are but separated the one from the other by a brief space of time; that from the very moment of our birth we tend towards death, so that our swaddling-clothes may fitly also be our winding-sheet. But, besides these *fascie*, Lazarus is often represented, even in features and in size, as a mere child; and this, too, was symbolical of the new life which he was just then beginning; his former life had been brought to its natural conclusion, and now, by being raised from the dead, he had, as it were, been born again, and had become a little child. I only remember to have seen a single instance of a different

* 2 Cor. iv. 8, 9.

mode of treating the subject, in which half of the figure is seen emerging from grave, more like the graves of our English churchyards; and Christ is stooping forwards, as if with the intention of lifting him up.

Another curious painting represents Noe standing in a box, receiving the dove, who returns to him with the bough of an olive-tree. This box, it must be confessed, is sufficiently unlike an ark, in which were to be shut up Noe and his wife, his sons and his sons' wives, and all beasts and cattle, and all birds and creeping things, "two and two of all flesh wherein was the breath of life." Yet even here there is reason to suppose that the intention of the artist was not so much to depict a scene from Scripture history, as to call to mind the Christian doctrine of which that history was the acknowledged type. The ark was an emblem of the Church, into which all men must enter who would be saved from the stormy deluge of this world's perils; and St. Peter had expressly said that the eternal salvation of Christian souls through Baptism was "of the like form" with the temporary deliverance of Noe and his family "by water" in the ark.* Since, then, the salvation of the soul is a matter which concerns each individual of the human race separately in his own proper person, it was enough for this emblematic purpose, that a single figure should be seen in a place of security, whilst the rest of "the world, being overflowed with water, perishes;"† there was no necessity for representing the whole family of Noe, still less the birds and beasts. Nor is this explanation altogether gratuitous, a mere ingenious mode of escaping from a difficulty; rather it is suggested, if not actually forced upon us, by what we see on some of the grave-stones taken from the Catacombs; for here we have the same subject rudely sketched upon the marble, and coloured with vermilion; but sometimes instead of a man, a woman appears within the box, if the grave had been that of a woman; and it is impossible that this should have been the result of accident, or of ignorance of the Scripture history; it can only have been designed as a portrait of the person buried there, whose friends placed this ornament upon her grave, as a means of testifying that she had been received into the ark of Christ's Church, and was a faithful member of his family.

Another subject from the Old Testament, which was not unfrequently painted upon the walls of the Catacombs, is the offering up of Isaac by his father Abraham. We need say nothing of the prophetic and typical character of this history, nor of its pictorial value to the early Christians, at a time when they dared not make a more open representation of Christ's sufferings upon the Cross; but, besides this, it was useful also as a type of the resurrection, according to that of the Apostle of the He-

brews,* that "he that had received the promises offered up his only-begotten son, to whom it was said, In Isaac shall thy seed be blessed, accounting that God was able to raise up even from the dead; whereupon also he received him for a parable." Tertullian dwells upon this hidden meaning of the history at some length; and it is probable that the early Christians were very familiar with it: at the same time, the painting itself could not fail to suggest the other and higher reference to the Passion of the Redeemer; the relation of the sacrificer to the victim, the patience of Isaac, bearing the wood on which he was to be slain upon his own shoulders, the ram in the distance ready to be offered in his stead, all combined to tell the story of the vicarious sufferings of Christ, who bore his own Cross, having been given by his Eternal Father to take away the sins of the whole world; only in Christ the sacrifice was really consummated, in Isaac—because he was only a shadow and a type, and the fulness of time was not yet come—it was threatened and then postponed; and the interference from on high to prevent its consummation is intimated to the spectator, not only by the ram standing close to the blazing altar, but sometimes also by a hand issuing forth from the midst of a cloud in the upper corner of the picture. The same symbol was used to denote the presence of the Almighty in other paintings of the Catacombs, *e. g.* in those of Moses receiving the law on Mount Sinai; where the prophet is generally represented as standing on the side of a mountain, or just about to ascend it, and stretching out his right hand towards the cloud, from whence another hand is extending the tables of stone.

These are the principal histories from the Old Testament which were depicted in the really ancient paintings of the Christian cemeteries, and nearly all of them may still be seen in the Catacomb of St. Agnes in a state of very tolerable preservation. It would take us too long to enumerate all the histories of which individual specimens have been found, or have been supposed to be found, by former antiquaries; we must not omit, however, one or two from the New Testament, in addition to those already mentioned, which seem to have been of most frequent recurrence. The principal of these is the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes, which commended itself in a special manner to the attention of the Christians from its mystical resemblance to the Eucharistic banquet, wherein all, as many as choose to partake thereof, are filled and satisfied, yet the heavenly food never fails, is not even diminished; "Sumit unus, sumunt mille; quantum isti, tantum ille; nec sumptus consumitur." And because the painter did not aim at historical accuracy, but had this higher and more religious purpose, therefore

* 1 Pet. iii. 20.

† 2 Pet. iii. 6.

* eb. xi. 19.

we seldom find the circumstances of the action such as they are written in the Gospel; some details are omitted, others are given incorrectly. Thus, we never see anything of the disciples who set the meat before the multitude, nor of the multitude themselves who partook of it; Christ alone appears, by whose almighty fiat the loaves were miraculously multiplied then for the physical support of a faint and hungry people, just as by the same Divine word they are miraculously changed now for the spiritual sustenance of all who hunger and thirst after righteousness. Moreover, whereas our Lord repeated this miracle twice, on one occasion making use of five loaves and two fishes to feed five thousand, and on another seven loaves and a few little fishes to feed four thousand, we seldom or never find either of these exact quantities in the painting; most commonly, for instance (I had almost said invariably), the fishes are not represented, and this for an obvious reason, I think, viz. because they do not, like the bread, form a part of the adorable sacrifice; and again, the number of loaves varies very irregularly. Very often they are six; so often, indeed, that I think it may reasonably be conjectured, that the painter intended in these instances rather to represent the six water-pots of water that was changed into wine than the miracle of the loaves and fishes; and in this miracle the reference to the Holy Eucharist is, of course, even more close and striking; for, whereas there the power of God's word was exerted, as on the day of creation, by calling into being things that were not, here at the marriage-feast of Cana it was exerted, as it still is in the feast prepared by Christ's spouse, the Church, in changing the nature of things which already are, and converting them into something which they were not. Sometimes, however, the appearance of the baskets, and of the loaves stamped with a cross which lie in them, is too distinct to admit of this explanation; but in any case the picture is historically false, since they were seven loaves, not seven basketfuls of loaves, which our Lord had at his command; so that we may confidently conclude that the artist's design was at all times symbolical rather than literal; and so the paintings of the Catacombs would accord both with the theological writings of the period, and also with the peculiar circumstances of the temporal position of the Church. It is worth noticing also that in the pictures of this miracle, as also of well-nigh every other, Christ bears a rod or staff in his hand, which He stretches towards the subject upon which the miracle is to be wrought: antiquarians quote the words of the 44th Psalm, "*Virga directionis, virga regni tui*;" but perhaps it is more to the purpose to remember that the rod of Moses was the instrument chosen by God for the performance of all his miracles, and that a rod was com-

monly received among the Jews (probably after this example) as an emblem of power, especially of regal or sacerdotal power.

The parable of the wise and foolish virgins lent itself very easily to the use of the Christian artist; it was not a subject which laid a heavy tax upon his powers of invention, and at the same time it conveyed an instructive lesson, easily to be apprehended even by the most simple. In like manner, a painting of Christ sitting in the midst of his disciples required no great genius or originality for its execution, and was not an unfrequent ornament over the altars. Once in the cemetery of San Callisto, it appears within a very deep border of vine-leaves and grapes, or rather these fill up the whole background, and form an integral part of the picture; large branches of the vine, laden with fruit, birds sitting among the foliage, and little naked boys eagerly picking the grapes. In another cemetery on the Via Latina the Good Shepherd, surrounded with leaves and grapes, fills the medallion in the middle of the ceiling, and the four lateral divisions are occupied in the same way by representations of the vine, which springs from the hands of naked boys or genii, one standing on either side at the bottom of each of the semicircular compartments; and again, on one of the terracotta lamps we see the Good Shepherd in the middle, and bunches of grapes all round the border. This appears to have been an exceedingly favourite ornament about the time of Constantine; so much so as to have given occasion to endless disputes among antiquarians as to the Pagan or Christian character of many monuments which belong to that age. The vast porphyry sarcophagus, for example, in which Sta. Constantia, the daughter of the Emperor, was buried, and which is still preserved in the Vatican Museum, is supposed by many to have belonged to some heathen, or at least to have been designed for a heathen, until she took possession of it; just as Innocent IV., in the thirteenth century, appropriated a heathen mausoleum for his own burial; and they appeal to the genii, the peacocks, and the grapes which are sculptured upon it. So too the very Church of Sta. Constantia, where her sarcophagus was originally deposited, and from which it has been only lately removed, is commonly said to have been originally a temple of Bacchus, because the mosaics, with which the whole roof is covered, are taken up with Bacchanalian subjects; there are men treading out the grapes, and oxen drawing rude carts with fruit or barrels in them, and peacocks and other birds, and several strange-looking men or women, to whom it is not easy to give any distinct meaning, whether Pagan or Christian. Yet others, again, have thought that both the sarcophagus and the temple might have been wholly and exclusively Christian, because of the paintings which have been already mentioned, and be-

cause over the high altar in a chapel of the cemetery of Sta. Priscilla we see another, in which seven or eight men are bearing an immense wine-cask, and two smaller casks are placed before them. In Arringhi's time the whole picture was distinct, and the wine-cask and the figures of the men remain so still, but some mischievous person has deliberately destroyed their faces. What was the exact meaning of this picture it is difficult to say; of course imagery of this kind in general had a very obvious Christian signification, alluding to the Church as the Lord's vineyard, to Christ as the vine, and his faithful followers as the branches, and the grapes as the fruit of good works which those servants were to bear; but the cask has no precise sense assigned to it in the symbolical language of Scripture, nor do I know of any ancient interpretation in the writings of the Fathers. Hugo de St. Victor, however,* commenting upon those words of the Canticle of Canticles,† "He brought me into the cellar of wine," says that "the wine-cellar is the Church, wherein each faithful soul was, as it were, a cask containing wine, or the grace of God's Holy Spirit;" and since we find on a grave-stone in the same Catacomb the figure of a cask between two doves, and the monogram under it, and in other Catacombs other instances of the same kind, and since here too the cask is no unimportant accessory to the scene, but is itself the most prominent object, there can be no doubt but that it must have had a mystical meaning from the very first, whether we can now ascertain it or not. However, many of the human figures in the mosaic roof we have been speaking of are too Bacchanalian-looking, have too wanton and almost intoxicated an appearance about them, to allow us to imagine them to have been of Christian origin: of the genii on the tomb of Sta. Constantia our judgment is different; these being introduced even into the chapels of the Catacombs in pictures of the four seasons and in others, and being sculptured also on sarcophagi whose Christianity is undeniable, I think we may

* Opera, tom. ii. Serm. 45.

† Cant. ii. 4.

well conclude that the tomb was designed for Constantia herself; more especially since in the famous sarcophagus of Junius Bassus, preserved in the subterranean chapels of St. Peter's, and belonging precisely to the same age, the same ornament is to be seen.

Only one subject of the Catacomb paintings now remains, and that must be mentioned with great brevity, lest it lead us into a long discussion, foreign to our purpose; I mean, the Agapæ or charity-feasts, which are clearly intended to be represented in several places in the Christian cemeteries. These representations are probably no more faithful to history than any of the others we have noticed; for we know that at these banquets the rich fed the poor, and all ate together, whereas in these pictures they appear as the private feasts of three, five, or seven individuals, seated at the usual narrow semicircular table, with another table in front of them, where the viands are spread, and a servant is standing in attendance upon them. In one case the only food that is provided consists of seven baskets of bread and two large goblets, but this too is probably to be taken symbolically, not literally. Elsewhere we see a whole animal laid upon the table, and a pitcher upon the floor, with an imperfect inscription over the heads of the guests, calling upon Love and Peace, who are addressed as though they were present and ministering to them, to bring warm water and to mix their wine. In another picture the feast is supposed to be ended, or not yet begun; at least, there is nothing but two or three pieces of bread upon the table. The utmost, therefore, which we learn concerning these Agapæ from the Catacomb representations of them seems to be, that they were sometimes held even in the obscurity of those subterranean recesses—a fact which had already been inferred from the language of Origen and others. Of their commencement and subsequent history, of their true meaning and character, and finally of their abuse and suppression, we learn absolutely nothing; neither is this the most convenient place for entering upon so important a discussion. N.

THE DUTIES OF JOURNALISTS.—CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT EDUCATION.

WE have been much grieved to learn that some of our remarks on Catholic and Protestant Education have given pain in quarters where we should be most unwilling to give a moment's cause for uneasiness. Without wishing to shift the blame from our own shoulders, we yet venture to say, that wherever this has been the case, it is because the drift of our observations has not been clearly understood. Whether or not the fault lay with ourselves, in not taking sufficient pains to define our meaning, or in a mistake of judgment as to the best

mode of conveying a general truth with the fewest possible invidious distinctions, we need not inquire. We are quite ready to assume that the blame does rest entirely with ourselves; and the more so, because those who might be thought to have the most reason to complain of our assertions, have treated them in their private communications with a marked forbearance and charitableness, and have imputed no evil intentions where none really existed. It is, however, due to our readers, that we should endeavour to express what we did mean

a little more clearly; previously reminding them, that the *secular* portion of our education was alone under discussion, all mention of ecclesiastical education being purely incidental.

Our object was, then, twofold. It was, first, to draw attention to the fact (assuming such to be really the fact), that our secular education is, on the whole, inferior to the education which Protestants receive; and secondly, to account for it, by pointing out the almost overwhelming difficulties which have embarrassed the labours of those who have had the charge of the education of our youth. Objections of various kinds are naturally made to these statements. First, the fact itself is denied. That it *is* the fact, however, in our humble judgment, cannot be disproved. And it unquestionably is recognised by many of the most distinguished and experienced of the Catholic body, both ecclesiastics and laymen. We did not attempt to *prove* that it was the fact, because such proof must necessarily involve many most invidious comparisons, and references to individuals, at all times to be avoided, unless absolutely necessary. What our education really is, must be judged by its results. Thus we judge of Oxford and Cambridge and the London University. When it is most truly said that the Latin and Greek of Oxford is a mere *rifacimento* of the labours of certain continental schools, the assertion cannot be disproved, until it can be shewn that Oxford can compete with Germany in the positive *results* of her classical studies. Cambridge men may applaud their own mathematical labours, but people out of Cambridge ask for a series of mathematical books, written by persons brought up at that University, which can be put on a level with the profound works of the mathematicians of France. This is the only practical test which the world in general will admit, and by this we must prepare ourselves to abide. The education of every country and every seminary must be judged by the writings and other kindred works to which it gives birth. What, then, is *our* literary and intellectual condition at the present moment? Can we claim a high place in English literature? Can we claim any place at all? Is there such a thing as a Catholic English literature in existence, from the profoundest theology down to the most trifling school-books? When foreign Catholics come among us, and knowing what is done in France, in Germany, and in Italy, ask us to point out the works of English Catholic theologians, historians, poets, essayists, metaphysicians, mathematicians, men of science, orators, or writers on the great political and social questions of the day, bidding us, at the same time, deduct from our list all that has been done by persons educated at Rome, Maynooth, Douay, or at any other foreign or non-Catholic seminary, what can we say? Even with all the aid we derive from such other seminaries, could we

give a list of a dozen books which we could claim as representatives of Catholic thought and learning?

A more serious charge against our remarks is, that we drew no distinctions between the state of one English College and another, while every one knows that those distinctions exist to a very important extent.* We did this, whether wisely or absurdly, with the view of avoiding every species of personality; and trusting that they who knew the picture did not apply to themselves, would charitably consider that it was not *meant* to apply to them. Our readers will observe that we are not pretending that we were justified in expecting such a construction of our remarks; we only allege that such *was* our hope and wish. We intended to draw a general sketch, which, if more or less over-coloured in regard to some cases, might yet be on the whole correct. And we may add, that though in some instances we have given pain where we least desired to be thought to apply our portrait, yet we have received distinguished testimonies to the *general* correctness of the view. If, again, we made use of exaggerated expressions, or brought forward statements not literally correct, we are most ready to make every needful apology, and to withdraw every unjust imputation, only claiming for ourselves the credit of the purest intentions, whatever may be thought of the correctness of our judgment. We must therefore request our readers to modify for themselves whatever we may have urged which they may know to be not warranted by facts, and to believe that it was our unquestionable *intention* to make the same modifications ourselves.

A further question still remains, as to the propriety or utility of discussing such a subject at all. Here, of course, every man has a right to his own opinion, as the subject is not of faith, but a mere temporary, and, so to say, historical question; while at the same time it is one in which every Catholic in the country has a most deep personal interest, and which is perhaps more warmly and anxiously discussed than any other similar subject in existence. In our opinion, the more thoroughly the subject is brought out and investigated, the better for the cause of Catholic truth in this divided land. A concealment of our real condition is not only practically impossible, but it is most undesirable that such concealment should be attempted. If we *are* worse educated than Protestants, in all honesty and manly courage, let us avow it,

* Since this was written, we have received Mr. Oakley's valuable letter, which will be found in another part of our Journal. We have great pleasure in inserting it, and take the opportunity of reminding our readers, that we are at all times glad to give a place in our Correspondence to any arguments or facts which may be brought forward in opposition to the views maintained by ourselves and recognised contributors. That our literature, both theological and secular, will materially benefit by a temperate discussion of many very important questions, can scarcely be doubted.

and claim for ourselves the undeniable admission that it is through the tyranny and spoliations of an anti-Catholic government that we have been robbed of all our ancient means for instruction. When the great Protestant seminaries are condemned for a scandalous misuse of the vast powers they possess, not a word can be said in their defence. The fault with them has lain in the will. With us the fault has lain in the want of power. The only marvel is, that we have been able to do as much as we have already accomplished. Let us not, however, seek to hide from our eyes the fact, that the Church has *not* put forth the mighty strength that lies hidden within her, to tame and rule the fierce passions and audacious thoughts of our age. We are not sufficiently masters of the great topics which agitate the heart of England, to be able to come forward, as the Catholics of Germany and France have done, and confound the unbeliever with his own arguments, and compel the reluctant world to own that there is no vigour of thought, no abstruseness of speculation, no store of learning, no splendour of imagination, no perfection of style and taste, like those which are found within the borders of the Catholic Church. Rapid and striking as has been our progress during the last twenty years, we have not yet attained to this.

And why should we hesitate about owning it? What is there in the fact of which we need be ashamed? Is the fault ours? Is there *any* fault in our present condition? Is it like an accusation of immorality, or supineness, or bigotry, or a hatred of education and intellectual advancement, that we should blush to own it? For ourselves, we are not in the slightest degree ashamed to expose the fact to the whole world. We have done all we could, allowing for the ordinary infirmities even of pious and devoted men. Overwhelmed with difficulties, pressed on every side, and harassed with perpetual changes, the heads of our colleges and others charged with the duty of education have accomplished wonders already. Comparing our resources with those of the great Protestant schools and universities, we have far outstripped them in the speed of the intellectual race; and if they are still a-head of us, it is not because we are wilfully lagging behind, but because they started towards the goal, not only long *before* we were permitted to move, but while we have been hampered with chains and manacles from which their favoured limbs were free. *Morally and religiously*, indeed, there can be no comparison between us and them. Their most unexceptionable institutions have produced but a faint copy of perhaps the very least perfect of Catholic seminaries; while of theology, as a science, they know little more than nothing.

Let us, then, both candidly and boldly, not only admit, but maintain our real condition. What though we ourselves, or any other Catho-

lies, may at times express the truth with exaggeration, or with certain errors in detail? How little an evil is this compared with the great good to be attained by a display of that rare virtue, an acknowledgment of our deficiencies, and of our zeal to amend them! Here at least we have an advantage over every other class of men in the world. We alone can *afford* to speak the truth. What Protestant would dare to speak of the affairs of his own communion as we have ourselves done on this and similar questions? We can calmly see the flames of controversy lighted up around the edifice of the Church, because we know that she is fire-proof, though the burning element rage about her with its wildest wrath. It may wound our feelings, indeed, to be compelled to make an avowal of our wants; but it can never injure our cause in any way whatsoever. Protestants have already such an opinion of us, that we cannot possibly make it worse by any thing we ourselves may say; while their contempt will most assuredly be changed into respect, when they see us bringing boldly into the light of day those very deficiencies which, in their own case, they conceal with the tenderest care. We may assure ourselves that the more *completely* our seminaries are known, the better for the Catholic religion in England. Were Oxford, and Cambridge, and the London University exposed to the public eye, in all their actual condition, and the amount of their knowledge, their intellectual and moral systems, with the conduct of their superiors and pupils, laid bare to the world, nought could follow but one shout of condemnation of their abuses from one extremity of the kingdom to the other. But were our colleges, including those least advanced, to be subjected to a like process, and all their secrets revealed, the result would be, that many a parent who now starts with horror at the thought of a Popish school, would eagerly send his child to participate in their advantages, even with all their needs, and with a certainty of his embracing the Catholic faith.

Another consideration, which strikes us as of considerable weight in the settlement of the question, as to how far the deficiencies and the differences of opinion which exist in the Catholic Church should be unhesitatingly made known to the world in general; is the following. Among all the astonishing misconceptions of the real nature of Catholic faith and practice which exist among Protestants, few are more unaccountable than their utter ignorance of the real nature of the subjects on which we disagree. Those who have not personally known intelligent Protestants, will scarcely believe to what an extent this ignorance extends. It is found even in those who are on the very point of becoming Catholics, and who have devoted their utmost energies to the comprehension of the faith which they have not yet embraced. One and all, they imagine that we are divided

on matters of faith. We do not say that they *will* not see, but certainly they *do* not see, that while our differences on those subjects which are not settled by the Church are unbounded, our agreement in all the many details of that vast system of doctrine which the Church has laid down for our acceptance, is unhesitating and absolute. Because bishops and doctors take opposite sides in such matters as the *meta-physical* nature of free-will, or the use of the Roman or the French liturgies, or Rood-screens, or on the utility of certain relations of the Church to the State, the observer from without rushes headlong to the conclusion, that therefore they are opposed on theological doctrines of great moment, even though they have been distinctly defined by the Church herself. Now what can better conduce to do away with this stumbling-block in the eyes of conscientious though deceived men, than a thorough and satisfactory exposition of those subjects on which differences do, as a matter of fact, exist amongst us, and always will exist? Nothing so much conciliates the respect of an Englishman, and we believe of every honest man upon earth, as a fearless exposure of the *truth* of any state of things. When he sees that we do not wish to hide the real state of the Church from his eyes, and that what we insist upon is, that he shall see *all*, in a moment an attraction towards us springs up in his mind, and he is as prepared to believe, as he was before disposed to reject. The more distinctly he perceives the full extent of our quarrels,—to call them by their harshest name,—the more readily will he admit that they do not touch the doctrines and discipline of our faith, but that we are as wonderful in our unanimity, as we are vigorous in making use of our liberty, where liberty is our due.

Again, to meet another objection. The courageous, unflinching avowal of our difficulties will no more induce Catholics to seek education in Protestant schools, than an exposure of the architectural deficiencies of our chapels will drive them to frequent Protestant places of worship. We know, alas! to what an extent Catholics *now* send their children to Protestant seminaries, from Cambridge down to the poorest of poor-schools in London. And we know also what an unhappy propensity exists among many Catholics, to try one college after another for their children, dissatisfied with every thing they find in them all.

Above all, let us open our eyes to the new and portentous danger which now threatens the colleges of England. The Irish colleges, condemned by the Pope, are about to commence operations, and to be furnished with a large staff of well-paid professors. There is no doubt that many Catholics, both in England and Ireland, intend to uphold them, notwithstanding the condemnation of the Holy See, and notwithstanding the frightful perils, both to faith and morals, which will inevitably

environ the young men who will there be thrown together—their own masters at a time of life when all the passions of youth boil up with most vehement fierceness. Who that knows the lukewarmness of too many Catholic parents, and their present conduct in such matters, can doubt that they will hesitate about committing their children to this terrible temptation, for the sake of an education which will offer such ensnaring advantages? Can we stay this lamentable evil by asserting that our English education is faultless, or by maintaining a rigid silence in the matter? Are we not rather imperatively called upon to look earnestly to our own condition, to turn back upon our progress during the last generation or two, and inquire how far it is desirable to break through our past traditions, and how far modes of action, which have been forced upon us in our times of trouble and persecution, can be wisely continued in our present altered state? What a vast amount of experience, both in the way of encouragement and warning, has been gathered together during the last half century, to guide us now and hereafter! What great success have we seen, and what distressing failures! How has one man succeeded, while another has been baffled! How has one experiment been crowned with success, while another can do nothing for us now but warn us against attempting it again! What was the advice which came from Rome to the Irish prelates, as to the best mode of counteracting the pernicious influence of these Government seminaries? *It was the very same as that which we have ourselves ventured to commend as suitable to English wants*,—the establishment of a system which should combine the peculiar advantages of these Irish establishments with the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church.

In making these explanations, we must further request our readers to bear with us while we offer a word or two of remark upon the peculiar difficulties which encompass the conducting of any periodical whatsoever. While we would not for one moment claim exemption from the severest trial which in justice may be applied to those who undertake the responsible office which has fallen upon ourselves, yet we have a right to claim a full consideration of the extreme difficulties which accompany the management of such a journal as the *Rambler*. The reader of such publications is in a position to detect with keen eye the many errors, both in facts, in judgment, in good taste, and in positive morality, which are the inevitable lot of every work which is the production of fallible and imperfect creatures; but he is not ordinarily in a position to perceive that this lot is literally *inevitable*. He will frequently look for an immaculate perfection, which never was, and never will be, granted to any such publication; and be disappointed if that which is eminently the work of man be not almost divinely admirable. The most ardent and cha-

ritable friends of such journals must often see things appear which they will profoundly regret; and will be astonished that their conductors can be so ignorant, so headstrong, so imprudent in the introduction of topics which may seem, to a superficial observer, to be productive only of ill-blood and misrepresentations.

But let us look the subject fairly and patiently in the face. If such journals as the *Rambler* are to be any thing but a compilation of literary and antiquarian trifling; if they are to be of any real service to the Church in their day; if they are to be, in any sense of the word, a representation of the Catholic mind of the country, working upon the thousand topics which day by day present themselves around us; if such is to be their function, who can dare look for a universal agreement among their readers and their contributors in all that they touch upon or put forward? Are the editors of such papers infallible? Are they Saints? Are their assistants, or their readers, infallible and Saints? Is there any one infallible individual in the whole realm of Great Britain who could be constantly appealed to in every matter of possible doubt or difficulty? What is the Church Catholic? *She* is herself infallible; but her individual children in this country, what are they? Are they not erring men, with many duties, many privileges, many powers, but not one of them with the gift of omniscience or infallibility?

Who, then, can hope to see any thing but incessant debates, differences, and, through our sins, even quarrels, among the most zealous Catholics, who are yet cordially united in matters of faith? There can be no perfect peace till this world is past. The Church is militant, in one sense, against herself, in the persons of her members. They *must* disagree, because they *must* differ in opinions, while every man must act according to his knowledge, his state of life, and his peculiar functions towards his brethren. Doubtless, if it had so pleased Almighty God, the Church of Christ might have been differently constituted. He might so have enlarged the circle of the decrees of the Church, that they should leave no room for any differences in any theological or moral point whatsoever; and He might have gifted every member of the hierarchy and priesthood with a supernatural prudence, which would have enabled them to guide the members of the Church in every possible human contingency, small as well as great. That He has not thought fit to do this is enough for us, though certain ancient and modern heretics have repeatedly tried to set up a Church, composed of none but supposed infallible Saints.*

* The most singular, as well as the most recent modification of this notion, is that which has become common in the Anglican Establishment; in which, in the absence of any really infallible and definite authority in points of doctrine, it is by no means unusual to find anxious and humble-minded persons speaking of the pre-

He has left us ignorant of each other's hearts, and of each other's private circumstances. Though He has distributed the gifts of knowledge in different degrees to different individuals, yet the amount of knowledge possessed by those best informed is but a drop in the ocean compared to that almost boundless knowledge which would be required to enable us never to err, never to disagree, and never to misunderstand one another. The narrow limits of our intellects form the basis of one of the most remarkable trials of the Christian life, and call into action the great graces of forbearance, charitableness, and forgiveness, to an extent which would be impossible were every good man even as wise as he is good.

It has also pleased the Divine Head of the Church to confine the infallible guidance of the Church herself within certain definite boundaries, which leave an immense domain of subjects upon which the private Christian has no certain guide, and must make use of the ordinary means for ascertaining what is right and true. Ample, glorious, and transporting to the devout intelligence as are those mysteries of religion which are matters of faith, yet what a boundless variety of topics, practical and theoretical, are there ever coming before us in our course through this life of trial, on which no infallible authority has ever yet spoken! And while these things are so, while there is scarcely one such subject upon earth, momentous or trivial, theological or secular, upon which authorities of the greatest weight may not be cited on both sides, how utterly hopeless it is to look for a state of blissful calm, in which conscientious Catholics shall be all of one mind, in all those interminable questions on which the Church has never authorised her ordinary ministers to declare her decrees.

We say all this, because there are those who are scandalised at the differences which exist among Catholics, and who, when they are Protestants, conclude that the Catholic Church is divided against herself in points of faith. Such differences, maintained with warmth and vehemence, and oftentimes with indefensible exaggerations and uncharitable imputations, always have existed, and always will exist. There is no wisdom in looking for a better state of things. We must take the Church and our own minds as God has given them to us; make the best of them, and do our duties accordingly. Our duty is, to remember each our own fallibility, and to impute to one another upright and pure intentions, until even Christian charity herself cannot believe such intentions to exist. To expect that no man is to say a word, or write a word, or undertake any good work, until his secret motives and feelings have attained an immaculate purity, and until he is infallibly certain of being right

lates of that body as if they were divinely inspired; notwithstanding the notorious fact, that they differ in their views to an extraordinary extent.

in his judgment, is to condemn every human being upon earth to eternal inactivity and silence.

To return, however, to the subject more immediately before us.

In our previous remarks we urged various arguments, and gave utterance to various opinions, all more or less connected with the question of clerical and secular education. Many persons may, of course, entertain very different views on all these matters, both of theory and detail, and we can only leave them to the judgment of our readers. But there is one point on which it has been suggested to us, from a high quarter, that we have not *sufficiently* brought out its extreme importance to the overcoming those difficulties and deficiencies which are on all hands allowed to exist. We refer to the fact, that while sums of money, often of surprising amount, have been given for purposes of comparatively little moment, no man has yet come forward to place any one of our colleges on a fair vantage ground for fulfilling its important duties. With that unfortunate narrowness of view which is the inevitable accompaniment of an age of eclecticism, we have utterly overlooked one of the most essential features in the Catholic system of past ages. Like children, we have so ardently gazed at the fair outward forms in which our religion was wont to manifest its hidden life in periods long gone by, that we have forgotten what was the soul within that system which gave it all its energy and splendour. In a word, while we have been copying the *buildings* of the middle ages, we have neglected those institutions which were the *first* thoughts of our wiser forefathers. We do not say that our clergy have neglected them, or not sighed again and again for some more real recurrence to the principles of other times. It is the wealthy laity who are in fault, and those who have had the management and disposition of the munificent donations which the piety of the faithful has at times placed at their disposal. We are not overstating the fact when we say, that while literally *hundreds of thousands* of pounds have been spent upon brick, and stone, and mortar, either with no useful result whatsoever, or with the least possible advantage to the destitute multitudes of the land, there has not been found one to undertake that work without which a Bishop of the thirteenth century would no more have thought of building a college at Oxford than he would have thought of feeding a hungry man with dust and ashes. It was counted an axiom in those days, that, in founding a college, the first thing to be provided for is *the body of teachers*; and the second thing, the maintenance of a certain number of students too poor to support themselves.

Now, let us put it to the wealthy and pious Catholics of this country, why this has not been done for any of our present seminaries, in any thing like a systematic way. It is not true to say that *nothing* of this kind has been accomplished; but what a startling fact it is, that the

only instance in the British islands, in which a satisfactory attempt has been made to follow the example of our wise fathers, is that of Maynooth, a seminary endowed by a government unfriendly to the Catholic religion itself. Oh! how the heart mourns to see scores and scores of thousands of pounds literally thrown away, with all the good intentions of their donors, while no one has come forward to establish such endowments for the president, professors, and students of a single college, as would anciently have been counted essential to the *permanent* success of the soundest system of education. Allowing for the alterations in the value of money, and taking the old Catholic foundations upon an average, 300*l.* or 400*l.* a year was thought a fitting remuneration for a college president, from 100*l.* to 150*l.* a year for the fellows, and from 30*l.* to 50*l.* a year (or more) for the students, or scholars. And it cannot be denied, that if the sums of money which have been paid for mere buildings which are of no use, or of scarcely any use whatever, were added together, *they would be sufficient to endow at least two of our colleges upon the scale of these ancient foundations.*

It is mournful indeed to observe the want of discrimination with which pious persons sometimes bestow their gifts to the Church. They cannot see that our present state is such, that an extravagance of expenditure, even in adorning the houses of God, is so much injury to myriads of *souls* crying out for the daily bread of eternal life. They forget that in the middle ages, when countless treasures were poured forth for the mere decoration of churches and of the sacred vessels and vestments, the Church had really a *plethora* of wealth, and that abundant means for education and religious instruction were to be found in every town and village of the kingdom. Hence it was but natural and just that, the necessities of the time being provided for, the devout heart should delight in heaping up gold and jewellery, and choicest sculpture and paintings, for the more gorgeous celebration of the services of the Church. But now all is changed; the Church in England is starving; the metropolis alone has some 30,000 Catholic children who are without the means of education, and some 60,000 Catholics who can by no possibility fulfil their obligation of hearing Mass on Sundays, because there literally is no room for them in the existing churches and chapels. What is true of London is also more or less true of every large city, from John O'Groat's house to the Land's End. Everywhere the blood of the poor man cries to God from the depths of his destitution, and calls for some to save him in body and in soul. Two of our large colleges are overwhelmed with debt, while their inmates have sometimes the barest necessities of life. Everywhere a frightful, agonising voice of distress is heard; and while the Protestant world think we are one vast, wealthy body, deliberately, and under strict dis-

cipline, directing our machinations against their happiness and religion, we are overwhelmed with an awful burden, which is wellnigh enough to make the boldest sink down in despair.

In the name of all that is most sacred, then, let us direct our utmost energies and means to the first necessities of religious instruction and education. Let us build up churches and schools, plain, solid, and ecclesiastical in appearance, with all needful furniture, and with every thing that is positively required to impress upon the mind a consciousness of the sacredness of religious things, but with nothing more. If we find people who still persist in giving their money according to their fancies rather than their judgment, of course their liberality must be accepted, and that thankfully. If a man *chooses* to spend five or six thousand pounds upon a small village church, or a hundred upon a single vestment, well and good; he has a right to do what he pleases with his money. There are reasons, intelligible, indeed,

but, in our view, insufficient, for looking upon this mode of dispensing our gifts, not only as allowable (which no one denies), but as especially desirable in the present state of the Church. Whensoever, therefore, it is a man's conscientious belief that a striking increase in the external splendour of Catholic functions is the best practicable means for giving glory to God in the salvation of souls, let no one impute his munificence to a mere vulgar love of show, or to a more refined, though not more spiritual, fondness for artistic beauty. But let those who consider that the almost universal practice of the Church in similar circumstances, from her first foundation, is to be followed by her children in England at the present day, call to mind the dreadful condition of our cities, and the personal wants of our devoted clergy, and bethink them that education is a better thing than splendour, and that a starving priest in an embroidered cope is a bitter satire upon the wisdom of our calculating generation.

THE NEW CROOK IN THE LOT.

A Tale of the Nineteenth Century.

[Continued from page 268.]

CHAPTER X.

Conversations at Lady Harris's Soirée. The progress of Reeves's schemes. Are Protestant nunneries a possibility?

A PARTY were assembled in Lady Harris's apartments, and the hostess smiled benignantly upon all her guests, but on no one more kindly than on Stephen Newcome. She had felt a peculiar interest in him during the time they had known him in England. Having discovered, the first evening of his visit at New Park, that he was in a state called "unconverted," and that he had no particular respect for those persons who had divided their time between studying the "Articles of war" and writing their own views on unfulfilled prophecy; that he had never attended a Bible Society meeting, or heard one of the popular preachers of the country,—Lady Harris was at first inclined to execute some civil process of ejection against the self-convicted sinner; but this plan was changed into a scheme for his conversion, the pursuance of which gave rise to some of those excitements which had so powerfully affected Jane Wentworth. Among the few regrets caused to Lady Harris by her sudden departure from England, mingled the recollection of Newcome, and the thought that he must now be left to his own ways. Her unexpected meeting with him at Lady Emily Carminowe's was, therefore, a great pleasure to her; and she determined to give him all the benefit that, under present disadvantageous circumstances, could possibly be derived from her acquaintance. "I feel that a poor soul is

at stake," she said to Rachel Meadows. "But we will see him as often as possible. I wonder if it would be possible to have you expound to-night? A soldier is always an encouraging object to me. Serious people are not generally met with among them; but when they *do* become serious, they are perhaps more zealous, more enthusiastic, less hindered by fears of being misunderstood, and more bold in risking their character in the world, than persons from any other class of society. They shew a holy inconsiderateness, which cannot be too much admired." Under such favourable auspices was Newcome once more a guest of Lady Harris's.

What would have been her thoughts, had she known that the young soldier was in religion a Catholic, and that he was nevertheless secretly engaged to her own niece, Jane Wentworth? The betrothed pair now sat side by side upon a sofa, and with all a lover's warmth had Newcome been pleading with the mistress of his heart, and entreating her to break the state of affairs to her dreaded aunt. All at once, Jane appeared to hear him no more. Her eyes were directed to a distant part of the spacious room, and her whole attention was, for the moment, absorbed by what interested her there. A gentle touch of her hand upon his arm thrilled through his frame, and he was silent; for he felt that there was a current of feeling stirred in Jane's heart, to which belonged emotions deeper than those that so often brightened the expression and increased the glow on her eloquent, varying face. She sat

leaning towards Newcome, her head bent down, and languid, and motionless, but for the heavy beatings of her heart. "Do you not know," she said in a thick, whispering voice, "or have you not guessed, that troubles are in store for my poor aunt far beyond even what mine might bring? Look at my cousin, William Harris. See how his boy's gaze is fixed on Rachel; his whole soul is on his face, and is often painted there; yet no one seems to see it but me. When I think of the storm that must envelope them ere long, I feel that I cannot leave them until it is past. What would Rachel do alone? How would she feel, with no heart to sympathise with her?"

"But your aunt might consent," said Newcome, who had watched William while Jane spoke, and had seen enough to bring him to her opinion.

"Consent!" repeated Jane, and a quick, flashing smile, by which a likeness was sometimes seen between her aunt and herself, lit up her countenance. "Consent!" she said again, and said no more, but smiled bitterly; and throwing back her head with a defiant gesture, let a glance of withering scorn tell the rest. Then, after a moment's pause, she went on, in her own natural manner: "William is so modest and gentle, so amiable and tender-hearted; he has been my companion from childhood, and was with me in the nursery and the schoolroom. He has had none of the world's hardening. My aunt never parted with him, either for school or college. His years have flowed on under very gentle discipline, and very constant approbation. He is not fit to bear trouble; not near as fit for sorrow as I am. I learnt the lesson early; before I came to New Park, and there, for years, struggled beneath my aunt's sway. I do not think she loved me much at first, except as a living thing to exercise her power upon. At last she thought she had conquered me; but it was not Lady Harris that taught me to curb my proud temper, and accommodate myself to others; it was love—love of William first, my gentle, affectionate playfellow; then love of my uncle; and lastly, love of Rachel."

"And now, Jane," said Newcome, "there is some one else to be thought of."

"Oh, you would not have me think of *myself* when I see so much trial approaching!" exclaimed Jane.

"But, dear Jane," urged Newcome, "will you not think of *me*?"

Jane was right. Admiration for Rachel Meadows was the strongest feeling of William Harris's heart. It had sunk deep there, and had become, as it were, the basis on which every thought, hope, and intention was raised. It was a sentiment that had begun on Rachel's first coming to New Park, and had gathered strength, and increased in intensity, uninteruptedly, for three years. It had woven itself in with every desire of his mind. The thoughts of the present, and the expectations of the fu-

ture, were so closely allied with it, that he felt as if he were contemplating *her* life rather than his own; and in looking back upon the past, the early years of childhood, and the ripening time of youth, seemed gone, and lost to remembrance, as if life had begun when he first saw Rachel.

Yet he had not learnt the strength of the passion he had encouraged. Nothing had as yet occurred to call forth its strength. He had never even hinted it to its object. The spirit of the man in William's breast was asleep. In his whole life he had never been called upon to think, to resolve, or to act; but in the dreams of his spirit's sleep, he had felt that he could do all, and that one day he should awaken. His life was a watchful gaze on Rachel, a quiet hanging upon her words, and a comforting sense of her being cared for; occasionally enlivened by observing his mother's affection for her, and by an acquiescence in the admiration she not uncommonly excited.

But there were hearts that Jane did not read, and countenances through whose disguises she could not penetrate.

Lady Harris's plans about Rachel had gained strength daily; as Reeves achieved wonders in the way of improvement, they also progressed, and became more certain, and appeared plainly on the way to fulfilment. Lady Harris rejoiced exceedingly in such little successes as prudence permitted; and a growing thankfulness to Reeves for his able correspondence with her wishes, was hourly assisting to raise him to the very pinnacle of her approbation. On this night, as if to do honour to his patroness, Reeves was happy in his most successful efforts in good manners and appearance. Those who disliked and disapproved him were surprised, and Lady Harris was not only surprised but elated.

Reeves exteriorly defied criticism. His dress was perfect, and even his dark disagreeable beauty had this night something interesting about it. The consciousness of the great experiment that was trying in his person, the gratification of his vanity, and the interior knowledge of success—these things combined, gave rise to a manner of playful, venturing diffidence, which some, who had not known his previous history, encouraged and admired. Reeves talked more than he had yet dared to talk in company. Some Italians were in the room; he had been most ardent and industrious in his study of their language, and now he ventured on speaking it. Even Lady Harris looked round with delighted admiration, and Rachel gave a glance, and a smile of interest; Reeves felt that these were worth all the world to him, but there was not the smallest betrayal of such feelings; he only looked at Lady Harris with the modest, humble thankfulness of one who owed all that his poor faculties had acquired to her generous bounty, and was glad, under any circumstances, to acknowledge it.

"Have you been talking to Miss Meadows?" asked Mr. Villars of Player. Kate stood by and looked with interest for the answer.

"Only on trivial subjects," replied Player; "I purposely avoided those more serious topics which are nearest to our hearts. I believe, my dear sir, that, if we had commenced on such, I should have had too difficult a task, in trying to unlearn as well as to teach, to accomplish with satisfaction at such a time as the present."

Mr. Villars smiled, and said, "Before coming here, I announced that I had done with trying to teach those whose desires are not to receive instruction. I must not, therefore, sympathise with what you say. But, to be candid, I think there is much to learn from Miss Meadows."

"Of course, you think her quite wrong?"

"I think that her desire is to serve God," replied Mr. Villars, almost solemnly. "A powerful, unrestrained, misdirected imagination may have led her into fanaticism; but at heart she is devoted and sincere."

Player did not reply, for Mr. Humlove's voice eulogising Lady Harris was heard. Mr. Humlove gave a glance towards the "High Church" party, and they felt that they were intended to hear.

"I may be allowed to wish, madam," said the reverend gentleman, "that the true Church had many such pillars as yourself. She wants such, madam. Our Zion is shaken, her walls totter, her towers quake—and why? Because, within her garrison, there has grown up a mutiny—a mutiny of heart—a secret, terrible mutiny,—and her sentinels are dumb dogs or false traitors. Madam, a new spirit must be encouraged amongst us; a fresh flame must be fanned from the half-dead embers. These are extraordinary times, and must be met in an extraordinary manner. We must not be bigoted to precedents; we must not fear to take what Heaven provides; we must hear no more of clean and unclean; we must do away with distinctions; we have been too much respecters of persons. Our leaders must be many and spiritually chosen. Here one, and there one, as shall in that hour be given. Some from the courts of princes, some from the cottages of the poor. The gift of the Spirit is not of hereditary right, it is not of the learning of the schools, but on whomsoever—"

There is no saying what authorities Mr. Humlove might have pressed into his service; Player groaned almost aloud. "Let us go," he said, in a whisper; but they did not go, for Lady Harris, stopping Humlove with a look, which said plainly that there could be no speaking to edification before the persons they had encountered, remarked to Katherine, "How delightfully Eleanor Freeman plays," she said. "She is highly accomplished."

"Her aunt," said Mr. Humlove, "is an edifying character, and appears to possess a teachable spirit."

"I am glad of it," replied Lady Harris, in a tone as if she doubted it; and then said, "the father is a mere worldling."

"Rome does not cause you to forget Westerton, I suppose," said Lady Harris to Katherine, after a pause.

"Oh, no! Westerton is always first of every place in my thoughts."

"What, *still*? It must be strange, sometimes, to think that you will return to be a guest, where you have been the mistress." Lady Harris and Mr. Humlove passed on. Katherine grew very red.

"That was a very disagreeable observation," she said, in a tone of annoyance.

"It is only Lady Harris," replied Mr. Villars. "Major Carminowe is coming to us. It is time to go. Take my arm, and we will bid good night."

To such persons as have not been inured by long habit to the dissipations of society, there generally comes, after any such time of excitement, a season of meditation. It came to Rachel Meadows. That night she sat in the quiet of her own apartment, motionless and full of thought. Jane Wentworth appeared from the adjoining room.

"You are tired, Rachel," said she. "This life of gaiety is not such as you would choose."

"I am tired and thoughtful," replied Rachel. "But indeed I never think of *choice* in connexion with my life."

"Have you attained to such great perfection in the resignation of your own will?"

"Oh, no, Jane: it is not that. It is because I have an enduring sensation of a power, about and around me, which envelopes me like an atmosphere, which is irresistible in its influence, and from which I cannot escape. It is with me now; when I recall the past, I find that it was there; and when I try to penetrate the future, I cannot; because, like a thick cloud, it is before me, and obstructs my view, and lets me advance only step by step, and never lets me see the end, or know the consequences of the things I do."

"Perhaps such feelings are inseparable from your circumstances," said Jane, with an affectionate embrace. "Your life has been a very unusual one, and the feelings you describe are perhaps the peculiar trial that attaches to it."

"It may be so," replied Rachel. "But, oh, dear Jane," she continued, with energy, "sometimes I so desire to grapple with this strange power, and to ask it of my destiny. I sometimes so long forcibly to clear away this fearful mist which so terribly shrouds my future, my heart so swells for something which it has not got, that I am almost brought to regret that I ever knew your generous aunt,—that I ever gave myself to the insidious bondage of the life I lead."

"Ah, Rachel, what would you say? Is it my aunt that is represented by the strange influence of which you speak?"

"I don't know," replied Rachel sadly: "perhaps it is a thousand things. Her powerful will, your loved smile, or this"—she put away from her the bright flowers that had adorned her hair, and, unclasping her bracelets, went on—"or these, or other things of unsuspected power. Oh, Jane, we are strange, weak creatures; what it is, I know not; but *this* I know, there is something between me and God; something that I would break through, surmount, and drive away for ever. Oh, when will that day come," she continued, in accents of intense desire, "when there shall be nothing between my heart and Thee; when my soul shall be free to love Thee with all its strength; when the consecration of myself shall be accomplished? Oh, Jane, can such desires ever be fulfilled among such things as these?"

"I don't know," said Jane; "but I am sure of this, that such things as you have spoken of have a power over a mind like yours. Our love may, and I hope does, influence you; but surely not with any evil effect. While we are young, and under the care of others, we never can feel free to shape our own course; but things arise which bring the power of choice before us, and then we find that we are really free, and—"

"No, no!" interrupted Rachel; "you speak of such a one as yourself, and only of the restraint proper for youth: that is not what I mean. Time brings no advance to me. I am like one that cannot move. My hopes and desires are not connected with the common course of events; the stream of life passes by me, but I never shall see upon its waters what can satisfy my soul."

"Do you mean to say that you wish to leave us, Rachel, and to act for yourself?"

"No; where could I go? why should I wish to leave you? I only desire to rid myself of influences which rob me of my strength, which shut out the future from my sight, and fill me with an undefinable dread."

The friends were silent. Through Jane Wentworth's woman's heart was passing a wandering thought, that Rachel must be feeling a something—as yet perhaps unknown to herself, or, at best, most indistinctly known—of William's love; and a smile was slowly stealing across her face. Over Rachel's spirit a denser cloud was gathering, and a thought suggesting that her trial was the presence of Reeves, and that she lived in the dread and fear of him. And the sadder thought was the true one.

"Good nights" were spoken, and then Rachel sat down to the closing task of the day—to find the chapter for the morning reading at the breakfast-table, and to make some short notes, to assist her in the exposition of it. This, and an occasional evening lecture, when all were disengaged, and to which the servants were admitted, was all that Lady Harris's zeal had been able to accomplish in Rome. Rachel's

work was soon concluded, and then came rest.

Lady Harris's instructions to take all proper occasions for promoting the intimacy with Rachel, had not been lost upon Reeves; but his manner of profiting by them was the suggestion of his own mind. Her encouragement and instructions had gratified and strengthened a character which, in one remarkable point especially—the love of power—was a reflection of her own. But Reeves could have but little power until he was great, and therefore he was ambitious. To rise, and then to rule—such was to him the aim and end of life. A state of independence was no position for Reeves: he must mount to an unassailable position, and Rachel was to be his tool.

But Rachel never suspected this. Reeves's manner was never such as to awake her suspicions; it troubled and overcame her, but that was all. As, when noble animals are chained and bound, the viler beasts collect, and love to shew their power, and worry them; so Reeves had a joy, and a thrilling gratification, in exhibiting his power upon Rachel. And with feelings of even exquisite delight, he had felt that his power was acknowledged. He loved to draw his chair near her, and, without venturing to look on her, without attempting to make her raise her head from the occupation over which she bent blushing and annoyed, to recount, in low tones—but how distinct and slowly each word would fall,—as it were, the history of her life. He would speak of the wonderful dealings of Providence, and instance her own life in connexion with it. How insidiously he would paint her dependence, her total dependence, on their mutual friend; how they each owed all to Lady Harris; how, by a breath, she could reduce them to their former state, and return him to his parents' house, and her to—she had no parents, no friends but those at that moment about her; she had no home to go to; she could not fall back upon labour;—in the hardest, truest, bitterest sense of the word, she was *dependent*.

Thus Reeves would speak, and Rachel would be constrained to listen. No wonder that she felt an aching, unexplained fear at her heart, and that there was a power wrapping itself round her, and paralysing her in its coils, which she could not resist.

He saw the writhings of his victim beneath his hands, and felt each moment surer of success. To make her feel that their paths lay together, and that she was delivered by the fate of circumstances into his hands, was his constant aim, and all the while to be calm, polite, and even respectful; to give her no direct cause of complaint, to observe the strictest decorum in manners and expressions, and occasionally to surprise her by his quickness, and interest her by some display of talent. To observe, and to do these things, and then to succeed in eliciting

ing from Rachel some sudden expression of surprise or approbation, and immediately to appropriate her expressions, and give to them such worth and such intentions as he chose, till all that Rachel said or did, and all that she did *not* say or did *not* do, was subjected to this process; and she felt explanation impossible, and so submitted in a species of despair—such were Reeves's methods, and such his success.

It was the morning after the day of Lady Harris's entertainment. Mr. Villars and Arthur were paying their usual morning's happy visit at Major Carminowe's. Only Katherine was in the room, her cousins had gone out.

"Now confess, dear Mr. Villars," said Kate; "is not Rachel Meadows interesting?"

"Yes, my dear Kate; to scheming people like myself, she is interesting."

"Is she not very like a nun? Has she not that spirit of self-surrender which my cousin described as belonging to a nun?"

"I am scarcely competent to decide."

"But you do not blame her now, do you? You think her principles faulty, but you think her consistent and sincere?"

"It is a very miserable business."

"I cannot blame any person for working *as he can*, when we have no means by which he can work *as he ought*," said Kate firmly.

"Perhaps you are right, my dear." Mr. Villars was deep in schemes and difficulties, and gave short answers. But Katherine saw that he was feeling very earnest, and so felt encouraged.

"Oh, Mr. Villars!" she exclaimed with great warmth, "why may we not have our convents, and our sisters of mercy? What were the many things which have to be said and done before we may have convents—yes, a convent of our own,—even in Westerton?"

"What are the things to be done?" and as Mr. Villars repeated the words, he looked up with a face of amazement, and in a manner as if he could hardly believe that he had heard aright.

"Yes, a Church of England convent in Westerton," said Kate triumphantly.

"What are the things to be done before we can have a convent at Westerton?" repeated Mr. Villars, gravely putting the question to himself, as if to convince himself that it had been seriously proposed, and also that he was seriously called upon to answer it.

"Why, my dear," he began, in a tone of mingled raillery and earnest, "the first thing you must do is, to get the Church of England into one mind upon the subject. Don't you see the difference between a Church like the Catholic, in which all the members are of one mind as to the necessity and eligibility of convents, and the Church of England, of which not one quarter of the members would tolerate them?"

"But might not the attempt be made?"

asked Kate perseveringly; "a small beginning, in some diocese where the Bishop approved of it; and when its usefulness was generally recognised—and people are soon alive to the excellence of silent practical charity—would not the idea become popular, and so convents be extended throughout the land?"

Arthur smiled, for he saw Player's teaching plainly here, and that Player was not his rival was very clear. Mr. Villars looked grave, and replied with earnestness.

"England teems with charitable institutions," he said. "A few devoted women, my dear Katherine, might get up another. They might make rules, offer a voluntary homage to their Bishop, and act in obedience to him and the parish clergyman, and they might call this a convent. But it would, as a convent, be a failure."

"But why? Why must it fail?" urged Katherine.

"Nothing can be permanent," replied Mr. Villars, "that owes its existence, not to an acknowledged principle, but to a religious sentiment; and which draws its support, not from an unfailing spring in the bosom of the Church, but from the countenance of an individual, who may blamelessly change his mind, or who may be succeeded by one who would consider it a duty to take part against you. I repeat, my dear Kate, that you may form a society, add another to the number of philanthropic associations, but you can never form a convent; because the principle of monastic institutions can never be worked by independent individuals. It must emanate from the bosom of the Church. It must be part and parcel of her. It must be a recognised portion of her system. Any thing else is a passing shadow, and would only be a paltry attempt for the relief of our enormous grievances."

"But surely the existence of so many separate associations is not only a proof, as you will allow it to be, of the want of convents, but also an encouragement to hope for their being approved if once originated."

"Quite the contrary," said Mr. Villars. "The number of philanthropical associations is rather a proof of the increasing variety of men's minds, than a ground of hope for any happy and healthy concentration. To attempt to introduce the convent system before even the heads of the Church of England are agreed as to its propriety, would be only adding to the already abundant elements of disunion."

"You put the system on high ground," said Katherine with a sigh.

"On the only ground which ever produced it, or can ever sustain it," replied Mr. Villars. "Societies for the suppression of vice, for the protection of the destitute, for the relief of distressed mechanics, are all good things in their way; but remember this, Katherine," continued Mr. Villars; "they none of them

realise that which is the very essence of the monastic life, namely, *the living offering to God of the wills, desires, passions, energies, and substance—in fact, the souls and bodies of the beings who form the members of the institution.* Such a living machine only a Church can form, and only a Church bestow."

"Go on, go on," said Katherine; "I like to hear you speak of these things, though you are discouraging; still I feel that I learn from what you say;—pray go on."

"There is little or nothing more to say, my dear child," replied Mr. Villars. "You must see for yourself, that to attempt any thing less than I have described, and call it by the name of a convent, would be so unreal a scheme, as to merit instant reprobation. It would be to collect a number of 'district visitors,' 'tract distributors,' 'charitable donation receivers,' 'Scripture readers,' and 'managers of sick charities,' and, dressing them in a livery, to call them monks and nuns. Nothing could be more ruinous and absurd."

"Tell me, Mr. Villars," said Kate; "do you think the Church of England ever will have convents?"

"The Church of England has never recognised their necessity," he replied. "I do not mean their necessity in relation to those who are to receive their benefactions, but their necessity in relation to the persons who would constitute their inmates. I think that the Catholic Church recognises this as the *chief* necessity."

After this Katherine was silent for an unusually long time, during which time she came to the conclusion, that it was for the want of convents that the extra zeal of certain members of the Establishment worked off either in disedifying eccentricity, or took refuge in the ranks of Dissent. And when, on putting aside her work to walk out with Arthur and Mr. Villars, she repeated, but silently and to herself, the question, "Will the Church of England ever have convents?" she answered herself with an unhesitating "Yes."

A few days after that on which this conversation occurred, Katherine had an opportunity of speaking on the same subject to Player. She told him all that Mr. Villars had said, and looked anxiously for his reply.

"All that Mr. Villars has said is quite right, and follows consistently from his view of the subject. But he takes a low view, and low views won't do, and for the very reasons which he has put forward," said Player.

"And you hope still—but on higher grounds?"

"Yes."

"Pray explain yourself further, I am so deeply interested," said Kate.

"I have seen enough, to feel with Mr. Villars that we do not want more philanthropic associations; that if we have any thing, we

must have what you and your cousins very properly describe, and which are the only things to be depended upon. I also see, dear Miss Westerton, that difficulties must be expected through the Bishops; it seems to be designed that the people are to take the initiative, and keep it, in this movement which has distinguished our country; but, depend upon it, if *we* are faithful, we shall be fully supported in time to come."

"Do not think me very impatient," said Kate; "but are we to do nothing but hope?"

Player smiled. "I will not make so great a mistake as to call zeal impatience," he said; "and yours is a very interesting question. As you know, *a something* is already on foot: not perhaps much above Mr. Villars' district visitors, but still a something in the right direction."

"But not enough," said Kate; "not the thing to meet the people's wants; not the thing to satisfy the yearning demands of zeal. Surely only real convents can do what we have so often desired,—what we have so often talked over together. After every conversation you have indulged me with on this subject, I have become more and more convinced that convents are necessary to the right working of our Church. Only think of such places as Manchester, Birmingham, and indeed any of our manufacturing towns; and think also of our country population. I love the country very dearly, and I love those who till the ground; but indeed they are, in religious knowledge and feeling, of adull stupidity and ignorance that quite appals me."

"It is very true; and no education that has yet been tried has done any good worth mentioning."

Kate thought of the school at Westerton, and of her gift to it, and sighed to think that the money, and zeal, and time, and thought expended upon it must all be so thrown away. And, above all, she sighed to think of disappointed hope.

"Convents must come," continued Player. "They will afford all that the most ardent can desire; for of them we may venture to say, they are living houses not made with hands."

"You speak so positively, and Mr. Villars speaks so positively," exclaimed Kate despairingly; "and yet you agree with him, and he says that convents can't be till people are more of one mind about them, and that any thing less than the proper institution would be ruinous."

Again Player received Katherine's gentle impetuosity with a smile. "Mr. Villars, I repeat, is right according to his views," he said; "my views go further. These living houses, formed for the love of God, are distinguished from the lower institutions of which he spoke by one thing." He paused. Kate, listening with the deepest attention, and gazing on him, as he rested his head on his hand, and fixed

his eyes upon the floor, with the most ardent interest depicted on her countenance, expected him to proceed. But he seemed to be lost in his own deep thoughts; and when Kate repeated, "One thing. Oh, what do you mean? Pray explain to me," he only answered by one word, "*Vows*"—and then continued in the same contemplative condition. "*Vows*," repeated Kate to herself. "Yes, vows; they make the consecration of the individuals who form this 'living house;' by them is the offering made to God. Yes, real monks and nuns, and solemn vows." Then she spoke very suddenly. "But vows can only be made to a Bishop, and our Bishops would not receive them."

"Not now," said Player; "but something might in our circumstances be done, I am thinking. Ours is so much a state of voluntary offering."

"Are you thinking," interrupted Kate, "that persons might voluntarily take such vows upon themselves, until such time as they would be accepted by the Bishops?"

"A position so eminently suggestive," said Player, still in a very meditative mood, "would no doubt be successful. So great a fact could not be resisted by the Bishops, I am sure."

There was a long pause. Player, arousing himself from his abstracted state, was the first to break the silence. "You are going into the country with the Duchess, are you not?"

"Oh, yes, to-morrow; we shall be absent about three weeks, and shall return for Christmas. The place is so pretty," continued Katherine. "The property belongs to the Countess; we drove there yesterday to make some arrangements; it is fifteen miles from here. There is a village, and at the further end a house, which once was a palace, and is now half inn and half farm. There we are all to be accommodated. Mr. Villars and Arthur Staurton have been persuaded to accompany us; they are to be our guests, for we are independent of the Duchess, only meeting every day, and as often as we please. There is some fine open country," continued Kate; "and a forest, which, for the size of the trees and great extent, you cannot imagine from any thing we have seen about here; and the season is still so very lovely, that I promise myself the greatest pleasure."

"Is the Countess going?" asked Player.

"Oh, no; only Adolph, and the Duchess, and ourselves. Eleanor Freeman has promised to be almost daily with the Countess. Indeed, she always goes there to paint now. The galleries are too cold at present for that occupation. The Countess paints beautifully, and Eleanor very nearly as well, I think. They have become great friends."

"I shall miss you so much," said Player. Katherine made some pretty reply; and after a little general conversation they parted.

CHAPTER XI.

Arthur Staurton makes his proposals. Their result.

WE have said very little of the Duchess since we brought our travellers to Rome; for there was little only to say of her. Her life was spent in attendance on her grandchild, who returned her doting affection with a love so angelic as to be like a shadowing forth of that spiritual communion for which it was so soon to be exchanged. In the consciousness of love—of love given and received—was Adolph's life. It was a benevolence of soul that expanded as his short term of life decreased, and shed round the child a brightness and a purity, and a something of a strange and powerful influence, which bowed down older minds into lowliness and respect before him. But Adolph was near to the end of life, and it was a solemn thought on all around him; and yet he was so mere a child, and so full of all a child's sweet gladness, and yet without one of childhood's hopes of life, or thoughts of youth, or schemes of manhood; so full of love, and so sensible of the blue sky's brightness, and the insect's mirth, and the glad look of the still blooming flowers; so fond of the gentle voices of his friends, in his holy hymns and stories; so fond of seeing in Cathcart's eyes such loving interest as words have never said; and so fond of trying to awake, and so happy at having at last awakened, in young Jonathan's face the same glad gleam, and another expression, still more treasured, of interest of a deeper sort.

Almost daily did Terese take her young charge to Mrs. Bellomi's house, and seldom left it without one or both of the young boys in the carriage by Adolph's side.

The scene was as beautiful as Katherine had described it; the days were still sunny, and though the trees had exchanged their summer robes for garbs of various shades, from red and brown to the palest gold and faintest buff, they were still well clothed; and, with the enduring ilex and the constant bay, formed a thick and inviting shade. Kate had well described the former palace as now half inn and half farm; and, such as it was, there was a novelty and pleasantness about it that charmed her greatly. A terrace ran from one end to the other of the front, and a covered corridor, supported by pillars, projected upon it from the house. Once the roof of this corridor, and the side formed by the building, had been painted in fresco; but now the faded and battered state of all the ornamental parts made the designs of the artist difficult to decipher. In front of the terrace, and only partly under the shelter of the open corridor, stood, in large vases, orange, lemon, and citron trees, still loaded with the ripe produce of the year that was almost gone, and rich in green promise for the year that was to come. Flowers also were there, and thickly too, as if nature knew not how to give enough, and therefore, from her lavish hand, was offering of all at once.

It was a sunny spot, and quiet and secluded; for the lower windows that looked out upon this corridor were shut up, and the rooms to which they belonged were used for store-places, and receptacles for corn and hay; and there Katherine loved to walk, and look out upon the beautiful scene of open and but half cultivated country before her, where the Judas tree, the myrtle, the bay, and the arbutus, were the wild brushwood growth, and where a thousand flowers gemmed the turf, and clung about the rough rocky piles, and would hang their living garlands, as soon as the spring's soft breath should arise, from shrub to shrub, as if in mockery of man's laborious cultivation in harder soils and colder climes; and on the other hand spread the forest which Kate had also mentioned—a natural growth of wood spreading miles away, not thick and dense at the outskirts, but opening into glades, and separating into groups, darkening the bright turf with their shadows, and inviting the labourers on the farm to rest themselves beneath their boughs. This was a scene that Kate delighted to watch. She loved to see the large grey cattle, with long branching horns, freed from the cart of unscientific but most picturesque form, and lying down to rest, their masters stretched lazily by their sides, and so passing the mid-day hour. And many a long country walk she had taken with Mr. Villars and Arthur across the plain, and, as far as they dared venture, in the wood, by the time that half of their proposed visit had passed away.

The reader will guess how much Arthur enjoyed this kind of life. How Kate's sunny smile made his heart swell; and her agreeable, even affectionate, manner made the best happiness he felt. How the sound of her elastic footstep was music to him, and the glad look of her happy eye was full of promise. And Arthur knew that, of all men in the world, Kate *liked* him best; and he said to himself, that she only required to be told how much he loved her, to give all the whole treasure of her heart in return. Arthur saw this every where. He saw it in Major Carminowe's grave, quiet smile, and in Lady Emily's child-like countenance, where, to a friend's eye, her desires were generally discernible. He saw it in his uncle's increased tenderness of manner towards Kate, and in many little acts of consideration towards himself; and he also believed he saw it in Katherine, over whom of late a change—a very speaking change it seemed to Arthur, but perhaps to others a scarcely susceptible change—had come. Kate had become more observably thoughtful. She would sit for long periods still and silent, and particularly, Arthur thought, when he was by. When he spoke to her at such times, she answered abstractedly, and sometimes nervously, almost with agitation. And one day, after a little scene of this kind, Arthur left her abruptly; and saying to himself, that such an

undecided state of things was not good for either of them, retired to indulge a lover's reveries, and to determine that, on the following morning, all undecidedness should cease. The morrow came. Never did a brighter day dawn on a lover's hopes; and never did kinder chance occur, than when Katherine, after breakfast, sauntered across the lofty hall, and proceeded to the corridor for her morning's walk. Arthur followed her.

She turned her head on hearing footsteps behind her. "Oh, is it you, Arthur?" she said; "I was in want of a good companion." "I propose myself in that capacity," replied Arthur, smiling inwardly at such a toying with his hopes, and they walked on together. The happy and the successful venture on such little liberties with their good fortune, and Arthur felt that he was both. But in another moment, when alone with her, standing beneath the shade of the building, and looking on her, as with a grave eye she scanned the landscape, but never spoke, he wondered at himself; wondered that he who at that moment felt so dumb, could, an instant ago, have spoken so lightly; wondered that one who then so trembled, could have come so far with such determined steps; and wondered more than all, now that he saw Kate withdraw her fixed gaze from the scene before them, and look down with an air of confusion and distress, whether or not he should ever say that he loved, and ever shew that he believed that he was loved again. "It must be done another time," he thought; and he turned towards the house.

"You do not wish to go in?" said Kate, and her voice certainly trembled. Arthur looked at her. That deep colour, which only strong excitement ever brought into her cheek, was there, and stayed there steadily, but her look was turned aside. "I should like a turn in the ilex avenue," she said, pointing to a double row of those trees which had once formed a part of the old gardens, and was easily attainable from the terrace; "will you go there with me?" Arthur sprang to her side. He made no other answer. They walked on silently. Arthur felt that there was an unusual agitation about Katherine. It awakened all his tenderness; and when she strove to subdue it, and began to speak of indifferent things, a little tremulously at first, but soon in her own calm, gentle manner, he loved her with an ardour he had never known before. Kate was speaking again, but Arthur did not hear her. Only his own heart, and its glad thoughts, and its earnest gratitude for the moment that had come to it—only such feelings possessed him; and though sounds fell upon his ear, not a syllable of their sense reached his perception.

"I have long wanted to speak to you. On every account I prefer you to Mr. Player. You are a priest, and he is only in deacon's orders. I am sure I am right in procuring the

opinion of a priest. With such decision in my favour, I shall consider the point settled." Such broken sentences came back upon Arthur's mind after many weeks; but when they were saying, he only knew that Kate spoke, and he knew no more. Perhaps she was not very distinct and coherent as she approached the subject of her thoughts; and certainly Arthur's attention was given more to his own wishes, than to the comprehension of hers. For the first time she spoke, and he did not listen. Love and hope swelled high in his breast, and he was irresistibly impelled to use that moment—that very moment, though she still was speaking—to make his hopes secure. But again his anxiety became so great as almost to deprive him of the power of speech.

"In a few moments," he said within himself, "I shall know all. I shall be returning to the house the very happiest of men, or"—but his heart refused to dwell upon the alternative. He was with Katherine—in a moment he was going to speak to her—he could not think of misery.

"It is on this that I want your opinion," said Kate, in her sweetest and gentlest tones, which nevertheless made Arthur start, for the words were the conclusion of a sentence of which he had not heard a single word besides, so very much had he been absorbed in his own thoughts.

"My opinion?" he repeated, in the tone of one who knew not what to say.

"Yes," replied Katherine. "From many circumstances, I know that you have thought of these things, and I know that such a step should not be taken without the knowledge of some clergyman. As we feel together on the subject generally, I have chosen you to receive this disclosure of my individual feelings."

Arthur paused a moment. He felt agitated and bewildered. He did not know what to say, but began to speak, as it were mechanically, with only some recollection of her last words.

"If you are addressing me distinctly in my ministerial capacity, I must answer you in that capacity."—But again, what was he to say? What had he been asked? What did she mean? The difficulty of the moment seemed to restore him to a greater degree of self-possession. He spoke again, the words still coming from his mouth in the same strange, hard, unsympathising manner. "Put what you wish to say in the plainest way, and I will answer you as well as I am able." He wanted to add something, but before he could speak more, Kate was answering him; she spoke firmly and distinctly, yet in a low, solemn manner. "I desire, privately, to impose on myself the vows of a nun, hoping for the time when the Church of England will permit and enable me to make my public profession in a convent. Is it your opinion," she continued with increased gravity, "that such an act, done in expectation of better times, will be pleasing to God?"

There are feelings, to express which no words are adequate. Such were Arthur's at that moment. That on which he had set his heart,—that which had been the joy of his existence,—that to which he had looked as the blessing of his future life, was lost to him; yes, lost; and lost irretrievably and for ever. And these cherished hopes had not fallen from him one by one, and by degrees; not gradually and slowly had he learnt to know himself as a doomed solitary—a lone wanderer on the earth—from youth to age, suffering and disappointed; but the blow had fallen suddenly, at the fullest moment of anticipated joy, and Arthur's heart *knew*, but could not, thus immediately, *feel* the excess of its desolation. If Arthur felt any thing in that moment of stunning truth, it was wonder that his heart did not cease to beat—that he had heard, and believed, and that yet he lived.

Still Kate walked by his side. Arthur saw her, and knew that a wall of separation had risen up between them, never to be overpassed. And the effect of this was an icy cold, which wrapped every limb, and lay heavy on his breast, and struck at his heart with a dreadful fear, that he should not be able to retain his self-possession more than a moment longer. But, in another moment, the sudden dread of betraying himself had endowed him with an unnatural strength; and when Katherine, replying to his long silence, asked him if he was "very much surprised?" he was able to reply, "May Almighty God accept your offering!"

Kate stopped suddenly. She turned her glowing face towards Arthur; and he gazed at her, as one whose heart would receive a last impression, but who would love no more. An expression of great relief was on her countenance, and her hands were clasped, and raised in grateful enthusiasm. Her cherished intentions had received the approbation, and, as she supposed, the sympathy she sought.

"Then all is right, and I am Thine for ever, to labour for the restoration of the institutions of our Church." Then, turning to Arthur, she said, with emotion, "Pray for me, and thank you. I shall speak to you again soon,—oh, many times." Earnestly she grasped the hand which unconsciously, as of habit, met hers, and she repeated, "Pray for me."

Then suddenly turning back, she hastened towards the house. Her abruptness needed no explanation. Arthur would easily have guessed what was passing in her mind, if, at such a moment, he could have thought at all. Immediately to give way to the enthusiasm that animated her, immediately to pour forth her excited spirits in prayer, and immediately to place herself in the presence of God, and repeat her resolutions, and ratify them by the most ardent promises of devotion to his service,—this was in her heart, and her footsteps were fleet, as she hastened to the sanctuary of her chamber for this purpose.

Arthur stood motionless. He watched her go. For an instant, his heart whispered, "Follow her!—declare your love! Tell her that it is better to fulfil a woman's duties as a wife, than to isolate herself for what is but a fantasy." But no; such a course would not do. Still he watched her. He saw her mount the steps that led to the terrace; he saw her pause one moment among the orange-trees; and then she was gone, and happiness was gone with her.

A sense of desolation would, in its stillness, have been a blessing to Arthur at that moment. It would have been rest to his spirit in comparison to what it then endured. When the deadening effect of the sudden stroke had left him, when he again could think, and feel, and recollect, it was to remember those words, "I shall speak to you again, soon,—oh, many times;" and he saw before him scenes of conflict which were not to be endured, and self-denial such as he had neither strength of body or of mind to encounter. To him it was a terrible thought, that he alone knew of her determination, and that to him she would be coming for sympathy and encouragement. He gave one hurried glance around, to ascertain that his misery had had no beholders, and then almost ran across the open plain towards the spreading wood, to hide himself among the opening glades, which promised a welcome shelter and privacy undisturbed.

On walked Arthur, penetrating farther and farther into the forest, unable to form any connected thoughts, but feeling with deepening intensity that he had been called to duties which he could not fulfil. He raised his thoughts heavenward for the unusual strength required. But again and again came the thought that this was but the first of many interviews which Kate would seek to have with him; and how could he bear such laceration of mind, again and again repeated? Arthur was thoroughly overcome. He threw himself on the ground, unable any longer to restrain the open expression of his misery, and groaned aloud. For some time he remained in this state. He knew not how long. The cold shade of some evergreen trees fell upon him, and it seemed to quiet him. A stream flowed near; he dragged himself towards it, and bathed his face in it, and drank freely, to cool his lips and quench his intolerable thirst. This produced an immediate sense of relief, and he lay down again upon the ground, and felt the cold air fall like a kind hand upon his throbbing temples; and he listened to the flutterings of the leaves that had fallen from many of the trees, till he heard strange, lulling harmonies arise from them, and a soothing sense stole over him, and he slept. Happily it was not for long, or it would certainly have ended in the sleep of death. As it was, when he awoke his limbs were stiff, and there was an aching pain all over him. He felt in a dreadful alarm; he raised his head, it

was so full and heavy, and the slightest movement made every thing reel around him. Terror of mind for the moment overcame the pain of body. Surely he was dying; but he could not die there. And his uncle, what alarm he would feel at his absence; what misery it would be to him to find him thus! Arthur made the strongest effort of which he was capable, and raised himself to his feet. Every exertion was agony; he stopt continually, doubting if he could endure the pain of such a progress, and his forehead throbbed so violently, that he could scarcely bear to lift his swelled eyelids to discern his way. At last, with distressed and weary steps he gained the house, and went up to his room; with a desperate haste he undressed, and after ringing the hand-bell violently, he threw himself upon the bed.

His state was soon known, and Mr. Villars was exceedingly alarmed. No one could suggest any thing to abate his fears. The mistress of the house pronounced it to be fever of the worst description; and the little account that Arthur could give of his rapid walk, and his sleeping in the forest, confirmed their fears. The Duchess was by his bedside immediately. Such resources as they had were put to instant use, and her servants were sent to Rome, to bring back with them a medical gentleman of her recommendation. There were increased symptoms of danger as the hours, the anxious hours, moved on. Poor people from the village came up to ask for the young "*forestiere*," of whom such ill news had been heard; and Kate heard the men and women of the house lamenting, and saying, in all accents of distress and despair, "*Non è Cristiano, non è Cristiano*" (he is not a Christian); and then they wrung their hands, and signed themselves with the cross; and some went to their work and wept, and others hurried off to the church, and prayed there for Arthur fervently. Kate was sadly shocked. Not a Christian—what ignorance! But the poor people of Westerton were ignorant, and even Kate thought that theirs was a worse ignorance than this. Kate could not of course attend upon Arthur, but her cousins and the Duchess assisted Mr. Villars as much as possible. But it was plain to see that hope had left the old man's heart; and it is scarcely possible to imagine the fixed melancholy stare with which he often regarded Katherine, for she was in his mind associated with his nephew, and he had seen how Arthur had loved her. But Kate herself had no knowledge of her share in the melancholy picture before her. She was deeply wretched, for she loved Arthur truly; but she had had her mind so fully occupied with other questions, that she had never thought of him as a lover. And she was not so hopeless as others were, because she had only seen the death of the aged, and she could not expect that one so young and strong would die, and so she could not sympathise with the almost certainty of death

around her, but hoped with the strong unbending hope of happy inexperience.

And Arthur Staurton did not die. Never was any one more wonderfully, more unexpectedly restored. Whether it was the strength of youth, or the care of his nurses—whether it was the skill of the physician, or the *novena* of young Adolph and his friends—from whatever cause it arose, the event was sure; and Arthur, after having had a severe relapse, and after having been given up by all, rallied a second time, and lived.

It was during the time of his recovery, and he was extremely weak. All excitement was to be avoided, and he was, if possible, to see no one but his uncle. They were sitting together one brilliant afternoon, the setting sun flinging its rays around the room, and gilding every thing it touched. Arthur had watched the beautiful effect with something of the pleased smile of an infant for some time; and then, sighing and complaining of weariness and dejection, he told his uncle that he desired to go away. The wish distressed Mr. Villars at first, for the air of the country was considered to be beneficial to Arthur, and their friends had yet a fortnight to spend there; and, more than all, he did not know where to go. But the next moment, from the troubled expression that passed across his nephew's face, he felt sure that the thought owed its origin solely to the restless sensations of an invalid.

"Change of air might benefit you," he said; "but not immediately, Arthur. You must get up a little more strength, and then we will go away together. You know that we are never going to separate, if we can help it."

"I shall soon be strong enough," said Arthur. "Indeed, I feel as if I should never gain strength here. You know," he continued, and he drew his hand slowly across his forehead, "where one has suffered—where one has been so very ill, I mean—is not the place in which to recover."

"Very true," said Mr. Villars; "we will go away as soon as you can move, and we will arrange with our friends to meet us again somewhere when your present feelings are forgotten."

"Forgotten!" repeated Arthur in a melancholy, dreamy tone, and with the air of one talking to himself;—"forgotten! meet again! No; we will *never* meet again."

"My dear Arthur," began Mr. Villars, very much distressed, "the terrible unhinging of mind and body that violent fever effects has no abiding results. You must accustom yourself to think cheerfully of the future. Think of Westerton. I intend you to return to the manor-house, in great happiness and perfect health."

Arthur never spoke; still, in the same dreamy way, he looked on the ground; and sometimes his lips moved, and sometimes he shook his head despondingly; but whether in connexion

with any thing his uncle was saying, or with something that was passing in his own mind, it was impossible to say. There was a short silence, during which time Mr. Villars was revolving in his mind the best course to be pursued towards his nephew. "If," reasoned Mr. Villars, "he had some definite object of happiness to look forward to,—some pleasant and gently exciting hope; something on which to fix his thoughts and amuse his fancy; something to absorb his attention, and make him strong and joyous in imagination, he would soon be better; his thoughts would be drawn away from the present and from himself, weak and changed as he is, and his spirits would recover and his powers return." So far, perhaps, was wisely reasoned; but it had been a thing of long habit with Mr. Villars to think of his nephew's future and of Katherine Westerton together. He did so now, and determined at that moment to try to awaken in Arthur's breast the feelings towards Kate which he thought were sleeping there. "To remind him of those feelings," argued Mr. Villars; "to arouse such hopes, and encourage them, will effect the very thing to be desired, and will certainly contribute to his recovery." Mr. Villars was too plain and straightforward a person to manage an affair, which he felt to be a very delicate one, without a little blundering. He began to talk of marriage, and then of Katherine, and then hesitated; and after a few unsuccessful efforts to do things better, grew suddenly himself again, and said boldly: "You must give me a niece, Arthur. I am growing old. No one can attend declining age, or minister to the wants of manhood, like a woman." Still Arthur made no reply, and still there was the same restless motion of the head and lips, and still the same fixed, downward gaze. Mr. Villars made a great effort, and continued, but now with a nervous manner and a forced smile:

"You did not expect to hear such a sentiment from an old bachelor, Arthur; but I have always thought so; I thought so when I was your age." Arthur looked up quickly. "Yes, Arthur, at your age. I was not always an old bachelor, you know." Mr. Villars grew confused, and Arthur's eye brightened. "You must do your best, my dear boy, to make up for a disappointment which—which—" Mr. Villars became painfully embarrassed. He did not feel equal to a perfectly stoical retrospect of the times upon which he felt he had most unfortunately stumbled. He paused; and Arthur, still looking at him with a bright, anxious eye, abruptly and almost vehemently exclaimed, "Did she die?"

"No," replied Mr. Villars, gravely.

"Then you can feel for me," said Arthur; and he suddenly poured forth his heart, and the whole tale of his sorrows—of his love, hope, and disappointment, and of its cause. There is a sympathy that is kind and abundant, but clear-

sighted and active—it was such that Mr. Villars gave his nephew. It is the best of all sympathy, and Arthur felt it to be so.

Arthur had not told his story without agitation; but the relief that came afterwards outlived the effects of the momentary distress. The next morning he felt all the comforts of divided sorrows, and, in his very weak state, was thankful to hear his uncle's brief assurance of interest and promises of support; and for the present it was agreed that they should avoid the subject, as one of pain and trial to them both. Mr. Villars, however, without telling Arthur, obtained a private interview with Katherine, and detailed to her, in his own simple and unartificial manner, the cause of Arthur's illness, and the feelings that had led to it.

Katherine heard with a composure that

amazed and annoyed Mr. Villars, and convinced him of the hopelessness of Arthur's case. She "could not marry Arthur Staunton;" she was "withheld by the strongest considerations from dwelling on the thoughts of matrimony." "Her resolutions on the matter had been taken after much thought, and had been confirmed in a manner the most solemn, in her present circumstances." She wished Mr. Villars to tell his nephew, "that with all possible regret for the trial she had unconsciously occasioned him, she felt no desire to escape from resolutions which she felt as binding as the most solemn vows."

After hearing this, Mr. Villars left Katherine; but not having told Arthur that he should seek the interview, he felt under no obligation to impart the results.

Reviews.

PROTESTANT HAGIOLOGY.

1. *Memoir and Remains of the Author of "The Listener" (Mrs. Wilson).* London, Seeleys.
2. *The Life and Correspondence of John Foster.* Edited by J. E. Ryland; with notices of Mr. Foster as a Preacher and a Companion, by John Sheppard. New edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Jackson and Walford.
3. *Memoirs and Select Remains of the Rev. Thos. Rawson Taylor, late Classical Tutor at Airedale College, Yorkshire.* London, Jackson and Walford.

To the thoughtful and observant Catholic there are few subjects of deeper interest than the spiritual condition of apparently conscientious Protestants. To the English and the American Catholic especially, the question is fraught with a mingled sorrow and hopefulness, which at times are almost too painful to bear. In other countries the position and prospects of those who are without the one true fold have less to arrest the meditations of the benevolent mind, less to console the heart which earnestly desires the salvation of all men, less to awaken a sense of the shortcomings of Catholics themselves. There, whatsoever is arrayed against the creed of Rome is ordinarily so palpably vile and worldly, that no perplexing phenomena are ever presented to the inquiring spirit; and when the devout Catholic looks abroad upon those who either theoretically or practically disown the authority of the Church, he beholds only an awful sight of manifest sin and infidelity; he can only shudder at what he sees, and repeat the prayer which his Lord himself uttered for his most bitter enemies, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

With us, on the contrary, the case is far

different. Both the ties of blood and affection, and the plain, undeniable facts of the time, compel us to form an estimate of the spiritual state of the separatist world, in many respects different from that which is justified by the condition of the rest of anti-Catholic Europe. Surrounded as we are with Protestants, both of the Establishment and Dissenters, who at least make the loudest professions of genuine piety; connected as so many Catholics are, both by kindred and friendship, with those who are aliens from their faith; and unquestionable as is the zeal, self-denial, and practical benevolence of very large numbers of men and women of all classes in the land, it is impossible not to speculate sometimes upon the real value and genuineness of what has so fair a seeming, and to institute comparisons between the practical Christianity of Catholics and the practical Christianity of Protestants. We cannot settle the question in a word, and say that all these people are hypocrites, or self-deceivers, or formalists, or governed by spiritual pride, or wilfully ignorant of the truth. Impossible as of course it is, to speak with any certainty of individuals,—for who but God can know the secrets of men's hearts?—yet we are incessantly constrained to fall back upon the doctrine which the Church teaches us with respect to the *invincible ignorance* of those who are without; and again and again, in our intercourse with the Protestant world, we rejoice to hope, though with trembling, that many around us may be blinded to the truth through no fault of their own, and may be living lives which, however defective, are yet in the main acceptable in the sight of a merciful God.

To those who have been led to the study of

the comparative religiousness of Protestants and Catholics, the subject is of most profound and anxious interest. The similarity, and yet the contrast, between the results of the two opposing creeds, are striking and wonderful in the highest degree. The spiritual life of the devout Anglican, or Dissenter, is so like that of the devout Catholic, and at the same time is so singularly unlike it, that even when we have been long familiar with the two, we are at times almost startled at the sight before us. To a certain extent all seems the same; to a certain, though to a far less extent, all is the same; but oh, how far are the lineaments of the most perfect Protestant from attaining to that all-beautiful, all-true image of the countenance of the great Head of the Church in heaven, which is to be found scattered in no niggard profusion through all those lands of east, and west, and north, and south, where the Catholic faith is known, and loved, and obeyed! Though, doubtless, in the heart of hearts of every human being who is in the favour of God, there must be a true similarity in those graces which constitute the essence of all real obedience to his will, still it is impossible to study the characters of religious Protestants, even with the sins of Catholics most prominently before our eyes, and with our hearts burning with the most fervent charity towards all men, without perceiving that what *we* consider the Saint to be, is a thing not known in the separatist world; no, not where sincerity, self-sacrifice, and love for God are apparently present in the highest perfection to which they ever attain without the aid of those gifts which the Church Catholic alone dispenses. We say this not unadvisedly; we say it with the fullest and most joyful belief, that the mercies of God to the creatures of his hand are far more abundant even than his promises; we do not for a moment forget, that while God has bound Himself to do for us all that these promises declare, yet He has not bound Himself to *limit* his graces to miserable man by any law but his own adorable will; we most truly sympathise with those numerous and distinguished Catholic theologians who are disposed to take the most favourable view of the spiritual state of religious Protestants; we burn with shame at the little progress towards perfection which is made by many Catholics, notwithstanding all their wonderful advantages, compared with the use which is made by many Protestants of the few means within their reach;—but yet, with all this, the more we reflect, and the deeper we penetrate into the depths of the human soul, the more clearly do we perceive that the true perfect Christian Saint is no more to be found without the limits of the Catholic Church, than the rose-gardens of Persia and the nightingales of England are to be found gladdening the eyes and entrancing

the ears of the frozen Laplander, whose feet tread only a region of perpetual snow.

Undoubtedly, in many cases, it is a matter of no ordinary difficulty to institute a comparison between the devout Catholic and the devout Protestant, without falling into some excess of severity on one side or on the other. It is a matter of such extreme delicacy to separate the outward action from the inward motive, the results of true Christian zeal from those of mere party-spirit and a love for proselytising, diligence in devotional exercises and works of penitence from a cold formal routine, whether of prayers or of mortifications,—in a word, to know grace from nature, and the devil from the true angel of light, that we are often utterly at fault when we would ascertain how far the apparent good works of humility and love of our Protestant fellow-countrymen are genuine or fallacious, and how far both they and we ourselves are what we seem to be, through the force of circumstances and example alone, or through the force of a divine power, corresponded with by our own secret hearts. A comparison between the two classes is perhaps best instituted by means of books, so far as the average of mankind are concerned. Striking, convincing, and wonderful as is the distinction between the highest Catholic piety and the highest Protestant piety, even in a large number of those instances which many of us have the means for observing, yet probably our safest guide, if we would contrast the results of the two creeds, is to be found in the lives of those whom their fellow-believers are each agreed to look upon as Saints, and in whom, by common consent, the characteristics of the two religions are to be found in their highest possible degree of development.

Hagiology, indeed, holds a prominent place in the literature of what are called *Evangelical* Protestants, both in the Establishment and among Dissenters. The High Church party, on the other hand, the high and dry, the modern Oxford school, the latitudinarians and the professed Socinians, are more chary of giving to the world biographies of their great theological lights. While the press swarms with such memoirs as the volume which we have placed first at the head of our present remarks, representing in a multitude of modifications the workings of the modern Lutheran-Calvinistic system, we can only call to mind two recent examples of any other class of Protestant hagiology, viz. the *Memoirs of Froude*, of Oriel College, Oxford, and of *Dr. Arnold of Rugby*. The former of these was unquestionably one of the most remarkable books to which Protestantism ever gave birth, and to its influence we may, humanly speaking, attribute not a little of that movement of thought which has latterly brought so many of the most conscientious Anglicans into the fold of the

Church. Dr. Arnold's life and correspondence has also not been without its powerful weight with many minds; a weight we only fear that has told too often most miserably on the side of scepticism and the shallowest rationalism. Few, indeed, are they who can seize and feed upon the nobler characteristics of Arnold's cast of thought and feeling, without being poisoned by that deadly arch-heretical spirit which mingled with every idea of his mind and every emotion of his heart.

Of the three examples of Protestant "Lives of Saints" now more immediately before us, each is, in its way, the type of a class; and they will together furnish us with a sufficient text for a few reflections on some of the more striking points of contrast between Catholic and Protestant hagiology. In most respects, each one of the three is a favourable specimen of its kind, and may be taken as offering a faithful and unexaggerated illustration of the peculiarities to which we beg our readers' attention.

The *Memoir and Remains of the Author of "The Listener"* is a production such as we suspect has seldom met the eyes of our Catholic readers. The circulation of books of this stamp is confined to a circle, large enough in itself, but small enough when compared with the mighty multitude of readers in general. Professed men of the world would nauseate it; High Churchmen would turn up their noses at it with a mixture of pity, solemn censure, and disgust; Catholics would make neither head nor tail of the whole affair; even Nonconformists would count its heroine a wishy-washy, narrow-minded kind of woman; while the genuine "Evangelical" Churchman will venerate her as a pure expounder of that "Gospel" which, in the eyes of other men, unites a loud zeal for St. Paul with a quiet zeal for Jesus Christ, and with a pretty considerable and cordial affection for the Thirty-nine Articles and the comfortable terrestrial perquisites to which the said Articles are the talismanic key of admission. For ourselves, we confess to a mighty little liking for "The Listener," and her productions of all sorts, saving her satires, and those portions of her correspondence in which she does not expound her views or lecture her fellow-mortals. Sharp, shrewd, sensible, satirical, energetic, practical, and amiable as a woman, as a writer on religious subjects she was one of the most offensively shallow, ignorant, and uncharitable of those scribblers, male and female, who have contributed to the spread of that watery species of Lutheranism and Calvinism which is now the dominant moving-power in the Established Church, and of which the Archbishop of Canterbury is one of the most respectable representatives.

Caroline Fry, afterwards Caroline Wilson, was born in 1787; and from the time of what

she looked upon as her conversion in early womanhood, till her death in 1846, she continued to be one of the most fertile and successful writers of her school. Of all her works with which we are acquainted, *The Listener* is unquestionably the best. Caustic, observant, and less deformed with false doctrine than her later productions, it is really an amusing and instructive book; and for those who are not repelled by the peculiarities of phraseology of her creed, will furnish a few hours' agreeable reading. Her worst publication, in a moral point of view, we take to be *The Listener in Oxford*, which is in almost every respect a lamentable appendage to the earlier work which suggested its title. Never was there a more entire misconception of the views of the Oxford school; never a more reckless carelessness in ascertaining how far she had found out the real facts of the case on which she undertook to illuminate her generation; never was there a more palpable display of that remorseless uncharitableness, which is the grand peculiarity of the class to which Mrs. Wilson belonged. Fortunately for Dr. Pusey and his friends, the book was too stupid to work them much damage.

On the whole, however, the most melancholy and painful of the products of Mrs. Wilson's pen is the "Autobiography," as it is termed, now given to the world by her surviving husband. This composition is one of the most glaring cases of morbid self-anatomy, intense self-appreciation, and daring presumption, which it was ever our lot to read; and we assure our readers that we are pretty familiar with such displays of the delusions to which poor human nature is subject. Self-appreciation, indeed, is one of the most prominent peculiarities of the whole race of Luther's disciples. Vehement against what is called "self-righteousness" in the eyes of all mankind but themselves, they are almost uniformly distinguished by a never-tiring, calm, deliberate self-complacency of thought and feeling. With few exceptions, no man can be in the company of such persons as Mrs. Wilson, or read their writings, without being struck with this painful feature. Even when not chargeable with any excessive manifestation of spiritual pride, there is a *je ne sais quoi* about them, which is not to be found in any other specimen of the human species. There is a certain quiet assumption of infallibility in judgment, and sanctity in heart and life, which, coming in connexion, as it always does, with a standard of doctrine and morals very far from angelic perfection, is as laughable in a psychological, as it is lamentable in a religious, point of view. To be comprehended by Catholics, it must be seen; it has nothing that answers to it in the Catholic Church herself; with all her defects, this one crowning absurdity never appears; and one

may go through life in intimate association with saints and sinners of every degree, without ever meeting with that remarkable form of the sin through which Adam fell which is presented by the "Evangelical" members of the Church of England.

To those who are curious to witness its workings in print, we cannot do better than recommend Mrs. Wilson's account now before us of the early years of her life, and of the process—if language may be so abused as to term any thing so clumsy in operation a process—of her conversion from worldliness to what she believed to be real religion. She wrote the narrative in her maturer years, and it was to have been followed up by a detailed account of the religious experiences of the rest of her life; this completion, however, was never accomplished. What it would have been, the part actually written sufficiently shews. As usual in such documents, it opens with an elaborate sketch of her own early sinful state, the truth of which we are by no means disposed to disbelieve, interspersed with the ordinary complimentary reflections upon the godlessness of all her friends and kindred. This condition of reprobation is then supposed to merge suddenly into a state of grace by a recognition of the great heresy of Luther, in virtue of which recognition, the lady becomes at once as convinced, that if she were to die she would go straight to the presence of God in heaven, as if—or rather *more* positively than if—an inspired Apostle had assured her of her salvation. We quote her account of the change, calling particular attention to her notion of this after-record of her feelings being a sort of written attestation, not only to her own *belief* that she would be saved, but to the literal fact that she certainly *would* be. We must premise also, that she writes of herself very affectedly in the third person, the "Caroline" of the story being none other than its writer.

"Her state of mind during that illness may best be compared to his to whom it was said, 'This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise;' she saw nothing between her and the Lord who bought her, and the inheritance that He had divided with her. It was a presumptuous expectation, but it was the natural result of inexperience in the truth; it was justly grounded, and had her illness terminated as was expected, it would not have been disappointed. She would have been with Jesus; she says it and signs it now, that time and deep knowledge of indwelling sin have modified without changing her views of the method of divine grace, the doctrines of the Gospel—respecting, that is, the progressive sanctification of the justified believer, the work of the Spirit in the elect of God; she says it in the face of years of subsequent vanity, earthliness, and inconsistency; in the face of accumulated sins, of which the burden is far more intolerable, at times, than those that preceded her conversion; she says it in the face of many who, reading these memoranda, may affirm that they knew her after this period with few signs enough of conversion upon her; had she died then, her hope would not have been made ashamed, she was justified in Christ without the deeds of the law; she signs it now, and if the opportunity be afforded, should she ever live out her threescore years

and ten, she believes that she will re-sign it on her death-bed, to the glory of the power of the free grace of God in Jesus Christ, and the comfort of all who know themselves to be the subject of it. * * *

"Having no religious friends, it is improbable her feelings should be disclosed to any by letter, but her brother, and those sisters, M—, L—, A—, who were already members with her in the body of Christ; but separated, as she thinks, at that time from her. Hard, sterile, and unproductive was the soil on which the precious seed had thus been sown; the perfecting of Jehovah's work will be scarcely less wonderful, when we come to tell it, than its beginning. Caroline never changed her faith, or revoked the profession of it; she never changed her purpose; she never let go the death-grasp she had taken on the cross of Christ; there was no season when that once-aborred name was not music in her ears, and balm upon her lips; but she was a graceless, senseless, and unruly child to her heavenly Father, as she had been to all others; and many, many were the years before she or any one else could find the fruits of holiness on that wild olive-branch, engrafted as it was in the pure stem. It bears them scarcely still; we will hereafter tell it all. Suffice it now to say that the most immediate result of Caroline's change of heart was, the happiness to which it had at once restored her; at peace with God, she made up her quarrel with all things. The zest of life returned; she no longer quarrelled with her destiny, or felt distaste of all her pursuits, or grew weary of her existence without any reason. The void was filled; she never after wanted something to do, or something to love, or something to look forward to; the less there was of earth, the more there was of heaven in her vision; whenever man failed her, Christ took her up. She had no more stagnant waters, long as her voyage was through troubled ones; she was, with all the leaven of the older nature that remained, essentially a new creature to herself."

A certain "Fanny," a sentimental young friend, had, it seems, written to "Caroline," to assure her that, unless she became religious, she never could be happy. This "Fanny," one would think, was, in her spiritual daughter's esteem, worth a few thoughts of gratitude and tenderness, and at any rate not a self-deluding worldling. Not a bit of it, however. Our authoress, in her profound theology, considers that if Fanny had been herself really a pious Christian, the glory of her conversion would not have been all attributable to God! Such, we seriously assure our readers, is Mrs. Wilson's own assertion. The sentences in which she informs us of this fact and this doctrine are among the choicest fragments of the "Autobiography." They strike us as one of the most shocking and mournful exhibitions of mingled shallowness, uncharitableness, and presumption, which even this lady's writings can afford. Hear her judgment upon her poor fellow-sinner:

"Was Fanny religious? All who read this will eagerly ask it.—No; let God have his glory, and the Holy Spirit the sole credit of his work! After the deep-felt experience of five-and-twenty years, and the thoughtful reconsideration of all that past, it is written without hesitation, Fanny was not then spiritually enlightened, though apparently religious; but Caroline thought she was, and that mistake was made the instrument of her conversion."

How Fanny is ultimately disposed of, the reader will be curious to know.

"And Fanny—what more of her? We will tell all

hereafter; unconscious instrument of all that God was doing, she disbelieved the work she had performed. Removal separated the friends, but for very many years did not divide their hearts,—they were still dearest of all things to each other; but we must tell it here, for it proves the work of God. As the vital principle developed itself in Caroline, Fanny took offence at it. When Caroline wrote her a distinct statement of the change her own letter had been the means of effecting, Fanny laughed at it. She did not believe in conversion, in regeneration of the Spirit, or any thing of the sort. She even said her father held such doctrines, but she did not know how she had escaped the infection of his fanaticism; whenever the subject was resumed in their letters, it was an occasion of difference and dissatisfaction. They never met again, till an event occurred which proved that Fanny's heart was as diverse from her friend's for this world as it was for the next; that her denunciations of this life had been as little real as her early anticipations of another; the world might have her back if it would give the price. Fanny contracted a marriage, in a worldly point of view advantageous; but the sympathy that had seemed to bind the friends together was now dissolved, and every feeling they had in common proved to be on Fanny's part, and by her own acknowledgment, as merely sentimental as Caroline believes her religion was. Caroline witnessed the transaction, and parted with her friend for ever, with a heart wrung with pain; several years longer the form of friendship was kept up by letter, but the life was gone, the death-blow was struck. Once only again Caroline saw what had been the idol of her affections; it was not the thing that she had loved, or that she ever could love. Caroline herself was changed, and perhaps was as distasteful to her friend. Fanny, the intellectual, studious, poetic, religious girl, was . . . if we survive her, we will tell what she was, and who she is; if not, she will read this, and she knows. A very short time after Caroline had visited her for the first time and the last time in her married home, a few unpleasant letters having been exchanged on the subject of religion, too vehement, most likely, on the one side, too scoffing and contemptuous on the other, the discussion reached its extremity; and Caroline, with that too hasty warmth that has left so many things to regret that cannot be undone, desired that their correspondence should cease. It ceased, and they are strangers.

"May eternal mercy grant to Fanny the blessing she transmitted, and yet despised!"

On the whole, we are inclined to think that, of a large class of offensive productions, the present is as offensive an example as is any where to be found.

Mrs. Wilson's correspondence is, on the other hand, very much more rational, sensible, and Christian—the last term being taken with a considerable modification from its full signification. Her dogmatism, indeed, never flags; she never suspects that she may be in the wrong; she never dreams that she is not irrevocably saved from eternal punishment; she never hesitates for a moment to impute an utter ungodliness to every body who opposes her "scheme of salvation;" and she treats her correspondents to a liberal dose of lecturing on the slightest provocation. Yet many of the letters are clever, and some are even amusing. Mrs. Wilson writes with a woman's readiness, a woman's point, and a clever woman's decision of thought and expression. She is most at home in anything satirical, and least at home when she talks to her friends about her feelings *as a poet*; which

character, by the bye, she loses no opportunity of informing them is eminently her own. On the whole, the letters are, perhaps, as good as any body could write whose mind was hampered and distorted by the current ideas of Evangelical Churchmanship. A mind of a higher character and as sincere as that of Mrs. Wilson, would throw off the whole burden with disgust, and take up with some other theological system less repugnant to common sense, common charity, and the plainest language of holy Scripture.

The first letter in the collection, addressed to her brother, is one of the best in the series; and, though somewhat long, we give nearly the whole of it, as a clever and amusing picture of the world of Exeter Hall.

"How, at this distance, am I to sketch for you the features of that world of which you inquire—the religious world? Whoever used that expression first, did not suspect that he described the thing it stands for more exactly than if he had written volumes. The last term is that our Lord has chosen to designate his enemies; the first is that which distinguishes his friends; the both together is that strange admixture which is the distinguishing character of the present day. I suppose you will not understand me now any better than when I said,—It is time to cease from man. Well, then, can you not imagine how a person going always behind the scenes to see how the thing is got up, and to see the *dramatis personæ* disrobe themselves, &c. &c., might grow very weary of scenic representations? But this is myself again; and I am going to tell you of the world; few people can see so much of it really as I do, because I hold no settled rank in it, and move in no determinate sphere. One day the splendid carriage dashes up to fetch me, with two footmen to bang down the steps, lest one should not make noise enough: the next day I trudge off in the mud, with my bookseller's apprentice to carry my bundles; sometimes I am every body, and sometimes I am nobody, and I am equally amused with all; for all is life, and all is nature, and all lets me into secrets that those who walk a more settled and determined course but little wot of; and I note every thing, and listen to every thing, and lay it all up for future cogitation. And many a smile I have in private, *et*, and many a sigh too, at the charlatanage of the deluding world. In respect to its present state, I should say nay to what you say, as it regards the taste of the public for religious truth. I should certify, on no light grounds, that the defection lies elsewhere; there is appetite for the whole counsel of God, but they who are left in charge have found, in their wisdom, that the food is not wholesome, and they *dare*—I speak *strongly*, for I have felt it strongly, even to tears; I have felt it under their pulpits;—they *dare* deny it to the flock they have been sent to feed. Comes there a man, in town or country, or on week-day or Sunday, who in simplicity delivers the whole of his message, and you will see how they throng his aisles, how they will steal forth, like Nicodemus, by night, to take of the desired but forbidden draught, afraid to be blamed by their ghostly confessors if they are detected. Look at their faces while they listen to the unusual strain, and you will soon see if it be not welcome. Ask them when they go away how they like it? They will speak of it as children of a birthday treat—which, to be sure, if they had it often, might disagree with them—so they are taught, so they believe; but they can relish it well enough. I do not speak of one class, or of two classes, I believe this to be the general aspect of things. I can set my eye on our pew, and say, These people are of such a congregation;—and on another, and say, These belong to such a chapel;—and why are they all come here? And many are the times I have whispered in the ear of those who sit

fied, nay, absurdly devoted to some favourite preacher of a garbled truth, that there is more behind, and have been surprised to find how well they knew it—how much they could like to have it; but it is not good for them! The servant has grown wiser than his master; the messenger can amend his message—God can no more be trusted with the salvation of his people. Man knows a better way; and expediency is like to become the Anti-Christ of our land. You question my term ‘magnificent preaching,’—‘why not as well without the pomp?’ you say. Our powers are of God, and if He have given the graceful mien, the deep-toned voice, and the overwhelming impulse of exalted feeling, and the resistless burst of eloquence which, in Athens, held the lives of men, and in Rome the fate of nations, at its pleasure, to be the companions of his grace and truth, imparted to the minister of his gospel, shall we say that they are useless? I wot not; though I would not overvalue them. The great lion of the day is —, a man of most amazing powers of oratory; a person of taste who did not like religion at all might listen to him with rapture, for the thing is perfect in its kind. The Christian who cared not for eloquence at all might listen with equal satisfaction; for he delivers his message fully, boldly, ay and simply too, with all his oratory; for the wisdom of man is not mixed up with it. Then there is Irving—new to me, though past the meridian of popularity. If ever you could conceive John Knox, if ever you pictured to yourself a blood-hot Covenanter preaching, three hours together, on the field of battle, with a Highland blade in his girdle and a bugle at his back—as willing to slay as he was to save, as willing to die as he was to preach—fancy all this, and you have the man. But you cannot fancy it till you have seen Irving; I never could; but now I see it all. It was to me such a realisation of imagination’s dreams, that when I heard him first I could scarcely refrain from exclamation, so much did it seize on my poetic fancy. Common sense tells one, that to a chapel full of Holborn shopkeepers this is not the thing; and right feeling tells one, that this sort of excitement under a sermon is not to be allowed—and so I went no more: but, knowing what it is, I would have gone from London to Edinburgh to have heard it once. At one of the great meetings where he got up to make a speech, no longer restrained by the feeling that the gratification was out of place, I did really jump off my seat and clap my hands for joy: but one need be a poet to understand all this. Dear old Mr. Wilkinson still holds his post—the still small voice of truth sounding, as it were, from out some holy recess, where the tumult, and the cavil, and the disputation, are unheard or unregarded. You read his name in no printed lists, you see him in no strange pulpit, you hear of him in no company—but go to his church, and there you find him, the same words ever in his mouth; the words are few, and the ideas few, and there is little variety in either. He controverts no man’s doctrines, he takes note of no popular wrongs or rights; he is like one who neither sees, nor hears, nor knows what is around him; he comes blindfold from his closet to his pulpit, to tell in one what he has learned in the other—the most secret, the most mysterious, the most precious purposes of God to his own elected people: a tale with which none else can have to do, and which none else can understand. * * * The man with whom, were I resident in London, I should probably settle down as my regular minister is Mr. Howells, of Long Acre, a Welchman; not because he is better than some others I have named, but because some preaching is good to one cast of mind, and some to another; and amid the much I have heard since I have been now in town, I am inclined to think I should be, on the long run, most benefited by his. Howells has not a large congregation, but a very peculiar one;—I should say he puts his fingers into other men’s gardens, and carries off the fruit as it ripens, not in crowds, but here and there one. Popular he cannot be, because he is above the reach of the untutored mind, and above the taste of the vulgar mind. I never saw a congregation in which the proportion of men was so large, which it is easy to account for. He

takes the learned of our religious world, but not till the whole counsel of God has become acceptable to them; for there is no equivocation with him. These are the luminaries of London. Others there are, the favourites of a corner, the Popes of a set; some true to what they know, but knowing little; some knowing all, but proudly withholding it on their own authority. * * * I spent a week at —, where — holds the cure of 20,000 souls. The religious few, who for years have been expecting anxiously his coming, are all forsaking his church, while the worldly sit under him at ease. When questioned as to his faithfulness, he replies, that in two years he will preach otherwise, but the people are not ready for it! What an awful responsibility! So much for preachers: but what are the hearers doing? you will ask. Who would not live in these days, to see two thousand saints at a time in Freemasons’ Hall, and all so occupied, that they can sit patiently seven hours a day! Could the Christians of the days of Paul rise from their graves to see, how would they recognise their despised race, amid the tramping of horses, and locking of chariot-wheels, and thronging of fine-dressed ladies, fain to leave their beds some hours earlier than they are wont in the hope to get a seat! Placed in these scenes for the first time, many and curious were the thoughts that came across me. I thought of the caverns in which these despised hid themselves, of the sheep-skins that were their covering, and the berries that were their food. And I said, How strange, how wonderful are the ways of the Almighty! To me the thing was new; I had never seen a crowd of that description since the days I saw them at the opera or in the ball-room; and whether it was the recalled association, or whether the animating bustle had merely withdrawn my mind from the purport of the thing, I actually started when the language of religion first reached me from the platform. There was not much good speaking, little tone of piety, but most fulsome praises of each other. I remained discomforted, and went away dissatisfied. This was not, however, the case the second time. It was for the Jews; the children of the school were present. I cannot tell you all I felt, or all I thought, while I looked at them. The helpless offspring of God’s chosen people sitting there as supplicants to the bounty of that gay Gentile crowd. Here all the poetry of my feelings was awakened; many good things were spoken, and I was very much delighted. Next came the Hibernian;—see what a devoted saint I am become! There I went too, and I was pleased again; for I love the Irish to my heart, and the first feeling of incongruity was entirely over now. I had gotten into the full spirit of the thing. An old lady, deep in these matters, who sat beside me, said a thing that struck me. She was complaining of Irving’s impolitic speech. I said, ‘It seems to me he is the only man among them who has stood for God, and for his truth.’ She replied angrily, ‘What is the use of that? They come to speak for the interests of the society.’ I said no more; but I laid up the speech to think upon. What he had said really was a magnificent warning to the children of God, when the children of men come in to join themselves to their counsels; as fine a charge as ever I heard—placing a child of God on such a proud pre-eminence, that the great ones of earth seemed to dwindle into nothing as he spoke. The lords and right honourables looked a little uneasy.”

A greater contrast to Mrs. Wilson’s memoirs than the *Life and Correspondence of John Foster*, it is not easy to imagine within the circle of Protestant thought and feeling. While in the former we are perpetually compelled to have recourse to the largest measure of Christian charity, to induce ourselves to believe that there was any real fear and love of God concealed beneath the mass of self-sufficiency and error before us, in the latter case the proofs of genuine sincerity, candour,

hereafter; unconscious instrument of all that God was doing, she disbelieved the work she had performed. Removal separated the friends, but for very many years did not divide their hearts,—they were still dearest of all things to each other; but we must tell it here, for it proves the work of God. As the vital principle developed itself in Caroline, Fanny took offence at it. When Caroline wrote her a distinct statement of the change her own letter had been the means of effecting, Fanny laughed at it. She did not believe in conversion, in regeneration of the Spirit, or any thing of the sort. She even said her father held such doctrines, but she did not know how she had escaped the infection of his fanaticism; whenever the subject was resumed in their letters, it was an occasion of difference and dissatisfaction. They never met again, till an event occurred which proved that Fanny's heart was as diverse from her friend's for this world as it was for the next; that her denunciations of this life had been as little real as her early anticipations of another; the world might have her back if it would give the price. Fanny contracted a marriage, in a worldly point of view advantageous; but the sympathy that had seemed to bind the friends together was now dissolved, and every feeling they had in common proved to be on Fanny's part, and by her own acknowledgment, as merely sentimental as Caroline believes her religion was. Caroline witnessed the transaction, and parted with her friend for ever, with a heart wrung with pain; several years longer the form of friendship was kept up by letter, but the life was gone, the death-blow was struck. Once only again Caroline saw what had been the idol of her affections; it was not the thing that she had loved, or that she ever could love. Caroline herself was changed, and perhaps was as distasteful to her friend. Fanny, the intellectual, studious, poetic, religious girl, was . . . if we survive her, we will tell what she was, and who she is; if not, she will read this, and she knows. A very short time after Caroline had visited her for the first time and the last time in her married home, a few unpleasant letters having been exchanged on the subject of religion, too vehement, most likely, on the one side, too scoffing and contemptuous on the other, the discussion reached its extremity; and Caroline, with that too hasty warmth that has left so many things to regret that cannot be undone, desired that their correspondence should cease. It ceased, and they are strangers.

"May eternal mercy grant to Fanny the blessing she transmitted, and yet despised!"

On the whole, we are inclined to think that, of a large class of offensive productions, the present is as offensive an example as is any where to be found.

Mrs. Wilson's correspondence is, on the other hand, very much more rational, sensible, and Christian—the last term being taken with a considerable modification from its full signification. Her dogmatism, indeed, never flags; she never suspects that she may be in the wrong; she never dreams that she is not irrevocably saved from eternal punishment; she never hesitates for a moment to impute an utter ungodliness to every body who opposes her "scheme of salvation;" and she treats her correspondents to a liberal dose of lecturing on the slightest provocation. Yet many of the letters are clever, and some are even amusing. Mrs. Wilson writes with a woman's readiness, a woman's point, and a clever woman's decision of thought and expression. She is most at home in anything satirical, and least at home when she talks to her friends about her feelings *as a poet*; which

character, by the bye, she loses no opportunity of informing them is eminently her own. On the whole, the letters are, perhaps, as good as any body could write whose mind was hampered and distorted by the current ideas of Evangelical Churchmanship. A mind of a higher character and as sincere as that of Mrs. Wilson, would throw off the whole burden with disgust, and take up with some other theological system less repugnant to common sense, common charity, and the plainest language of holy Scripture.

The first letter in the collection, addressed to her brother, is one of the best in the series; and, though somewhat long, we give nearly the whole of it, as a clever and amusing picture of the world of Exeter Hall.

"How, at this distance, am I to sketch for you the features of that world of which you inquire—the religious world? Whoever used that expression first, did not suspect that he described the thing it stands for more exactly than if he had written volumes. The last term is that our Lord has chosen to designate his enemies; the first is that which distinguishes his friends; the both together is that strange admixture which is the distinguishing character of the present day. I suppose you will not understand me now any better than when I said,—It is time to cease from man. Well, then, can you not imagine how a person going always behind the scenes to see how the thing is got up, and to see the *dramatis personæ* disrobe themselves, &c. &c., might grow very weary of scenic representations? But this is myself again; and I am going to tell you of the world; few people can see so much of it really as I do, because I hold no settled rank in it, and move in no determinate sphere. One day the splendid carriage dashes up to fetch me, with two footmen to bang down the steps, lest one should not make noise enough: the next day I trudge off in the mud, with my bookseller's apprentice to carry my bundles; sometimes I am every body, and sometimes I am nobody, and I am equally amused with all; for all is life, and all is nature, and all lets me into secrets that those who walk a more settled and determined course but little wot of; and I note every thing, and listen to every thing, and lay it all up for future cogitation. And many a smile I have in private, ay, and many a sigh too, at the charlatanage of the deluding world. In respect to its present state, I should say nay to what you say, as it regards the taste of the public for religious truth. I should certify, on no light grounds, that the defection lies elsewhere; there is appetite for the whole counsel of God, but they who are left in charge have found, in their wisdom, that the food is not wholesome, and they *dare*—I speak *strongly*, for I have felt it strongly, even to tears; I have felt it under their pulpits;—they *dare* deny it to the flock they have been sent to feed. Comes there a man, in town or country, or on week-day or Sunday, who in simplicity delivers the whole of his message, and you will see how they throng his aisles, how they will steal forth, like Nicodemus, by night, to take of the desired but forbidden draught, afraid to be blamed by their ghostly confessors if they are detected. Look at their faces while they listen to the unusual strain, and you will soon see if it be not welcome. Ask them when they go away how they like it? They will speak of it as children of a birthday treat—which, to be sure, if they had it often, might disagree with them—so they are taught, so they believe; but they can relish it well enough. I do not speak of one class, or of two classes, I believe this to be the general aspect of things. I can set my eye on one pew, and say, These people are of such a congregation,—and on another, and say, These belong to such a chapel; and why are they all come here? And many are the times I have whispered in the ear of those who sit satis-

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A greater contrast to Mrs. Wilson's memoirs than the *Life and Correspondence of John Foster*, it is not easy to imagine within the circle of Protestant thought and feeling. While in the former we are perpetually compelled to have recourse to the largest measure of Christian charity, to induce ourselves to believe that there was any real fear and love of God concealed beneath the mass of self-sufficiency and error before us, in the latter case the proofs of genuine sincerity, candour,

intelligence, and practical humility, meet one at every turn. Not that Mr. Foster was a whit less sparing in his expressions of his abhorrence of "Popery," or that we do not at times radically disagree with him in our views of secular affairs. We differ from him, indeed, in his facts and consequent deductions, perhaps more often than we agree. Yet still we cannot help seeing that our differences are differences rather of knowledge than of ideas of right and wrong, and of the elementary character of the essence of true religion. There is not a particle of evidence to shew that he had the slightest idea of *what* the Catholic religion really is. He viewed it as it was reported to him by ignorant or designing writers; and if it were in truth what he conscientiously believed it to be, no language would be too strong to express the abhorrence with which it ought to be regarded by every Christian mind. Setting this aside, we have rarely met with the life and writings of any man who gave us more reason for believing that had he *known* the truth, he would not have hesitated a moment in cordially embracing it as the word of God to fallen man. Never did we see a person whose practical inward life was more singularly free from the pernicious influences which his professed theological system must have exercised, if logically carried out and acted upon. Though far enough from the elevation, fervour, and profoundness of the Christian Saint, there is literally scarcely any thing in Mr. Foster's personal religion which is not orthodox, *as far as it goes*, though in opinions he was a Baptist of the most ultra kind, and called himself a believer in the common doctrines of Calvinism.

Not only in the Dissenting world, but beyond its boundaries, he was well known, for many years of his life, as an essayist of remarkable and original powers, and as a contributor to the *Eclectic Review*. His essays on the Effects of Popular Ignorance, on the Epithet Romantic, with others on a variety of subjects, published collectively, are worth every one's reading. The style is measured, vigorous, and imaginative; and he ever displayed in his writings, as in his personal character, a peculiar union of the romantic and poetic with the shrewd and sensible. A hater of cant in every shape, he saw into the humbugs of his sect, and of the "evangelical" world in general, with unfailing acuteness; and though a democrat, and almost a republican in politics, no Tory was ever more free from idolising a brutal and ignorant mob, or from wishing to place power in the hands of the people before they were fit to employ it like men and Christians. Sickened with the compromises, both moral and intellectual, which are the disgraceful characteristic of High Churchmen and Low Church-

men, of Methodists, Irvingites, and Plymouth Brethren, we turn with refreshed sympathies to one whose opinions were at least intellectually consistent with themselves, and who did not at one moment assert that Christianity is a religion without sacramental graces, and at the next attempt to impose upon the world an obedience to ordinances, ordinations, and so forth. We respect a man who sees that there is no alternative between the Catholic system, and that which renders it folly to call a man a "Reverend."

Mr. Foster's character and writings recall, also, a very remarkable fact in the ecclesiastical history of our times. No one who is familiar with the names, works, and writings of English Protestants, can have failed to notice the singular repulsion which exists between minds of any high order, and the principles of Evangelicalism as held in the Established Church. We do not overstate the truth when we say, that the Puritan party in the Establishment comprises the most stupid people in the United Kingdom. There is scarcely a ray of genius to be found irradiating the whole denomination; scarcely any thing above a third-rate intelligence, which is content to feed upon its contradictions, self-deceptions, and hypocrisies. Wherever a great mind or a brilliant imagination appears in the Anglican body, it is invariably found either to acquiesce in Puseyism, or in some one of the theological divisions which condemn the Evangelicals.

Yet this is not the case among the Dissenters. The Luther-Calvinism which forms the theology of this class has been cordially believed and acted upon by many men among the Nonconformists, who are intellectually entitled to a very high place in their generation. While from the midst of the formal mediocrity which broods over all Evangelical Churchmanship, there are but two men who can claim the honours of high genius and vigorous intellect—the poet Cowper, and Cecil,—the Dissenting body can bring forward the names of Robert Hall, Foster, Chalmers, Wardlaw, Pye Smith, Vaughan, and others; not to mention either Miss Taylor and Dr. Watts, or such Socinians as Priestly, Price, Belsham, Carpenter, Martineau, or Edgeworth. The minds of highest character and theological acquirements among the Church Evangelicals, such as Scott, Dean Milner (the ablest of them all), John Newton, Wilberforce, or Martyn, are much inferior to their Dissenting rivals. As to the Evangelical literature in the Establishment, a vast portion of it is below criticism altogether, and the best of it rises little above a tame, soulless, ill-informed mediocrity. While Robert Hall's style is a model of English composition, and Foster is perhaps the ablest of recent essayists, and Miss Taylor's Hymns for Chil-

dren are unapproached in the Protestant world, the English Nonconformists have also for many years supported a Review, the *Eclectic*, with which no Church of England periodical whatever has been able to compete in ability and power, except at rare and brief intervals. The *North British Review* in like manner, a journal published by the Free Kirk in Scotland, is far above any thing that the Lutheran section of the Establishment could, by any possibility, put forth. We have not time, however, to dwell longer upon this curious result of the union of Lutheranism with riches, power, and the Book of Common Prayer, but must pass on to complete our notice of Mr. Foster's life.

One kindred point, indeed, must not be passed over. We cannot overlook the remarkable freedom from cant and offensive phraseology which characterises the best of the able Dissenters in comparison with the style of writing and talking which ever clings to the Evangelical party in the Establishment. Lutheranism never, indeed, becomes radically a portion of the practical mind of any religious person. So far as a man's thoughts and feelings are under the influence of divine grace, so far there is a perpetual struggle going on between renewed nature and the dogmas which make up what is called Evangelicalism. Still there is a striking difference in the extent to which acute and conscientious minds are coloured and warped by this pernicious system, within the Establishment and without it. The Evangelical Churchman thinks it necessary to *talk* religion to an extent and in a phraseology which were clearly most repulsive to such men as Foster and Robert Hall. We do not believe that there ever was an Evangelical preacher or writer of any eminence in the Anglican body, whose habitual cast of thought and modes of action was so little poisoned by his false creed. Except that, in an occasional rare sentence, Mr. Foster *tells* us that he held the common Calvinistic theories, and specifies its doctrines, we should give him credit for being almost as orthodox upon the great subject of the conditions of man's salvation as any Catholic. Calvinism never takes a practical form in his heart or in his language, in his private life or in his advice to others. His writings and letters frequently present such sentiments as the following :

"Dr. R. was, indeed, a most admirable man in all sorts of goodness. You hope his '*creed*' has been pardoned him.' If it needed pardon, it was a sin; and I do not see how we are to hope for the pardon of *sin not repented of and renounced*. In this predicament was the guilt of Dr. R. as to his creed."

Yet, in the very same letter, Foster actually calls himself a Calvinist! Another gratifying feature in his character is the very manifest general humility of his mind; practised, in our judgment at least, both towards

Almighty God and towards his fellow-men. Extreme in many of his opinions, both theological and political; independent in thought to a rare extent; very well informed; an acute reasoner; a caustic observer of the follies of his own sect; a man of delicate and refined feelings, he had, at the same time, singularly little of the spirit of intellectual dogmatism, and was as ready to admit the weight of a companion's argument, as if his own powers had been of the lowest possible calibre. His biographer also states that he was remarkable for an especial considerateness in small things towards all persons with whom he had any thing to do. Even in the midst of his boldest religious speculations, and when they trenched on the most perilous conclusions, we discern little of the heretical *spirit*. His errors seem to have been as purely errors of *knowledge* as can well be conceived. The true character of the Catholic faith, its fundamental idea, its actual doctrines, and the real religious condition of its children, appear to have been as utterly unknown to him as if they had never existed. Falling short, as his character of course does, of any thing like the highest Christian excellence, still we cannot but confess that it presents to us the elements of the pious Christian's life; and we sympathise more with what he does, says, and writes, than with all the overstrained, fictitious, self-deceiving *imitations* of actual Catholicism which have ever been beheld in the most ultra-Romanising Anglo-Catholic.

In his correspondence here published, there is much that is interesting, though, as usual with biographers, the editor has printed much that might have been spared. We cannot find room for many extracts, but the following will serve as fair specimens. Foster thus describes an evening he spent with Coleridge at Bristol:

"I could not conveniently hear more than one of his lectures (on Shakespeare), but it was a still higher luxury to hear him talk as much as would have been two or three lectures. I use the word *luxury*, however, not without some very considerable qualification of its usual meaning, since it may not seem exactly descriptive of a thing involving much severe labour,—and this one is forced often to undergo in the endeavour to understand him, his thinking is of so surpassingly original and abstracted a kind. This is the case often even in his recitals of facts, as that recital is continually mixed with some subtle speculation. It was perfectly wonderful, in looking back on a few hours of his conversation, to think what a quantity of perfectly original speculation he had uttered, in language incomparably rich in ornament and new combinations. In point of theological opinion, he is become, indeed has now a number of years been, it is said, highly orthodox. He wages victorious war with the Socinians, if they are not, which I believe they now generally are, very careful to keep the peace in his company. His mind contains an astonishing mass of all sorts of knowledge, while in his power and manner of putting it to use, he displays more of what we mean by the term genius than any mortal I ever saw or ever expect to see. He is still living in a wandering, precarious, and comfortless way, perpetually forming projects which he has not the steady resolution

to prosecute long enough to accomplish. His appearance indicates much too evidently, that there is too much truth in the imputation of intemperance. It is very likely he beguiles his judgment and conscience by the notion of an exciting effect to be produced on his faculties by strong fluids. I have not heard that he ever goes the length of disabling himself for the clearest mental operation, but certainly he indulges to a degree that, if not forborne, will gradually injure his faculties and health. It is probable he is haunted by an incurable restlessness, a constant, permanent sense of infelicity. This has been augmented, doubtless, by the total deficiency of domestic satisfactions."

Here is his opinion of O'Connell. We must remember also that Foster was an anti-Repealer:

"You have had *Dan*, I see, about you at Rathmines, lately. He is the man I should be more curious to see and hear than any other individual in the world whom I have not seen. There is not, in the whole world, any other person who has so much moral power, in virtue solely of the individual's own personal qualities."

The following is from Mr. Sheppard's observations on Mr. Foster's character:

"He once called the world 'an untamed and untamable animal;' and on being reminded that he was a part of it, and therefore had an interest in its welfare, rejoined, 'Yes, sir, a hair upon the tail.' On insincerity, affectation, and cant, he was unsparingly sarcastic. Some years ago, the Emperor Alexander's piety was a favourite theme at public meetings. A person who received the statements on this point with (as Foster thought) a far too easy faith, remarked to him, that really the emperor must be a very good man! 'Yes, sir,' he replied gravely, but with a significant glance, 'a *very* good man—very devout; no doubt he said grace before he swallowed Poland!'"

One more illustration of Foster's intellectual character we must give, touching, as it does, on some of the most profound of mysteries, and shewing both his intellectual and moral temper:

"There is one other topic on which I should be tempted into an emphatic language, if I had not a difficulty to express exactly, discreetly, perhaps intelligibly, what I wish to convey. I allude to the light in which the Almighty is presented in much of what is spoken and written in the missionary service. I confess I have been confounded at what I have heard or read. For it seems to me to represent the Maker and Sovereign of the world as acting on a plan of exceedingly limited interference in the moral condition and destiny of the human race,—almost as acting in a subordinate or secondary capacity to the human instruments He employs, or *unsuccessfully* calls upon to be employed.

"The idea forcibly suggested is, that, calmly keeping his power in abeyance, He devolves on a certain portion of men a real practical responsibility for the salvation or perdition of undefined multitudes of their race; making his own will, on that awful alternative, conditional on the choice and conduct of these responsible persons. Certain things conferred on the fallen race would be an infinite blessing; they *may* be conferred, for He is willing; but whether they *shall* be conferred, depends on another will—the will of that same section of the race to do their duty to the rest. As if He should be supposed to say, 'If you will zealously labour for their salvation, I will save them, otherwise not. They may be saved if you choose; it is more your concern than mine.' A tribe or nation of eastern pagans has perished, through successive generations; there has been in the Church in this western world a moral power, and therefore duty, to secure, in some important measure, the contrary event; the decision was placed in the hands of the depositaries of that power; but they

were destitute of Christian philanthropy, and they decided fatally for the poor pagans whose destiny was depending on them. Thus the final state of a portion, perhaps a large portion, of the human race, has been, *immediately*, less at the disposal of the sovereign Maker, than of a certain order of human beings, who might have effected their salvation if they would. Multitudes of pagans are perishing at this hour, actually because Christians in England are parsimonious of their exertions and their money. The sovereign Being is looking on, and leaving their future state dependent on this penurious and precarious resource. In one of the speeches not long since delivered in Bristol, the speaker supposed himself to be addressing some one (any one) individual, and said:—'By refusing at this time the contribution which you can afford, you may be consigning one soul, that otherwise might be saved, to endless perdition.' A not unusual figure has been that of a miserable crowd approaching the verge of a dreadful gulf. And the exclamation is, Oh, will you not eagerly and instantly hasten to throw yourselves between? What mortal cruelty to linger! The catastrophe is infallible if you do not rush to the rescue; for higher power declines to interpose. Lords of their destiny! look at the dread alternative you are deciding. At hearing such things, who can keep out, or force out, of his mind the idea of a Deity resembling the gods of Epicurus?"

"Sometimes, indeed, instead of what looks so like an attribution of indifference, a more gracious and sympathetic character is ascribed to the supreme power. He is earnestly intent on human salvation. 'The heart of God' is deeply moved; He longs, He yearns for, He almost passionately desires, the conversion of heathens, of all mankind; He is, as it were, impatient to see his servants in zealous action; He pleads to them every motive that ought to arouse and actuate them; He reproaches their indolence; sets before them the mighty things which *cannot* be done, till they shall go vigorously into the work; *his* operation being subjected to unwilling delay in waiting for theirs. And this is the almighty Being whose single volition could transform the whole race in a moment!"

"Now, my dear sir, whatever be the *right* way of setting forth the subject, I do think that which I have attempted to describe borders very nearly (doubtless unconsciously and unthinkingly) on impiety. I need not be reminded that in the Scriptures there are many expressions, used in condescending accommodation, which might be cited as analogous to the strain of language against which I am protesting. Let those strongly figurative expressions stand out as illustrative of that condescension, manifesting itself in such forms as men might not have presumed to utter. Let them be cited as what God has condescended to say. But to construct of similar figures our current language, which ought to be that of plain truth and fact, will be to establish a fallacious order of ideas, to which literal truth will come to be the exception."

The subject of the third publication on our list was a Dissenting minister, who recently died young. Although far inferior to Foster in vigour and energy of thought, Mr. Taylor's letters and remains have much that is attractive about them, and present a portrait of a character at once healthy, humble, zealous, and sincere. We cannot stop to enter into detail on his errors or his virtues, or to determine the precise limits of his creed. It is enough to say, that his letters and poems are in decided contrast with the pompous platitudes of Mr. Montgomery's introductory puff. From the remains we take a few touching stanzas from a short poem on the death of his sister. They are pleasing and

natural in a more than ordinary degree, and shew how the soul of man struggles against the sceptical delusions of the modern creed of England.

"Mary! thou once would'st listen to my call,
And answer it with ready smiles; and now,
If on thy spirit's ear my words may fall,
Oh! surely from thy glory thou wilt bow,
Though thou dost wear a crown upon thy brow,
Or that which honours thee as crowns do here,—
Come—I am far away from home, and thou,
Of all my heart's beloved, art most near,
And if thou hearest not, there is not one to hear.

I know there are who think it but a dream
Of wild romance, to talk, as I have done,
Of kindred sympathies, beyond the stream—
The dark cold stream of death, whose waters run
Betwixt time and eternity. 'Not one,'
So runs their creed, 'of all our dearest friends—
Mother, or sister—brother, sire, or son,—
May there be recognised. Affection tends
Our travels to the grave—there, its brief being ends.'

But, oh, it is not so! Fraternal feelings,—
Father and mother's yearning tenderness,—
Love's pure affection, are the first revealings
Of heaven, which is all love, and so all bliss.
These are most sacred things: and sure it is,
All that remains of Eden on the earth,
All that is heavenly in our sympathies,
Must be transplanted to their place of birth,
And there expanded forth to their full power and worth.

I have not lost thee, Mary! which I had
If a pure spirit only went to heaven,
And not my sister.—Now I am not sad,
As those who have no hope; though thou art driven
To rest a little while before the even,
It matters not. The morning soon will break;
And, in my soul, I feel it will be given
To us to know each other when we wake,
As ere we laid us down our last long sleep to take.

And thou and William were not strangers then,
But knew at once, and felt as brothers do
And sisters, when on earth they meet again
After brief absence—only far more true
And deep your love would be than ever grew
In any heart within a mortal breast;
Where the fair plant lacks heaven's ethereal dew,
And bows, by many and fierce storms oppressed,
And blights, that come not near the Eden of the blessed.

What sweet communion hast thou had with him
In that fair land of glory where ye are!
With wings untired, and eyes that wax not dim,
And powers of thought and feeling mightier far
Than all earth's mightiest minds; and nought to mar
That high and hallowed converse—thus ye fly
Together through high heaven.—So one bright star
Differeth from another in the sky,
Yet all move on in still, unbroken harmony.

And I can fancy ye have often sate
Upon the green top of some heavenly hill
(If there be changes in that blessed state
Of hill and vale), till ye have looked your fill
Of the bright scene beneath you, soft and still,
Yet full of living beauty—with the swell
Of those melodious harpings that can thrill
The inmost spirit, rising from the dell—
Which ye would echo back, most eloquently well.

Then would ye still your harps, and take your eyes
From the fair landscape; and your talk would be
Of those who dwelt beneath less placid skies,

And looked on scenes not half so bright as ye,
And might not hear such rapturous harmony;
And ye would name us, one by one, and think—
'Which of the captives shall be first set free?
Who first shall join us here? Who first shall drink
Yon living stream, and stray with us along its brink?'

And ye would hold discourse of by-gone time,
When ye were in the body, and amid
The thoughts and things of this our nether clime:—
How pleasantly your early days had slid
Along,—life's thorns among the roses hid.
But still fond fancy on your home would dwell
(Not so ye call it now, but *once* ye did),
And those who still were there, and what befell
Each since ye left them, and if with them all were well.

Until at length each to the other said,—
'Come, let us see our father's house once more,
And hover all unseen around the bed
Of each beloved one, when day is o'er;
And, to the sun when darkness shall restore
His wide dominion, be it still our care,
A happy influence all day long to pour
Upon their heads and hearts.'—And ye were there,
I know ye were, and bent at morn and evening prayer.

I know ye have been with us, both of you;
When o'er our spirits, in their deepest grief,
There came sweet thoughts of heaven,—like evening
dew
Upon the parched-up desert—or a leaf
From your own Tree of Life, the best relief
For wounded hearts:—and when, in solitude,
We entertained our sorrows, they were brief;
For o'er our souls most surely ye did brood,
And we were in a sweetly melancholy mood.

We bid you still be with us, still attend
Our footsteps, till we step into the tomb;
So shall we never lack a present friend,
Of life, this dreary valley, to illumine,
Which scarce hath less of thick, impervious gloom
Than the sad vale of death;—and when we go
Forth from the night to day, and gladly plume
Our wing for glory, hail us, from the woe
Of earth, to your blest home, where tears forget to flow.

Mary! I call again to thee! with thee
My song began—and hast thou heard my song?—
I may not know, thou hast no voice for me;
But I do hope to hear thy voice ere long;
And, as we rove the fields of bliss among,
If I remember, I will ask thee then
About these moments, consecrate to strong
Enduring love—and if thine angel ken
Behold these artless lines flow from thy brother's pen.

And now, my brother! and my sister! both—
Till then, farewell!—and once again—farewell!
To end this pleasant converse I am loth,
Though on mine ear, when I have asked, there fell
No audible responses, which might tell
That ye were near me,—one or both,—and all
Was not an idle fancy. Yet 'tis well,
Though only fancy's doings. She let fall
Some sweet, sad flowers, which I have gathered at her
call."

Let us turn now to the peculiar points of
contrast between what may be technically
called Protestant and Catholic Hagiology.
These are indeed so numerous and so mo-
mentous, that we can but indicate some of
them, and cannot hope to do more than sug-
gest a few matters for our readers' reflection
on this most interesting and curious subject.
We need scarcely premise that what we say

of the lives of the "Protestant Saints," so to call them, does not refer especially to those memoirs which we have just noticed in detail, but to the whole class of publications of which these are unusually favourable specimens.

1. At the very outset of inquiry we are met with the remarkable circumstance, that the inward life and actual principles of religious Protestants are known almost entirely *from their own private diaries, and from what they have declared to be their feelings and sentiments*. What a pregnant fact is this! How deep, if not how fundamental, must be the difference between their spiritual state and that of the great Catholic Saints! The latter we become acquainted with from the deeds of their lives, from their accidental conversations, from their public writings, from their devotions and austerities. From these things together, the biographer gathers a picture of the whole man, from which the most ordinary penetration is able to form a complete idea of that invisible life of the soul, of which these outward things were the result and the manifestations. Take up any fair specimen of a Catholic Saint's life that may be at hand; that of St. Alphonsus Liguori, for instance, or of St. Philip Neri, both lately translated into English, and compare the *materials* from which they are written with the materials of the ordinary Protestant hagiology. Take away the Protestant's account of himself, and what remains? Of his life *as a Christian*, almost nothing! The biographer must ransack that private record of daily religious feelings which it is the fashion with many of the evangelical world to put upon paper, and which is as partial a statement as mortal pen could devise; he must look up all the correspondence of the deceased, and glean every word in which he has *described* his state of mind; or he will have no more to tell of the characteristics of his piety, and the peculiarities of his inward being, than is told of the noble lords and ladies whose births, titles, marriages, and children are recorded in a Peerage. We cannot pause to account for this remarkable difference between the Catholic and Protestant, or to shew why the pious Catholic rarely commits to paper those inward struggles and variations of spirit, which it is the morbid delight of so many Protestants to register with eager, though inaccurate, regularity. It is enough to point to the fact, and to thank God that He has brought us into an immediate communion with Himself, and has given us a blessing in the sacrament of Penance, which renders such records of our sins and graces at best—in most instances—an idle waste of time.

2. Turning, then, to the characters themselves, and apart from any special differences in doctrines and practices, we are struck with

the fearful want of *love* to Almighty God and our Lord Jesus Christ which darkens the most admirable Protestant minds, without one single exception. In the Catholic Saint, if there is any one distinct feature which throws every other into the shade, it is the intensity with which the soul fixes herself upon her God with a burning fire of affection, to which even a mother's love for her child is cold and barren. The zeal of the Protestant, though doubtless, in some degree, a zeal *for God*, is yet, on the whole, and most undeniably, a zeal *for certain doctrines*, and not for God, as the object of his deepest love. We cannot open an "Evangelical" biography without noticing that the dogma of Lutheranism is dear to its subject, only because of the comfort it gives to his personal feelings. What he most loves is peace of mind; what he most yearns for is pardon. He dreams not of attaining to that state of soul which is the very life of the Catholic Saint; in which nature is so beaten down by grace, that the heart is, as it were, consumed by love; in which the soul pants for death, not so much in order to be freed from her miseries, as in order to behold her Beloved face to face. The Protestant cannot even comprehend this mark of the true Saint; he is correct, orderly, upright, zealous for his own creed, benevolent, temperate, cleanly, decent, and at once regular and moderate in his devotions; but the deepest depths of his soul are not stirred, except towards the earthly objects of his tenderness; the notion that a soul *could die of love to Jesus* is, in his eyes, a monstrous exaggeration of phrase, or a hateful excess of fanatic mysticism. A mother, a husband, or a wife might actually die of a broken heart; but that the heart of a Saint should positively burst its fleshly bonds through the fierceness of the fire of love to Christ which burnt within, is counted, both *morally* and *physically*, an impossibility.

3. The almost entire absence of a recognition of the *supernatural* is, indeed, most painfully prominent in the great leaders of Protestantism. We do not mean merely of what is commonly called supernatural, such as visions, miracles, revelations, prophecies, and such like; but of that supernatural state of being, into which the Christian is brought by the presence of the Holy Ghost in his soul and in the communion of which he is a member. The popular scepticism in all questions of miracles is but a portion of the eminently unphilosophical and shallow Christianity of the Protestant world. The most pious of Protestants is literally dark to the actual realities of his present being. He *knows*, in thought, of the invisible world; he *knows* that God is within him, and around him, so to say; that his spirit is literally in more intimate communion with millions of angels and departed souls, than with the living men now visible

to his sight; he *knows* that the Holy Ghost resides in his Saints and in the Church, with such a wondrous fulness and reality, that his supernatural operations must necessarily display themselves in myriads of variations and results, as surely as the sun in heaven must shed forth its beams throughout the whole circumambient firmament. All this, we say, he knows; but he realises it not. It is not daily, hourly, momentarily present to his consciousness. He does not look out for its effects upon himself, upon his friends, and upon the Church and the world at large. When he hears of any stupendous and new manifestations of almighty power, either of grace or in miracles, he is startled, stupefied, confounded. His common order of ideas is broken in upon; an agency which, with all his religiousness, he dreads, is at work at his very side; he trembles, as though the first notes of the Last Trumpet were breaking upon his ear; like children in the gloom of night, he is frightened from his composure, and is afraid, *until he can satisfy himself that it is all delusion, and that there is nothing about him but what he sees.* Take him, for instance, into a Catholic Church, where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed at Benediction; point out to him the Host reposing upon the altar; tell him that you know that what he there sees is God; and if perchance he can at all comprehend your real meaning, and conceive that, after all, what you say may perhaps be true, then will his secret soul shudder and be dismayed; not because he disbelieves what you assert, and laughs at your superstition, but because he dreads such a manifestation of the supernatural realities of the eternal world. Like Peter, when he beheld the divine power of Jesus in the miraculous draught of fishes; or rather—for St. Peter clasped in love the feet of Him before whose power he trembled—like Adam, when he heard the voice of God walking in the garden of Eden, he would cry in his anguish, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord."

Hence that indescribable difference which is felt in every page between a Protestant memoir, and the life of a Catholic Saint. The former is the portrait of a man, or a woman, and nothing more; a conscientious man or woman, it may be, and one whom we respect and love; but the latter is nothing less than a species of revelation to us from the Unseen. It brings us into direct contact with eternity; it causes the great deluding veil of this world to drop from before our eyes, and displays to our entranced gaze the operations of God, and of Angels, and of the Mother of God. Poor, wretched, sinful as we are ourselves, we are at once conscious of the all-penetrating, ineffable presence of the Most High; working wonders in the commonest affairs of life, and granting us a foreshadowing image of that

tremendous change in our perceptions, which will take place when our own souls are ushered into another life. God makes Himself glorious to us in his Saints. Our soul communes with angels and spirits; while the order of created things is unchanged, and all the trivialities of daily existence continue, we behold them incessantly broken in upon by an Almighty Power, which bids us bow our heads and adore. While we are reading such biographies, the supernatural becomes the natural; the invisible the visible; the mysterious the clear. Whether the Saint work miracles, or utter prophecies, or practise the discernment of spirits, or be in ecstasy, or be supported in austerities of superhuman severity, or behold revelations, still all seems but the result of that wondrous relationship which we perceive to be established between his secret soul and the powers of the world unseen.

4. Of all these miracles of the exalted Christian life, perhaps that which most prominently stands out in contrast with the ordinary Protestant religious life is the peculiar character of the penances of many Catholic Saints. That the Evangelical Protestant should not fast, nor wear a hair-shirt, nor scourge his body, is but a necessary consequence of his theological notions. So, again, we do not expect to see him making *satisfaction* for his past sins, nor seeking for some substitute for the Catholic doctrine of indulgences, because these things are alien to the very elements of his dogmatic creed. We might illustrate all this by a thousand varied instances; but there is yet a further point of distinction, which is the object of the especial horror, indignation, and amazement of pious Protestants, on which we prefer to say a few words. This particular point will also serve as a proof and illustration of the helplessness of the Protestant mind, when it would fain grasp the essentially supernatural nature of the Christian life, and enter into the depths of the great mystery of the incarnation of the Son of God.

If there is any one practice, indeed, in which the Catholic Saint is more than ordinarily incomprehensible to the conscientious separatist, it is in his *vicarious penances*. Never, in the whole range of Protestant theological writings, have we met with a trace of this wonderful, yet most consoling doctrine of the Catholic Church, that the innocent suffer for the guilty, in the way of penitential austerities, as truly as Jesus Christ suffered for man, the innocent for the guilty, in the way of absolute atonement for our offences against God. Eternally and essentially as this doctrine is connected with the elementary doctrines of the Gospel, that Jesus Christ is the Head of the Church, that we are literally his members, that his sufferings are as truly shared by his Saints as his glory, that the Church of Christ

is radically *one*, so that no one individual can suffer or rejoice without affecting in some positive way the spiritual condition of every other individual: yet—oh, strange yet natural portent! this mysterious truth is no more perceived in its consequences by the most admirable persons without the true Church, than if they had never heard that Jesus died for men, and that his people are saved by being made *partakers* of his sufferings.

What an amazing, awful, and most glorious truth it is, indeed! Who can fathom the depths of the doctrine of vicarious suffering, or comprehend how it is, that the most holy should suffer for the sinner; and how, further, when the sinner is redeemed, the more holy he becomes, the more marvellously is he privileged to follow in the footsteps of his Redeemer, and suffer for those who sin! Yet, let us not for a moment forget that this is a truth of our religion. From the hour when St. Paul, as he himself tells us, "filled up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ, in his flesh, for His body, which is the Church,"* the whole history of true Christianity exhibits to us the incessant operation of this law of the Gospel upon its most exalted Saints. While it is eternally impossible that any created being, whether man or angel, can offer adequate atonement to the justice of God for the sins of even one single hour, or one single moment; while man has neither thought, nor prayer, nor penance, nor love, which is acceptable to God, which is not, from first to last, the result of the atonement and mediation of Jesus Christ, and the work of the Holy Ghost; still, let us not overlook for an instant this twofold truth, that God exacts from us a temporal satisfaction for the sins whose guilt He pardons for Christ's sake; and that, as the Head of the Church suffered for his members, so may, and so must, those members suffer, in the way of satisfaction, one for another.

Hence those dreadful bodily tortures which so many of the most innocent Saints have inflicted upon their bodies, and the anguish of soul with which their Lord has often visited them. Hence it is, that in their lives we are perpetually called to venerate that which calls forth the blasphemies and derisions of a deluded world. Hence it is, that the astonishing spectacle is presented to us, of the most acute agonies endured by the most holy souls. Were it only the most vile of sinners who punished their guilty bodies with these sufferings, it would perhaps cause little astonishment. There would be little *super-natural* in the sight of a repentant murderer or adulteress chastising a miserable body with unheard-of severity, and drawing streams of blood from those limbs which have so daringly outraged the majesty of the Most High. But what is it that we see? The guileless child,

* Col. i. 24.

the pious nun who has never lost her baptismal purity, the fervent, apostolic man, whose heart has never ceased to glow with love for God—these, whose sins are so wonderfully less than the guilt of ordinary Christians, these are the sufferers from the scourge, the chain, the vigil; these pour forth their blood in torments, under which, without miraculous aid, they would have died again and again; these are they in whom we behold the sacrifice of Calvary re-enacted before our eyes, and on whom the wrath of God, so far as it can be endured by mere man, appears to fall with its most terrible severity.

And why is all this, but because the law of vicarious suffering is the elementary law of the Gospel of Jesus Christ? Why is it, but because God has no higher privilege which He can confer upon his Saints during their mortal life, than to elevate them to the nearest possible conformity with his beloved Son? These tortures, at which our human feelings shudder, and which, *like the cross of Christ itself*, are a stumbling-block to the unbeliever, are precious tokens of the peculiar favour with which those regenerate souls are regarded by their Lord, who thus, by a most peculiar favour, bestows upon them a cross fashioned after the pattern of that upon which He died for their sins, that upon it they may stretch their mortal frames, and suffer for their fellow-sinners, as He suffered for them. They fill up that which is wanting of the sufferings of Christ for his body, which is the Church. When all penance due for their own sins is paid, they rest not content, but with joyful hearts take upon them some portion of the pain which must be exacted from the rest of the Church, either in itself or in the persons of these its human mediators.

Many of us, indeed, are scarcely aware of the extent to which these vicarious austerities have been undergone by the Saints. Fearful and shocking as they seem to the self-indulgent spirit of our time and country, and far removed from the ordinary practices of the pious Catholic's life, we have too often forgotten that such things existed in past days, and that they also exist still in our own. We are almost tempted to look upon them as spiritual extravagances, suited to other climes and a more barbarous epoch,—as unfitting subjects for the contemplation of Christians living in the world, and in whom such austerities can scarcely ever be looked for. How baseless are these notions, we need scarcely say; it is enough to reply to them, that if the agonies, bodily and mental, of our blessed Lord himself are proper subjects for our ceaseless meditation, even in all their physical details, there can be no possible reason why we should not find edification and instruction in the recollection of those frightful sufferings by which his Saints have most intimately become par-

takers in the mystery of his cross. Let it not be forgotten also, that these austerities were in the Saints a result of the inspiration of the Spirit of God itself. These holy souls did not torture their bodies without a special illumination from on high. It would be madness for an ordinary Christian to think of such self-inflicted penances. They have been invariably practised under the special guidance of enlightened directors, who have given their whole energies and prayers to ascertain whether or not their penitents were guided by the Holy Ghost, before permitting them to attempt such extraordinary penances. This is the doctrine of every ascetic writer in the Church.* Vicarious sufferings of this awful character must no more be attempted by the great multitude of Christians, however devout their lives, without a distinct enlightenment of grace, than an ordinary Catholic would be justified in seeking to work a miracle of healing of his own accord.

A few instances will serve to shew the peculiar nature of these austerities, and the many Saints who have practised them.

The blessed Enrico Sasone (A.D. 1365) wore a cross with nails upon it between his shoulders, and drawers upon his legs into which needle-points were fastened, so that the lacerated flesh became actually corrupt, and the habitation of worms. He was also accustomed to bind his hands together at night-time with iron manacles, so as not to be able to relieve himself from any of the tortures which he endured.†

The venerable sister Veronica, in like manner, clothed herself in a garment studded with piercing points, which she called her *embroidered vest*.

The angelic Aloysius Gonzaga was wont to place in his bed pieces of pointed wood, to wound him even in his sleep; and when drawing near the end of his most innocent life, he requested permission of the Father Provincial to scourge himself violently; and when his own exhausted frame was unequal to the inflicting of the stripes, he desired a servant to be summoned, to scourge him from head to foot.

At the process of the canonisation of St. Veronica Giuliani, her confessor gave an account of her fearful austerities. He said that she would scourge herself, in imitation of the scourging of Jesus Christ, for two hours and more, and that only at his desire did she consent to spread the torment over the space of a whole week. Sometimes this scourging was inflicted with chains of iron, or with bundles of thorns or nettles. She imprinted the holy name of Jesus with hot iron upon her body; she often walked without soles to her shoes,

or put small stones within the shoes, to cause pain when she moved about. At one time, she used to hang herself up with loops to a bar across her room, with her feet off the floor (in the way that torturers have often tormented their victims), for two hours together, until her confidante (Sister Giacinta) took her down. This penance, however, was forbidden to her, because on one occasion she was forgotten for some time, and was found at the point of death.*

St. Teresa, the great Saint, the woman of masculine energy and untiring activity of mind, who is accounted almost a doctor of the Church for her profound theological writings, and even by men of the world is placed in the highest rank of authors in the pure Castilian tongue, emulated in her voluntary sufferings the holy souls just named. She wore an instrument most tormenting in its construction, being made of iron, perforated with a thousand holes, and grating upon the flesh like the sharpest file. With the full swing of her arms she repeatedly scourged herself, so that a putrid humour came forth from the wounds, and the only remedy she applied was fresh stripes upon the tortured body. She strewed her bed with thorns and briars, and laid upon it with more joy than if it had been a couch of down. In a word, it was her ardent desire to copy so closely the sufferings of her beloved Spouse, the Man of sorrows, that if God had permitted it, she would have torn in pieces her fragile frame.†

The supernatural sufferings of St. Rose of Lima have latterly become so familiar to our readers, that we need not now refer to them. Similar penances were endured by St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi, a Christian of extraordinary sanctity from her childhood, and a model of every grace. Yet her sufferings for the sake of the Church were cruel and agonising to the last degree. She wore an iron girdle sharpened with nails. She scourged herself with all kinds of instruments, especially with a heavy iron chain of about three pounds weight, and continued the chastisement for a whole hour at a time. A sister of her convent on one occasion observed her while she was inflicting the stripes upon herself, and counted more than five hundred blows from the time when she first began to reckon. It is not needful to say that her body was torn and livid, and that her blood flowed upon the floor of her cell. She burnt her flesh with flames, till she was lame for days afterwards. She pressed her flesh with pincers till the blood gushed out. She struck her breast with a stone while she prayed. She rubbed herself with nettles; and when obliged to

* Life of St. Veronica Giuliani, compiled from the Processes, lib. iii. c. 4.

† Life of St. Teresa, a barefooted Carmelite, by F. Federigo di S. Antonio, of the same order, dedicated to Pope Benedict XIV. lib. i. c. xiii.

* See Scaramelli, *Direttorio Ascetico*, tratt. ii. art. i. c. 4.

† Scaramelli, *ut supra*.

wear sandals, placed dry cypress cones, broken in pieces, beneath the soles of her feet while she worked. Before she was forbidden to do it, she continued barefoot upon the snow till nature gave way, and the whole frame was numbed. On one occasion she stood an entire day barefooted upon the snow in prayer.*

Such are but a few instances of that renewal of the passion of Jesus Christ, which has been the glory and the joy of so many of his beloved children, and by which that measure of satisfaction is again and again enriched, from which we Christians of a lower rank receive a mitigation of the temporal punishment due to our sins. Truly does human nature shudder at the sight! Truly does the tender, benevolent, but unenlightened heart feel sick at the thought of those lacerated forms, those bloody stripes, those almost mortal agonies. Yet would it not be the same, could such an one behold the Lamb of God Himself, as He came forth from the hands of his tormentors, and was fastened to the accursed tree? Let those who turn with indignant horror from the recital of the sufferings of the Saints, attempt to portray to their imaginations what was the sacred body of Jesus Christ, when It was taken down from the Cross, after all his hours of most horrible tortures. Yet He died voluntarily; He chose that very description of torment which left in Him scarcely a trace of the human form. Why, then, may not those who love Him with the most ardent love, *voluntarily* endure for their fellow-sinners some portion of the very same species of agonies which He endured for them?

We may, indeed, be satisfied that a disinclination to contemplate, and still more to believe, the vicarious penances of the Saints, is in a great measure connected with some unsoundness or weakness of faith in the very doctrine of Purgatory itself. If (according to Bellarmine) they who deny Purgatory will never go there, may we not fear that they who, through some fault of their own, are unequal to grasp and rejoice in the true doctrine of the Church on the subject of these mysterious sufferings, will proportionately suffer for it, when they come to that place of purification? Let us not forget that *faith* is an irrevocable condition of our being made partakers in the blessings of redemption, both as regards the infinite merits of our blessed Lord himself, and as regards those other merits, of another kind, which are stored up in the treasury of the Church, through the sufferings of those who are thus afflicted for their brethren's sake.

5. The peculiar cast of religious phraseology and manner of speaking, among the bet-

ter class of Protestants, is a further mark of the feebleness of the grasp with which they lay hold of the great truths of Christianity. Every denomination of the Protestant world has its Shibboleth, its distinguishing forms of speech, and even at times its appropriate twang, or tone, or whine, or expression of face, or posture of the head and body. Some persons snuffle, some declaim, some moralise, some will not speak aloud, or hold their heads up, some are intensely dogmatic, others are afraid to say any thing beyond a suggestion. Some make a point of being "economical," and concealing their religious opinions altogether; others make it a point of duty to "deliver their testimony" at all times and seasons; while others, again, are afraid to speak a word of common sense without qualifying it with a spice of their beloved Lutheranism. Hence it is that, in a general company, one can pretty well guess the peculiar sect to which any religious Protestant belongs; if not by the cast of his countenance, yet by the first sentence or two that he utters. Their minds are all cut and dried in a variety of moulds, and their language is shaped accordingly. Individuality is merged in sectarianism; no man speaks like himself, but according to what he fancies will be expected of him. *Ex pede Herculem*; before he has spoken fifty words, we could tell the class to which he belongs, and draw up a list of his opinions, almost as accurately as if he had spent an hour in telling us his "views."

Compare, then, the habitual language of the Catholic Saints, as well as that of the more average class of members of the Church. How genuine and natural are their words! How little they are under the power of set forms of speech! How frank and bold are their expressions on religious topics! How little have they learnt to measure their phrases in accordance with what a listener will say to them, except when positively employed in dogmatic teaching! They know their own minds; they comprehend their own creed; they look with the eye of faith upon one great perfect system of revealed doctrine; they see realities, and are not entangled in a mere jargon of words; they speak when they have something to say, and it never enters into their thoughts to qualify the phrases which are the natural expression of their ideas, because this or that person will impute to them some monstrous heresy or other. The devotional language of devout Catholics is, indeed, an inexplicable puzzle to the candid Protestant, who is unacquainted with that holy courage of speech, as well as of action, which characterises both their conversation and their prayers. Our Litanies, our invocations, our statements of doctrines and their legitimate consequences, our very conduct itself in the celebration of sacred functions, is something

* Vita di Santa Maria Maddalena di Pazzi, reprinted at Lucca with the imprimatur of the Vicar-General of Card. Spada, Bishop of Lucca. Vol. i. pp. 280-82.

astonishing, confounding, and oftentimes scandalising, to a world which is ever measuring its religious words and exercises by the rules of sectarian preciseness, and which must make up for its deficiency in inward vitality, by a doubly rigid adherence to external rules and forms. We need scarcely enter into particulars to prove this difference between the followers of the two creeds. But there is one especial point of difference, which lately has been the cause of some discussion, to which we shall briefly advert a little more in detail.

Every Catholic knows, that to suppose that a conscientious Catholic would pray to an image or picture of a Saint, in the ordinary sense of the expression, is the most preposterous of absurdities. He not only *would* not do it; he *could* not do it. It is abhorrent to his Christian nature; it would be *ipso facto* a destruction of his existence as a Catholic. Yet it is notorious, not only that the Church herself, in her Office-books, uses words which seem to be addressed actually to an inanimate object, but that many of her canonised Saints have had no scruple in giving vent to the fervour of their devotion in expressions which, taken literally, are forbidden by the Council of Trent.

The doctrine of the Church is thus stated by Suarez in his treatise on the Incarnation. The passage is thus referred to in the index to the contents of the treatise: "Sacrifice cannot be offered to an image, nor can prayers be addressed to it, except in a figurative sense." In the text this great theologian says, that prayer may not be addressed to an image, because it is an act which definitely regards an intelligent being. He also thus goes on: "On this account the Council of Trent (sess. 25), in saying that images are to be adored, added, that this does not imply that any thing is to be sought from them, or any confidence to be reposed in them; for prayer and confidence depend upon certain acts which can be performed by an intelligent being alone. Hence, if at any time prayer appears to be addressed to an image, as, for example, in these words of the Church, 'O cross, our only hope, give increase of justice to pious souls'—(*O crux, spes unica, auge piis justitiam*)—the expression is a figurative one, for the prayer is offered to Him who was crucified, who is invoked under the name of the cross, that which contains being addressed, by a metonym, in place of that which is contained. Hence also it follows, that a certain honour is also to be attributed to the cross itself; for although prayer, that is, a request, can properly and really be addressed only to the *original* of the image, yet as a certain species of honour can be paid *in presence* of any image, by certain words or gestures, that so it may be understood that the image itself is honoured; therefore the act of worship or prayer

has a more extensive import, and is extended to every thing to which man pays any respect." In this last clause we cannot fail to observe that, in addition to the admission of the use of praying to an image "in a figurative sense," it is implied that prayer, being a certain *honour*, as well as a direct *request*, so far it is not wrong to address it to an image, as an expression of such respect as every enlightened Christian pays to sacred things.

In this spirit of confidence in the truth and purity of their real meaning, we find the Saints repeatedly using expressions which, taken literally, would imply that they prayed to images or pictures. St. Joseph of Cupertino had a wonderful devotion to the miraculous painting in his convent, called the *Madonna della Grottella*. In his Life, published at Rome in 1722, and dedicated to Pope Innocent XIII., with the usual imprimatur, mention is made of his continual prayers to this image. Sometimes it is recorded that this picture addressed words to him, as related in the process of his canonisation. When he was away from his convent, he pined so much after this picture, that, in order to console him, his superiors had a copy of it taken and sent to him, at the sight of which he went into an ecstasy. (Life, p. 352.)

In the Life of St. Philip Benizi, published at Marseilles in 1772, with the imprimatur of the theological canon of the cathedral, of the vicar-general, of the provincial of the Servites, and of two doctors of theology, an account is given of a miraculous picture of our Lady of Florence, of which it is said, "God gave many favours to Florence through this image. Popes, emperors, and other Christian kings, have at all times addressed their prayers to it."

St. Alphonsus Liguori had in his room a large picture of the blessed Virgin, which he frequently saluted, and from which he implored aid. (Life, published at Rome in 1839.)

The practice, indeed, is so constant, that to those who have any but the most superficial knowledge of the real character of the lives of Catholic Saints, further instances are more than superfluous. It is, in truth, nothing more than a fresh exemplification of the *reality* of Catholic faith and love. It is an illustration of the grand and glorious truth, that, by the indwelling grace of God, we are enabled to fix upon divine and invisible objects those very affections which the natural heart of man fixes upon what is earthly and visible. That a pious soul who *loves* Jesus Christ with a truly ardent regard, should at times speak to his image as though that image were really Jesus Himself, is no more strange or absurd, than what we incessantly see in the case of all persons of affectionate feelings, when they turn their eyes to the representations of those they love upon earth. Who has not beheld the bereaved husband, or wife, or parent,

clasp to the heart the portraits of those who were most dear to them while they lived, and speak to the image as though it could really hear the sound of their sorrowing voice? Why, then, do we expect the Christian heart to be more cold and more precise in the utterance of its deepest love, or call for a rigid consideration of the literal meaning of every word that is uttered, when the soul is too full even for tears? This slavish obedience to the dictates of a system of mere intellectual religion can never be paid by the Catholic Saint. His religion is a creed which absorbs and satisfies every power of his being: his intellect, his judgment, his imagination, his love,—all, all are set free to act with supernatural energies in his intercourse with God, and with the invisible world; and we might as well seek to bind down the wings of an eagle, so that it should only flutter to and fro like the fowls before a barn-door, as to enchain those aspirations which are in very deed too fervent and too profound for any mortal language to express.

6. Yet one more point of contrast between Catholic Saints' Lives and Protestant memoirs, and we shall have done. Whoever reads the latter class of productions, feels at once how fantastic and fictitious is the view they ordinarily give of the realities of life, and of the position of conscientious men in the midst of an ungodly world. A man may peruse fifty such books as this memoir of Mrs. Wilson, and be none the wiser as to the actual state of things in his generation. All is artificial, forced, unhealthy, unreal. The "Evangelical" Saint conjures up in his or her imagination a certain hypothetical class of "believers;" attributes to them all alike a certain system of faith, feeling, and practice; places them in a fancied opposition against another hypothetical class of "unregenerate" opponents of all Gospel truth; drops the language of common sense and ordinary transactions when the conduct of either of these classes is discussed, and presents to the astonished reader a record of the conflict between good and evil among men, from which all real living men and women have disappeared, and which no more serves as a moral guidance to the anxious soul than a series of political satires and caricatures. The facts of daily life are almost all ignored; a mystic, oracular phraseology obscures the few truths that would peep out and shew themselves; and the poor bewildered humble mind, which has devoutly sought for instruction in these pious biographies, turns back to its old worldly notions, sad at heart at the thought that its own friends, associates, and spiritual guides are so very unlike the models of perfection whose portraits it has been studying.

On the other hand, the Life of the Catholic Saint is a storehouse of realities and facts. We see in its pages the very same things

which are day after day occurring in our experience. It is an episode in the history of that Church which is ever the same—in her creed, her graces, her powers, and in the sanctity, errors, and sins of her children. Nothing befalls us and our contemporaries which we do not read of in the life of some Saint or other. That almost boundless series of biographies which forms the body of our hagiology, is as much a prophecy of the future as a chronicle of the past. Our present troubles are there; our sins are there; our difficulties are there; our disputes are there. The Saints' Lives describe no imaginary state of things; they set up no fanciful Church, fashioned after an heretical model of sinlessness. Their story is as awful as it is glorious. It begins with the history and death of an apostate Apostle, side by side with the heroic virtues of the beloved disciple. It tells us of the controversies of the Fathers of the Church, as well as of their glorious martyrdoms. It shews the Church at one time corrupted with the friendship and gifts of the State, at another struggling successfully against its enormities. It tells us in the same breath of the virtues and murder of A'Becket, and of the time-serving anti-papal policy of his brother prelates, who, with but few exceptions, succumbed to the power, and flattered the presumption, of his royal murderer and his successors. When we are apt to complain of the faults and lukewarmness of our own time, it recalls to us the enormities which once dishonoured even the Chair of Peter itself, and exposes the iniquities with which the Council of Trent had to contend in that day of conflict. It unfolds the private histories of the great teachers of the Church, and shews where they gathered all their experiences of the human heart. It shews how every good thing has ever found its most formidable antagonist in those very quarters in which it ought to have found its most zealous support. It relates the misunderstandings, the disputes, the opposition, and the infirmities of devout and holy men, as well as the glaring immoralities in the priesthood itself, which were the scandal of past times, and against which the Saints of those days fought with unsparing zeal. Every where we behold the operation of the elementary facts of the Church and the world, in a thousand varied forms and combinations, but yet palpably identical in essence with their operation at this very hour. The canonised Saints, with their friends and their foes, in their struggles and in their triumphs, in their every-day graces and in their heroic austerities, are as fitted to be our guides and teachers, as if they had but yesterday gone from amongst us, and had sat in our houses and walked with us in our streets and fields.

Such are some few of the reflections which will suggest themselves to every thoughtful

reader who compares these two classes of compositions. We have but faintly indicated the striking features of the contrast, while the impression which is wrought by the intelligent and devout study of the lives of those who are now in the presence of God, is such that it cannot be described even by pens far worthier than ours. If human language fails in its efforts to paint the ineffable perfections of the Lord of all the Saints, so also must it fail to do justice to the workings of his grace in those souls who are restored most completely after his own divine image. There is nought in the visible universe so lovely as a soul in grace. He that is lowest in the kingdom of

Christ upon earth is greater than the greatest among the mere children of the world. What, then, are they in whom the love, the humiliations, and the sufferings of the Lord of hosts are renewed in the highest perfection of which a creature is capable while dwelling in this sinful flesh? Who but they who are equally privileged can truly conceive their celestial gloriousness? and who among us ordinary men can worthily speak of their transcendent honours and beauty? We can but look on and record their deeds as best we may, follow them as they followed Christ, and glorify God in their heroic sufferings.

LEIGH HUNT'S NEW BOOK.

The Town: its memorable Characters and Events. By Leigh Hunt. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We cannot pretend to give any opinion as to the antiquarian correctness of this publication. We are not sufficiently versed in that small literary lore, which perhaps might enable us with keen eyes to detect a few scores of local errors, false dates, and great and little omissions. Whether this poet lived at number ten, number eleven, or number twelve, in a certain street; whether that actress was in her day more unfortunate, or more degraded; whether such and such an old building was pulled down in the year 1812 or the year 1820;—all these are critical matters which we are constrained to leave to other censors, whose studies and whose memory enable them to ascertain whether Mr. Leigh Hunt has written more as a romancer than an historian.

All we can venture to allege is, that we have found the book very pleasant reading for a few stray half-hours. The author goes gossiping along from St. Paul's to St. James's, recording a multitude of little entertaining reminiscences of the great metropolis and its inhabitants, chiefly from the days of Henry the Eighth till the days of our fathers and grandfathers. If he is not very profound in his remarks, yet his aim is to please rather than to instruct; and if he is not always sufficiently strict in his notions, yet he is ever amiable and forbearing, scarcely even having his fling at the Catholic practices and recollections with which many spots in London are associated. He is a good-natured man, fond of poetry and poetic fancies, a lover of relics (not religious ones), familiar with the literature of past days, and though not much versed in the details of art, yet with a general taste for what is graceful and imaginative, and unhampered with the fiddle-faddle criticisms of professed *virtuosi*. His style is simple and lively, and on the whole, though not altogether unflawed; so that the reader who has any previous knowledge of the

wits, literature, and scandal of "the Town," as our forefathers were wont to call it, will find no difficulty in entertaining himself very agreeably with the gatherings here offered for his amusement.

They also who would fain look back upon the past with a more philosophical or more Christian view, will find abundant food for meditation in accompanying Mr. Hunt in his rambles. Though he says nothing of the kind in so many words, yet every page of his volumes impresses us with the extraordinary revolution in men and things which it is our lot to witness. Old London, and its old inhabitants, are literally gone from the face of the earth. They are gone, not merely by following the lot of all mortal things, but their *spirit* has departed with them. Such a book as Mr. Hunt has written will be an impossibility with reference to the city and its inhabitants of to-day. Difficult as it is to foresee how we shall look in the eyes of posterity, and what great and little things they will pick up about us in the way of personal reminiscences, it is clear enough that we shall leave them little or no materials for those gossiping, scandal-painting, and witty compilations, of which the work before us is a very favourable specimen. Every thing that is individual is becoming more and more merged in the giant mass of the multitude of the people. The liveliness, the fun, the odd adventures, the romantic dreams, of our ancestors, have fled in company with their fierceness, their brutality, and their licentiousness. The "courtier," as such, is an extinct being. The actor and actress of to-day are unknown beyond the pit, boxes, and gallery of the play-house. The coffee-house, where politicians debated and poets got drunk, is now a decent place, where people go to eat and drink in solemn silence. The poetry and brilliancy of London has gone, together with its more glaring vices; the overwhelming torrent of human souls has swamped the peculiarities of individual genius and weakness, and there is no

thing but intense and persevering energy and earnestness in some worldly, benevolent, or religious aim, which serves now to distinguish a name from the common herd which streams with solemn countenances along the arteries of this monstrous town.

And, truly, we have lost little enough by the exchange. The recollections of old London, as Leigh Hunt and others gather them together, are at best a record of the deep-rooted profligacy which reigned in all classes of society. Take away the wit, the fun, the romance, and the cleverness of all these heroes of the court, the playhouse, and the coffee-room, and nought remains but a disgusting deposit of worthlessness and sensuality. Truly the modern prose of London is better than its ancient poetry, if such, indeed, be poetry at all. It is better to drive in a dull, noisy omnibus from Charing Cross to the Bank, and to see nought but what is frigid, stately, business-like, and care-worn, than to be shot by a hired assassin, or caned by a bully, or to have the ear insulted by the revolting coarseness of the geniuses who were the lights of these other days. The ancient Strand, and the village of Charing, and Whitehall, and old St. Paul's, are all pretty and picturesque in a dainty little woodcut; but sober truth recalls the midnight brawls, the licensed tyranny, the hatred of religion, the dens of moral and physical pestilence, which our own and the last generation have swept away, and numbered among things that were. The past is better in books than it was in reality; and we close the volumes that record its brilliance with a sigh over its vices, and a thought of gratitude that our own lot was not cast in London either in the sixteenth, the seventeenth, or the eighteenth century.

A few paragraphs from Mr. Hunt's recollections will suffice as a specimen of the manner in which he has collected all that is most entertaining in the associations of the old city and its neighbourhood.

"As a link of a very pleasing description between old times and new, not unconnected with what we have been speaking of, we shall conclude our introduction by observing, that there is scarcely a street in the city of London, perhaps not one, nor many out of the pale of it, from some part of which the passenger may not discern a tree. Most persons to whom this has been mentioned have doubted the accuracy of our information, nor do we profess hitherto to have ascertained it; though since we heard the assertion, we have made a point of en-

deavouring to do so whenever we could, and have not been disappointed. The mention of the circumstance generally creates a laughing astonishment, and a cry of 'impossible!' Two persons, who successively heard of it the other day, not only thought it incredible as a general fact, but doubted whether half a dozen streets could be found with a twig in them; and they triumphantly instanced 'Cheapside,' as a place in which it was 'out of the question.' Yet in Cheapside is an actual, visible, and even ostentatiously visible tree, to all who have eyes to look about them. It stands at the corner of Wood Street, and occupies the space of a house. There was a solitary one the other day in St. Paul's Churchyard, which has now got a multitude of young companions. A little child was shewn us a few years back, who was said never to have beheld a tree but that single one in St. Paul's Churchyard. Whenever a tree was mentioned, she thought it was that and no other. She had no conception even of the remote tree in Cheapside! This appears incredible; but there would seem to be no bounds either to imagination or to the want of it. We were told the other day, on good authority, of a man who had resided six-and-thirty years in the square of St. Peter's at Rome, and then for the first time went inside the Cathedral.

"There is a little garden in *Watling Street*! It lies completely open to the eye, being divided from the footway by a railing only.

"In the body of our work will be found notices of other trees and green spots, that surprise the observer in the thick of the noise and smoke. Many of them are in churchyards. Others have disappeared during the progress of building. Many courts and passages are named from trees that once stood in them, as Vine and Elm Court, Fig-tree Court, Green-arbour Court, &c. It is not surprising that *garden-houses*, as they were called, should have formerly abounded in Holborn, in Bunhill Row, and other (at that time) suburban places. We notice the fact, in order to observe how fond the poets were of occupying houses of this description. Milton seems to have made a point of having one. The only London residence of Chapman which is known, was in Old Street Road; doubtless at that time a rural suburb. Beaumont and Fletcher's house, on the Surrey side of the Thames, (for they lived as well as wrote together,) most probably had a garden; and Dryden's house in Gerard Street looked into the garden of the mansion built by the Earls of Leicester. A tree, or even a flower, put in a window in the streets of a great city, (and the London citizens, to their credit, are fond of flowers,) affects the eyes something in the same way as the hand-organs, which bring unexpected music to the ear. They refresh the common-places of life, shed a harmony through the busy discord, and appeal to those first sources of emotion, which are associated with the remembrance of all that is young and innocent. They seem also to present to us a portion of the tranquillity we think we are labouring for, and the desire of which is felt as an earnest that we shall realise it somewhere, either in this world or in the next. Above all, they render us more cheerful for the performance of present duties; and the smallest seed of this kind, dropt into the heart of man, is worth more, and may terminate in better fruits, than anybody but a great poet could tell us."

CHATEAUBRIAND'S MEMOIRS.

Memoirs of Chateaubriand. Written by Himself. Part I. Colburn.

WE will sketch M. de Chateaubriand in the colours he has here bequeathed us for the purpose. He was, without any exception, the greatest genius, the greatest poet, the greatest statesman, the greatest traveller, the greatest Christian, and the greatest sufferer, that ever ex-

isted. Nature, when she had produced him, was fatigued, and will probably never produce such another again. There was nothing upon earth that he could not have done if he had chosen. His memory was miraculously retentive; his perception of mathematical truth almost intuitive; his courage as heroic as his honour was unimpeachable; his physical energies were

equal to his intellectual powers; and his moral and spiritual being was a model for Saints to copy. As he grew up from youth to manhood, France looked on and worshipped; by and by, Europe swelled the chorus of his praises; before he died, the whole world, civilised and savage, bowed the knee before his throne. In the course of his days, he upset Bonaparte, and saved the Christian religion; he wrote endless books, which were translated into every tongue upon earth; and finally, he was forced to hide his glories in some little obscurity, lest they should blind mankind by excess of light. Besides all this, he was a mark for all the malice of the most ferocious destiny. He was born to wretchedness. The human race even now sighs in sympathy over his agonies. He endured all that a mortal spirit can endure; and finally—he sold the manuscript of his autobiography to the Paris booksellers.

Such was the Vicomte, if his own judgment of himself be correct. Probably the world does not altogether share his views. It may be questioned whether any body, save the individual who has *edited* (query, what does he mean by *editing* a book which is printed just as its author left it?) these Memoirs, looks upon Chateaubriand as in any way a really *great* man. He was a brilliant man; a man of genius; a man of varied acquirements; a man of energy and perseverance; a man of influence, and a clever politician; but that he was more than this, that he is entitled to be ranked among the brightest lights of mankind, our worthy friend the *editor* must permit us to entertain very considerable doubts.

Any complete sketch of his life and character we shall for the present postpone, waiting till the whole memoirs are before us; the more so, as the later portions will be of more genuine interest than the records of his earlier and private career. They cannot fail, indeed, of being exceedingly interesting and valuable; for Chateaubriand, like another *much-enduring* and self-lauding hero of old,

"Mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes,"

and with all his ludicrous vanity, was yet a truth-telling man. At present we shall content ourselves with a few passages relating to his family connexions and his boyish life. We must not, however, pass over, without a note of admiration, the success which his editor has attained in distancing every rival biographer in the extravagance of his eulogies upon his hero. Truly he has won the prize; and we could almost believe that, were Chateaubriand now alive, he would hesitate at accepting the deification which is here offered in his homage. "Chateaubriand," says he, "belongs to that family of colossal thinkers, before whom one pauses twice before one undertakes to go round them!" And thus does our editor blow the trumpet of his nonsense through thirty-four tedious pages of proem, of all which perhaps the choicest *morceau* is this:

"I am aware that this book, profound as the *Confessions*, epic and forceful as a 'Bulletin of the Grand Army,' full of kindly feeling as the 'Sentimental Journey,' will tell all, and conceal nothing. But, frankly as Chateaubriand relates his own history, there is one thing from which he recoils, that is, self-praise."

The dreary, desolate grandeur of the country life of the old French noblesse has, perhaps, never been more forcibly depicted than in Chateaubriand's account of the way of existence at his father's château of Combours:

"On my return from Brest," he says, "four masters (my father, my mother, my sister, and myself,) inhabited the château of Combours. A cook, a housemaid, two footmen, and a coachman, formed the domestic establishment; and a hound, and two old mares, were confined in a corner of the stable. These twelve living beings were quite lost in a place where there was ample room for a hundred knights, with their ladies, squires, and pages, and the steeds and hunting packs of King Dagobert.

"During the whole of the year, no stranger came to the château, except two gentlemen, the Marquis of Monlout, and the Count de Goyon-Beaufort, who requested our hospitality, on their way to Parliament. They came in winter, on horseback, with pistols at their saddle-bows, hangers by their sides, and followed by a valet, also on horseback, and having behind him a large portmanteau.

"My father, who was always very ceremonious, went bare-headed to receive them at the door, in the midst of the wind and rain. The guests recounted their adventures during the wars in Hanover, their family affairs, and the history of their law-suit. At night they were conducted to the Northern tower, to the apartment of *Queen Christina*, a room of state furnished with a bed seven feet every way, with double curtains of green gauze and crimson silk, and supported by four gilt Cupids. The next morning, when I was going down to the parlour and looked through the windows at the country either flooded or covered with hoar-frost, I could see only two or three travellers on the solitary road by the fish-pond; they were our guests riding along towards Rennes.

"These strangers knew but little of the world, but still our view was extended by their means a few leagues beyond the horizon of our own woods. As soon as they were gone, we were reduced, on working-days, to a family *tête-à-tête*, and on Sundays, to the society of the people of the village and a few neighbouring gentlemen.

"On Sunday, when the weather was fine, my mother, Lucile, and I went to church across the little mall, along a country road; when it rained, we went through the abominable street of Combours. We did not go, like the Abbé de Marolles, in a light chariot drawn by four white horses taken from the Turks in Hungary. My father only went to church once a year, at Easter, to receive the Sacrament; the rest of the time he attended Mass in the chapel of the château. Seated in our pew, we performed our devotions opposite to the black marble tomb of René de Rohan, contiguous to the altar; image of human honours! a few grains of incense before a coffin!

"The dissipations of the Sunday concluded with the day; they did not even return regularly. During the severe weather, entire months passed without any human creature knocking at the gate of our fortress. If the solitude was oppressive on the heath around Combours, it was still more so in the château; one felt on passing under its arches the same sensation as on entering the *Chartreuse* at Grenoble. When I visited the latter in 1805, I crossed a desert which seemed ever increasing. I supposed it would terminate at the monastery; but I was shewn within the convent walls, the gardens of the *Chartreuse* still more desolate than the woods. At last, in the centre of the building, I found, enveloped in these solitudes, the burying-ground of the monks; a sanctuary

from whence eternal silence, the divinity of the place, extends his power over the mountains and forests round about.

"The sombre quietude of the Château of Combours was augmented by the taciturn and unsociable disposition of my father. Instead of collecting his family and people about him, he had scattered them to the four winds throughout the building. His bedroom was in the little tower at the east, and his study in the little tower at the west. The furniture of this study consisted of three chairs covered with black leather, and a table covered with deeds and papers. A genealogical tree of the Chateaubriand family hung over the mantel-piece, and in the recess of a window were to be seen all sorts of arms, from a pistol to a blunderbuss. My mother's apartment was immediately above the great dining-hall, between the two little towers; it was inlaid and adorned with Venetian mirrors. My sister had a little room opening into my mother's. The housemaid's room was some distance off, in the wing with the large towers. As for me, I had nestled myself in a kind of little isolated cell, in a tower at the top of the staircase which led from the inner court to different parts of the château. At the foot of this staircase my father's valet and the other man-servant slept in a vaulted cellar; and the cook kept guard in the great tower to the west.

"My father rose at four o'clock in the morning, winter and summer: he went into the inner court to awake his valet, at the foot of the tower staircase. A cup of coffee was taken to him at five o'clock; he then occupied himself in his study till noon. My mother and sister both breakfasted in their own rooms at eight o'clock. I had no fixed hour, either for getting up or for breakfasting: I was understood to be studying till noon, but the greater part of the time I did nothing whatever.

"At half-past eleven a bell was rung, and dinner was served at twelve. The great saloon was at once a dining-room and a drawing-room; for we dined and supped at its eastern extremity, and, after meals, we went to the western end, and sat round an enormous fire. This apartment was wainscotted, painted in grey, and adorned with old portraits from the reign of Francis I. to that of Louis XIV. Conspicuous amongst these portraits were those of Condé and Turenne; and a painting, representing Hector killed by Achilles under the walls of Troy, was hung over the fire-place.

"Dinner over, we remained together till two o'clock; then, if it was summer, my father amused himself in fishing, visiting his kitchen-garden, and walking in the grounds of the château. In autumn and winter, he went out to hunt; and my mother retired to the chapel, where she spent some hours in prayer. This chapel was a solemn oratory, embellished by some good paintings of the great masters; such pictures as one could scarcely expect to find in a feudal castle in the heart of Bretagne. I have at present in my possession a Holy Family, by Albano, painted on copper, which was taken from this chapel; it is the only memorial I have of Combours.

"My father being gone out, my mother gone to prayers, and Lucile shut up in her chamber, I either returned to my little cell, or went out and ran about the fields.

"At eight o'clock the bell rang for supper. After that was over, in fine weather, we sat at the door.

"My father, armed with his gun, shot the owls as they flew out from the battlements at nightfall. My mother, Lucile, and I, gazed at the sky, the woods, the last ray of the sun, and the first-appearing stars. At ten o'clock we re-entered the house, and retired to rest.

"The evenings in autumn and winter were quite different. When supper was over, and the party of four had removed from the table to the chimney, my mother would throw herself, with a sigh, upon an old cotton-covered sofa, and near her was placed a little stand with a light. I sat down by the fire with Lucile; the servants removed the supper-things, and retired. My father then began to walk up and down, and never ceased until his bedtime. He wore a kind of white woollen gown, or rather cloak, such as I have never seen with

any one else. His head, partly bald, was covered with a large white cap, which stood bolt upright. When, in the course of his walk, he got to a distance from the fire, the vast apartment was so ill lighted by a single candle, that he could be no longer seen; he could still be heard marching about in the dark, however, and presently returned slowly towards the light, and emerged by degrees from obscurity, looking like a spectre, with his white robe and cap, and his tall, thin figure. Lucile and I used to venture upon the exchange of a few words, in a low voice, when he was at the other end of the room; but were silent as soon as he again approached us. He would say to us in passing, 'Of what were you speaking?' Seized with terror, we made no reply, and he continued his walk. During the remainder of the evening, no sound struck the ear but the measured noise of his steps, my mother's sighs, and the moaning of the wind.

"When the castle clock struck ten, my father would stop; the same spring which touched the hammer of the clock seemed to have arrested his steps. He would draw out his watch, wind it up, take a great silver candlestick, surmounted by a long candle, go for a few moments into the little tower to the west, then return, candle in hand, and advance towards his sleeping-room in the little tower at the east. Lucile and I placed ourselves in his way, embraced him, and wished him good night. He bent down to us his withered and hollow cheek, without giving us any reply, continued his course, and retired into his tower, the doors of which we could hear shut upon him.

"The charm was broken; my mother, my sister, and I, who had been transformed into statues by my father's presence, now recovered the functions of life. The first effect of our disenchantment was manifested by an inundation of words; if silence had oppressed us, we paid it in full.

"When this torrent of words had flowed by, I summoned the maid, and accompanied my mother and sister to their apartments. Before I came away, I was obliged to look under all the beds, up the chimneys, behind the doors, and to examine the staircases, passages, and galleries, in the vicinity. The various traditions of the château, about thieves and spectres, were recalled to memory. The belief was pretty general, that a certain Count de Combours, with a wooden leg, who had died about three centuries before, appeared at stated times, and had been met on the great staircase to the tower; his wooden leg walked about also, sometimes in company with a black cat."

It was to be expected that the stagnation of mind, which was the natural result of this cold and haughty system, should lend double strength to the morbid tendencies of a sensitive and clever young man, when the perilous season of transition from youth to manhood came upon him. Accordingly, the Chevalier de Chateaubriand, as he was then called, endured his share of those self-torments and diseased fancies which are the lot of so many a youth of tolerably correct principles; and we may be sure he makes the most of them in his ostentatious confessions. Occasionally these introspections are a little too particular in their details; but ordinarily they are merely amusing from the exquisite simplicity of their author, in believing himself a martyr to misery beyond the common destiny of other mortals. Many of his descriptions of himself are also, of course, overcharged, though doubtless substantially true. One of the most naturally-told episodes in his autobiography is the following account of his first communion:

"The period of my first communion approached—

the moment when it was customary for the family to decide what should be the future career of the child. This religious ceremony superseded, among young Christians, the taking of the viril robe among the Romans. Madame de Chateaubriand came to be present at the first communion of her son, who, after having dedicated himself to God, was to be separated from his mother.

"My piety appeared to be sincere; I edified the whole college; my views were ardent; my repeated fasts were carried to such an extent, that they frequently gave my preceptors uneasiness. It was feared that I should carry my devotion to extremes; but my fervour was tempered by enlightened religion.

"My confessor was the superior of the Seminary of the Eudistes, a man of about fifty years of age, of an extremely stern aspect; whenever I presented myself at the tribunal of penitence, he interrogated me with great anxiety. Surprised at the trivial nature of my faults, he knew not how to reconcile my distress with the insignificance of the secrets which I deposited in his bosom. As Easter approached more nearly, his questions became more urgent. 'Do you conceal nothing from me?' exclaimed he. 'No, my father.' 'Have you not committed such or such a fault?' 'No, my father.' My invariable reply was, 'No, my father.' He dismissed me sighing and doubting, his look scrutinising the very depths of my soul; and, as for me, I quitted his presence pale and harassed, as if I had been a criminal.

"I was to receive absolution on Holy Wednesday. I passed the night of Tuesday in prayer and in reading, with terror, the book called *Confessions mal faites*. On Wednesday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we set out for the seminary, accompanied by our parents. All the vain *éclat* which has since been attached to my name could not inspire Madame de Chateaubriand with half the pride which she felt at that moment, when, as a Christian and a mother, she saw her son about to participate in the great mystery of religion.

"On my arrival at the church, I prostrated myself before the high altar, where I long remained as if annihilated. When I rose to go to the sacristy, where the superior was waiting for me, my knees shook under me. I threw myself at the feet of the priest, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I was able to articulate my *confiteor*. 'Well,' exclaimed the minister of Jesus Christ, 'have you not forgotten any thing?' I was mute. His questions re-commenced, and the fatal 'No, my father,' issued from my mouth. He drew back, and asked counsel of Him who conferred upon his apostles the power of remitting and retaining sin. Then, making an effort, he prepared to give me absolution.

"If a thunderbolt had fallen upon me, I could not have been more terrified; and I cried out, 'I have not told you all!' This keen-sighted judge, this delegate of the Sovereign Arbiter, whose visage inspired me with such fear, suddenly became the most tender pastor; he embraced me, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, 'Come, then, my dear son, take courage, and tell me all!'

"I never passed such a moment in all my life. If the weight of a mountain had been taken from me, I could not have felt more relieved. I sobbed for joy. I venture to say that on this day I was made an honest man. I felt that I never could survive remorse; what, then, must be the feelings of that man who has been guilty of crime, if I suffered so severely for childish frailty! And how divine is that religion which can thus master our best affection! What moral precepts can ever supply these Christian institutions?

"The first avowal made, all the rest cost me nothing; and my secret delinquencies, at which the world would have laughed, were weighed in the balance of religion. The superior was greatly embarrassed: he wished to defer my communion, but I was about to quit college, and to enter the navy. With extreme sagacity, he discerned in my youthful tendencies, insignificant as they were, the bent of my inclinations. He was the first to penetrate the secret of what I should hereafter become. He divined my future passions: he did not conceal the good that he saw in me; but he, at the same time, pointed out the bad qualities with which I should have to contend. 'There is,' he concluded, 'no time for you to do penance; but you are washed from your sins by a courageous, though tardy avowal.' Then raising his hand, he pronounced the formula of absolution. And now this second time his arm of thunder descended on my head like the dews of heaven. I inclined my head to receive it: I seemed to share the joy of angels. I ran and threw myself on the bosom of my mother, who was waiting for me on the steps of the altar. I no longer appeared the same to my masters or my schoolfellows. I walked with a light step, raised head, and joyous countenance, in all the triumphs of repentance.

"On the following day, Holy Thursday, I was admitted to that touching and sublime ceremony, which I have in vain attempted to portray in my *Génie du Christianisme*. Here again I might have found my wonted petty humiliations. My bouquet and my dress were less handsome than those of my companions; but on this day all was to God and for God. I perfectly realised faith: the real presence of the victim in the holy Sacrament of the altar was as sensible to me as the presence of my mother at my side. When the Host was placed upon my lips, I felt as if enlightened within. I trembled with awe, and the only material thing which occupied my mind, was the fear of profaning the sacred wafer.

"Le pain que je vous propose
Sert aux anges d'aliment,
Dieu lui-même le compose
De la fleur de son froment."—*Racine*.

"At this moment, I understood the courage of the martyrs, and could have confessed Christ on the scaffold, or in the midst of lions."

With this we must for the present conclude.

WARRINGTON'S HISTORY OF STAINED GLASS.

The History of Stained Glass, from the earliest period of the Art to the present time; illustrated by coloured Examples of entire Windows in the various Styles. By William Warrington. Folio. London, published by the Author, Berkeley Street West.

THE plan of this splendid work is peculiar, not to say unique of its kind. The designs given in illustration of the letter-press are not selected from the remains of antiquity, but from modern windows, designed, and for the most part actually executed, by the author himself.

Inadequate as chromolithography—as, indeed, every species of painting—is to give the full effect of stained glass, it must be admitted that Mr. Warrington's illustrations, for excessive richness of colouring, are unsurpassed as mere copies of still more splendid originals. Some of the larger plates, as that of the triplet designed for the east end of Chichester Cathedral, in size 17 inches by 21, and that for the same position in Ely Cathedral, which is 16½ inches by 3 ft. 4 in. (not including the margins), are so gorgeous, as almost to fatigue the eye.

Mr. Warrington is a staunch and uncompromising medievalist; and as such, of course advocates the most rigid adherence to all the quaintnesses and conventionalisms of ancient art. In other words, he is not ashamed to avow himself a copyist and an adapter of ancient works, on the principle that, as they had attained the highest degree of excellence of which the science of glass-painting is capable, to depart from them, and attempt to carry out new methods, would be but to contrast modern ignorance and bad taste with the perfection of middle-age compositions. He lays it down as an axiom, that "*the true and only standard of excellence is the medieval style of art.*" "Such a statement," he adds, "would have appeared ridiculous twenty years ago." Undoubtedly, as Mr. Warrington represents a certain school, he is right in honestly enunciating the views upon which he proceeds, both in his descriptions of ancient and his treatment of modern glass.

We need scarcely say that this view finds no sympathy with ourselves; nor can we place Mr. Warrington's works on as high a level as those more recently executed by Pugin and Hardman.

We nevertheless willingly award to Mr. Warrington sincere praise. As an artist and an antiquary he is well known, and deservedly enjoys a reputation which the present work cannot fail to enhance. As a literary essay, it is carefully and clearly written; perhaps, on the whole, it is the best *history* of stained glass painting as yet published in English. Viewing it in this light alone, we shall omit any elaborate criticisms we might be tempted to make on the designs themselves, because they can be of little interest to those who have not the volume itself before them.

Mr. Warrington rightly lays it down as a principle, that, before we can either successfully imitate or rightly appreciate the ancient works in this art, we must realise the *feelings* which influenced the artists in their composition.

"In executing the great works of antiquity," says Mr. Warrington, "all seem to have been animated with *one* mind and purpose; the architect, the mason, the carver, the painters, decorators, glass-stainers, and engravers, had clearly but *one* feeling towards *one* grand result, object, and purpose. This must be our conclusion from those works which are still remaining, and which are left to us by a sort of chance. How would this conviction be confirmed, if there were still remaining all that has perished through time, neglect, and wilful destruction! for we cannot peruse *these* remains without feeling that they are the continuous and connecting links from time to time, which bind together Christians and Christianity of the past and the present; we cannot look at them and their progressive embellishments without knowing, feeling, and concluding that these things are the very germs, the very seed of art, the groundwork of that civilisation which we are now enjoying."

Mr. Warrington rightly denies that the arts of staining and painting upon glass (our

readers need not be told that they are totally different) were ever lost; though he admits that they were held in abeyance during the eighteenth century, and for some time before and after that period. Every one must have observed that the *glazier-style*, of which the east windows of Peterborough and Lincoln Cathedrals are deplorable examples, was the lowest degradation to which the art ever descended; and yet that even here real encaustic colours (albeit of wretched tint) were used; the designs being little more than squares, ovals, and circles of spangled patterns, very similar to those which the kaleidoscope exhibits in its ceaseless changes. Evans of Shrewsbury was the first who employed really brilliant hues in composing modern windows. To this day one of his works (that in Bishop West's chapel at Ely) stands unrivalled in this respect, though the drawing is of a bad school of art. Till lately, the best stained glass (*i. e.* the metal, or material,) came almost wholly from the Continent; but we have seen all the kinds and shades of colour, manufactured at Birmingham, equal to any that can ordinarily be obtained from abroad. The theory that the great secret of *effect* in the colouring of medieval windows was the law of heraldic composition (to avoid the juxtaposition, as far as possible, of blue, red, and green, and to make whites and yellows the grounds for masses of these hues,) has not escaped the observation of our author. "We must invest them," he says, "with the character of *jewellery*."

"These works have been viewed through a false medium in respect to the colours of which they are composed, namely, by considering them as yellow, blue, white, red, and green; whereas to understand them properly, and to account for the extraordinary effects which these colours produce in combination, they *must* be considered, both symbolically and heraldically, as the colours of the Church, and as the blazonry of our ancient nobility; namely, as topaz, sapphire, pearl, ruby, and emerald; understanding them as a mosaic assemblage of gems, to which they bear so close a resemblance, rather than as a collection of painted colours."

The Romanesque styles and varieties he considers to have derived their very peculiar character from the heraldic *counterchanging* of colours; the diapered grounds and interlacing geometric patterns forming the main body, or background, and the pictorial parts being confined to a few comparatively small medallions interspersed. The colouring of every object—even from nature—he looks upon as having been strictly heraldic; so that we find blue and red trees, plants, and animals, and every kind of tint in the hair, flesh, and garments of early figures.

We quote Mr. Warrington's tribute to the religious spirit of our Catholic ancestors.

"It is well worthy of remark, that however deficient the artists of the middle ages were supposed to be in drawing anatomically, they invariably appear to have been guided and governed by feelings of devotional deli-

cacy, which, as we shall lamentably find, may be in vain sought for in later works; for it seems to have been an inherent and instinctive principle in them never to display the human figure, even in infancy, in disgusting nudity, but they invariably clothed it with a tunic or other garment, not probably to conceal bad drawing, but to produce a graceful effect, and ensured fit subjects for religious contemplation, without suggesting a single idea contrary to true and perfect modesty."

In the sixteenth century every thing was changed!

"A voluptuous and sensual school of painting having arisen and attained popularity, the designs of the glass of this age frequently exhibit a grossness and indelicacy which speak little for the religion of those who admitted them into their churches. The art, in fact, was secularised; it was no longer purely ecclesiastical; domestic architecture had adopted it for its own, and destroyed its character by transferring it from the Church to the world."

Several influences, in truth, conspired at this period to bring about the final deterioration of

so noble an art. Printing had superseded the didactic and pictorial system; classic grace was contending against Gothic quaintness; engraving had opened a new sphere for the artistic talents of an Albert Durer and his disciples; oil-painting was at its height, and its irreconcilable principles were transferred to glass, with an effect so unsatisfactory, that the more lucrative and popular pursuit was soon almost exclusively pursued.

In the illustrations the fault lies rather in an excess than in a deficiency of richness. Mr. Warrington's Romanesque or Norman designs are perhaps too darkly and voluminously, if not too minutely and intricately, filled in. In domestic glass he excels; his designs for the new Houses of Parliament, the hall in Brazen Nose College, Oxford, and the staircase of Beaumanor Park, Loughborough, being among the best in the book.

BARHAM'S LIFE OF THEODORE HOOK.

The Life and Remains of Theodore Edward Hook. By the Rev. R. H. D. Barham, B.A. London, Bentley.

WE should say that the clerical author of these volumes belongs to the "Port-wine school" of theology. If he is to be judged by the current of his sympathies with the subject of his biography, the only *cloth* to which he is devoted is the *table-cloth*. Seriously, indeed, his book is a disgrace to his profession. If not so glaringly profane and coarse as the writings of his father, also an Anglican clergyman (under the name of Thomas Ingoldsby), these memoirs assuredly savour more of the morality of Horace than of Christianity; and though they may be, on the whole, tolerably decent in language, are yet as guiltless of any practical recognition of the pure and devout spirit of religion as they are of Mahometanism or Buddhism. It is sufficiently strange that any man, calling himself "Reverend," should undertake to write the life of Theodore Hook, at least in this day, when the old fox-hunting, drinking, and swearing parson is nearly extinct; and we are perhaps not justified in feeling the least surprise that a man who would undertake so unpleasant and unnecessary a task should shew himself so little sensitive to the miserably unprincipled character of the life and writings of the man whose frolics and recklessness he has undertaken to record. We do not, indeed, expect to read a moral disquisition in every alternate page of a memoir, nor to find its writer perpetually lamenting over the delinquencies he is chronicling; but we do expect from a man who has undertaken to shew his fellow-sinners the way to heaven, something like a protest against the abominable mode of life, whose unhappy course and unhappy termination are here presented to our view, and against the mad trifling with

every thing serious and decent, which so often disgusted every reasonable admirer of Hook's untiring humour.

As to the literary execution of the "Life," it is better than its morality, but it is nevertheless a poor affair, and little more than a professed apology for Hook's more public offences against strictness of principle of any kind. The real *history* of his life is kept in the background, for the best of all reasons; and it is only here and there that the melancholy and senseless folly with which he defied all we hold most dear, peeps out in Mr. Barham's pages. Mr. Barham's first volume is, indeed, not much more than an indication of some few skeleton facts, filled up with stories of Hook's witticisms, practical and otherwise, and of his various publications in the shape of plays, novels, and newspaper and magazine articles and songs. As such it is amusing enough for a time, at least to those who, like ourselves, have no rooted objections to a moderate allowance of punning and farcical absurdities. The life of the jests, however, flags towards the end, as the wild, thoughtless youth, brought up with every possible disadvantage, passes into the *bon-vivant*, the political partisan, and the debauchee. And the end of the history, to those who know enough of the world to form an estimate of what is concealed by what is made public, is as mournful a story of misapplied talents, and of heartless dissipation, as ever moralist or anti-moralist did tell.

We remember the days when the novels of Theodore Hook were the most popular of all that the circulating library sent forth, save those of Walter Scott; and when his daring and witty personalities in the *John Bull* newspaper made even its hopeless Toryism brilliant and entertaining. There was nobody like him

for abusing the "Clapham Saints," the unfortunate Queen Caroline, Alderman Wood, and the denizens of Bloomsbury. Nobody in our days ever threw off such a host of political squibs and songs, or made satire *tell* with such positive weight upon a popular party. The establishment of *John Bull* to victimise the Queen and the Whigs, was a phenomenon in the annals of newspapers; and they who read that prosy hebdomadal in its present more correct condition of morals, can scarcely conceive the hubbub it created when it first dashed its squibs and crackers among the frequenters and patrons of Brandenburg House. In six weeks from the time of its starting, it reached a sale of ten thousand copies weekly, and speedily brought in a profit to its proprietors, of whom Hook was one, of more than 4000*l.* a-year.

Theodore Hook's novels are better known to the reading world than the trifles which blazed up in a newspaper, during a state of parties as foreign as can well be conceived to the politics of the year 1849. They are still read, and will be read for some time to come. Never have certain phases of life, in their ludicrous aspects, been more laughably held up to ridicule, while the unfairness of the picture is so skilfully kept concealed, that they who would have been the first objects of the satirist's jests, scarcely see that they are themselves aimed at, and laugh as loud as the rest of us. Neither in his novels, however, nor his newspaper sallies, did Hook's genius display itself to the greatest advantage. It was in private life, over the supper-table, in a frolic, in an improvisation, or in a practical joke, that he most outshone his contemporaries, and took people's applause by storm. Then it was that his matchless impudence came in to strengthen his humour and genius, and enabled him to beat almost every rival in his own peculiar line. Aided by his pleasing manners, a good voice, and a ready tact, which concealed the baseness of his flattery to the great and titled, he carried all before him, and was one of the most extensively popular men, in certain societies, of his day.

They who care to know more about him must turn to his reverend biographer's chapters, where they will find about equal quantities of provocatives to mirth, to sadness, and to weariness. We can only give a specimen or two of the amusing stories which Mr. Barham has here preserved. The first is a passage in Hook's brief Oxford life, which will be tolerably entertaining to those who know the solemn respect which is ordinarily paid to the proctors, those guardians of the propriety and respectability of the University, and to the yet more dignified heads of colleges.

"He had been already entered at St. Mary's Hall. His friends would have preferred a residence at Exeter College; but to this, as entailing a somewhat more strict observance of discipline than was compatible with his habits, he himself, averse from the proceeding altogether, positively objected. A compromise was effected,

and he was placed under the charge of his brother, and presented by him to the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Parsons, Head of Baliol, and afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, for 'matriculation.' The ceremony was well nigh stopped *in limine*, in consequence of a piece of facetiousness on the part of the candidate, ill-timed, to say the least of it. On being asked if he was prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles? 'Oh, certainly, sir,' replied Theodore, 'forty if you please.' The horror of the Vice-Chancellor may be imagined. The young gentleman was desired to withdraw; and it required all the interest of his brother, who fortunately happened to be a personal friend of Dr. Parsons, to induce the latter to overlook the offence. The joke, such as it is, was probably picked out of one of Foote's farces, who makes Mrs. Simony, if we mistake not, say, when speaking of her husband the Doctor (intended for the unfortunate Dr. Dodd), 'He believes in *all* the Thirty-nine Articles, ay, and so he would if there were forty of them.'

"We have heard another instance of Oxford impudence attributed to Hook, but not, as in the preceding case, from his own lips, nor will we venture to vouch for its authenticity. On the evening of his arrival at the University, says our friend, he contrived to give his brother the slip, and joined a party of old school-fellows in a carouse at one of the taverns. Sundry bowls of 'Bishop,' and of a popular compound yclept 'Egg-flip'—the Cambridge men call it 'Silky,' to the *nondum graduati* of Oxford it is known by a *nomen accidentale* which we have forgotten—having been discussed; songs, amatory and Bacchanalian, having been sung with full choruses; and altogether the jocularity having begun to pass 'the limit of becoming mirth,' the Proctor made his appearance; and, advancing to the table at which the 'freshman'—so in every sense of the word—was presiding, put the usual question—'Pray, sir, are you a member of this University?' 'No, sir,' replied Hook, rising and bowing respectfully; 'pray, sir, are you?' A little disconcerted at the extreme gravity of the other, the Proctor held out his ample sleeve—'You see this, sir?' 'Ah!' returned Hook, having examined the fabric with great earnestness for a few seconds, 'yes! I perceive—Manchester velvet—and may I take the liberty, sir, of inquiring how much you might have paid per yard for the article?' The quiet imperturbability of manner with which this was uttered was more than the Rev. gentleman could stand; and, muttering something about 'supposing it was a mistake,' he effected a retreat, amid shouts of laughter from Hook's companions, in which the other occupants of the coffee-room, the waiters, and even his own 'bull-dogs,' were constrained to join."

The next does not regard Hook himself, but was told by him, as follows:—

"He (Tom Sheridan) was staying at Lord Craven's, at Benham (or rather Hampstead), and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorn, with only 'his dog and his gun,' on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper; the sport was bad—the birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in search of game, until, unconsciously, he entered the domain of some neighbouring squire. A very short time after, he perceived advancing towards him, at the top of his speed, a jolly comfortable-looking gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appeared, for conflict. Tom took up a position, and waited the approach of the enemy. 'Hallo! you sir,' said the squire, when within half-ear-shot, 'what are you doing here, sir, eh?' 'I'm shooting, sir,' said Tom. 'Do you know where you are, sir?' said the squire. 'I'm here, sir,' said Tom. 'Here, sir,' said the squire, growing angry, 'and do you know where *is*, sir?—these, sir, are *my* manors; what d'ye think of that, sir, eh?' 'Why, sir, as to your manners,' said Tom, 'I can't say they seem over-agreeable.' 'I don't want any jokes, sir,' said the squire; 'I hate jokes. Who are you, sir—what are you?' 'Why, sir,' said Tom, 'my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and I am not aware that I am trespassing.'

'Sheridan!' said the squire, cooling a little, 'oh, from Lord Craven's, eh? Well, sir, I could not know that, sir—I—' 'No, sir,' said Tom, 'but you need not have been in a passion.' 'Not in a passion, Mr. Sheridan!' said the squire; 'you don't know, sir, what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them; it's all very well for you to talk, but if you were in my place, I should like to know what you would say upon such an occasion?' 'Why, sir,' said Tom, 'if I were in your place, under all the circumstances, I should say—I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me, and as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshment.' The squire was hit hard by this nonchalance, and (as the newspapers say) it is needless to add, acted upon Sheridan's suggestion. 'So far,' said poor Tom, 'the story tells for me—now you shall hear the sequel.' After having regaled himself at the squire's house, and having said five hundred more good things than he swallowed; having delighted his host, and more than half won the hearts of his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on his return homewards. In the course of his walk, he passed through a farm-yard; in the front of the farm-house was a green, in the centre of which was a pond—in the pond were ducks innumerable swimming and diving; on its verdant banks a motley group of gallant cocks and pert partlets, picking and feeding—the farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn, which stood near two cottages on the side of the green. Tom hated to go back with an empty bag; and, having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else from doing it for him, and he thought that to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity, would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly, up he goes to the farmer, and accosts him very civilly. 'My good friend,' says Tom, 'I'll make you an offer.' 'Of what, sir?' says the farmer. 'Why,' replies Tom, 'I've been out all day fagging after birds, and haven't had a shot. Now, both my barrels are loaded—I should like to take home something; what

shall I give you to let me have a shot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here—and to have whatever I kill?' 'What sort of a shot are you?' said the farmer. 'Fairish!' said Tom, 'fairish!' 'And to have all you kill?' said the farmer, 'eh?' 'Exactly so,' said Tom. 'Half a guinea,' said the farmer. 'That's too much,' said Tom. 'I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a seven shilling piece, which happens to be all the money I have in my pocket.' 'Well,' said the man, 'hand it over.' The payment was made. Tom, true to his bargain, took his post by the barn-door, and let fly with one barrel, and then with the other, and such quacking and splashing, and screaming and fluttering, had never been seen in that place before. Away ran Tom, and, delighted at his success, picked up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nobly distended. 'Those were right good shots, sir,' said the farmer. 'Yes,' said Tom, 'eight ducks and fowls were more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more, I suspect, than seven shillings—eh?' 'Why, yes,' said the man, scratching his head, 'I think they be, but what do I care for that? they are none of them mine!' 'Here,' said Tom, 'I was for once in my life beaten, and made off as fast as I could, for fear the right owner of my game might make his appearance—not but that I could have given the fellow that took me in seven times as much as I did for his cunning and coolness.' "

Of the jokes in verse, we can give but one:—

"On Mr. Shelley's Poem, 'Prometheus Unbound.'"

Shelley styles his new poem '*Prometheus Unbound*;
And 'tis like to remain so while time circles round;
For surely an age would be spent in the finding
A reader so weak as to pay for the binding."

The reader will be his own judge, from these samples, how far he would like to venture any further upon Mr. Barham's publication.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Art of Illumination and Missal-Painting: a Guide to Modern Illuminators. By H. Noel Humphreys. London, Bohn.

MR. HUMPHREYS very truly says, that it is strange that, while the fancy for illumination has become so general, so little has been known of the best ancient examples of this beautiful art. He has here done his best to present, in the shape of one of the prettiest conceivable gift-books, a few much worthier models than are ordinarily to be met with. To these he has added a series of critical remarks on the principles of the old illuminators, with hints to students, and outlines to be filled up in colour. Some of his examples are most beautiful, all are valuable; and the work altogether will be of good service to those whose taste and leisure lead them to cultivate an art which has ever been especially devoted to the honour of religion.

The Babes in the Wood. London, Cundall.

THIS graceful edition of the touching old ballad consists of a set of eleven etchings from the designs of a lady of high rank. The drawings exhibit a degree of talent remarkable in an amateur, with a poetic fancy in their accompanying devices which puts to shame the ornamented borders and head and tail pieces of most professed artists. There is a lack of force and vigour both in the

forms and countenances of the figures, except in those cases where repose is the prevailing idea of the scene, but, notwithstanding this blemish, they are not a little creditable to the pencil that produced them. We should add also, that they are not the less acceptable from being free from the humbug of ornament and smart getting up, which is becoming quite a pest in the republic of art and letters.

Principles of Protestantism, considered with a view to Unity. By the Author of "Proposals for Christian Union." London, Darling.

THE author of the *Proposals* here completes his contemplated series on the favourite subject of his thoughts and pen. Protestant principles he tells us are these; the Lutheran doctrine of justification, the sole authority of Scripture, and private judgment. All these things our author looks upon as delusions and absurdities, and therefore cannot conceive why Protestants are not ready to give them up for the sake of unity. Yet, marvellous to relate, he himself remains a Protestant, on the ground that the Church of Rome gives Communion in one kind, and that her clergy are unmarried. We can most seriously assure him, that could he know by one day's experience what it is to be a devout Catholic, he would be as zealous in defence of these practices

as he is now zealous against them. Strangely enough, too, he seems to be ignorant of the fact, that Communion in both kinds is given in many parts of the East in churches in communion with Rome, and that many of the Greek *Roman* Catholics are actually married at this day. He might further see with his own eyes Communion given in both kinds in Rome itself, in Madrid, and we believe also in other parts of Europe. How amazing it is that a sincere man should be content to risk his salvation on such a straw as this!

To those who have read our author's former works we need hardly say that he always writes like a Christian and a gentleman.

The Church's Holy Days the only Safeguard against the Desecration of the Lord's Day.

By William Grapel, B.A. London, Masters.

MR. GRAPEL is clever and zealous, and writes with considerable spirit and fluency. His style, however, wants a great deal of pruning, and is too rampant to be generally pleasing. However, he says some good things in the present tract, though we suspect he might as well try to move back the clock of the world some centuries, as to persuade Mammon-loving Protestantism to take the advice he here so unceremoniously flings into its face. The *πρωτον ψευδος* of his theory is its misconception of the *true* Christian and ancient way of spending Sunday, of the comparative nature of the Lord's day and of Saints' days, and of the vital, spiritual energy which he attributes to the Established Church. He must go back to the principles of those who first instituted Saints' days, before he will induce the world to make a Christian use of those festivals.

On the Formation and Constitution of a Kingdom of Upper Italy. The Italian Question.

Two Letters to Lord Palmerston. By Dr. Granville. London, Ridgway.

DR. GRANVILLE'S heart is warmly interested in the view he here upholds, and probably he is better informed on this matter than nine tenths of the gentry who lead the public mind in such matters, through the daily press. The worst of these kind of proposals is, that every week changes the relative posture of affairs, and when a man writes a pamphlet, nobody knows where the whole question will be by the time his manuscript is out of the printer's hands. It is only fair to Dr. Granville to add, that it is now between thirty and forty years since he first began to write on Italian affairs.

Lives of the Modern Saints: the Companions of Saint Philip Neri; the first Fathers of the Oratory. London, Richardson.

To this volume, by no means the least interesting of the series, Mr. Faber has prefixed a very valuable little preface, the concluding sentences of which are especially deserving attention.

Sketches of Northumberland Castles, Churches, and Antiquities. By W. S. Gibson, Esq. F.S.A., F.G.S.

It is one of the strange features of the day that such a book as these *Sketches* should be written by an intelligent and sincere man, who yet continues a Protestant. But for a paragraph here and there, one would think Mr. Gibson as zealous a Catholic as ever lived; and even the exceptional passages are rather in praise of Anglican-

ism than in disparagement of Catholicism. The papers, here published in a volume, are really valuable contributions to the antiquarian history of the north of England; somewhat florid in style, perhaps, but written with genuine *gusto*, and with much knowledge of the subject. Certainly nobody ever praised monks more cordially than Mr. Gibson. How can such a man exist where he is?

Remarks on the Medieval Writers of English History. By the same.

WHAT we have said of Mr. Gibson's *Sketches* applies fully to his *Remarks*. Few papers read before Literary Institutions are so well worth reprinting. Mr. Gibson is also preparing a *Life of Lord Chancellor de Bury*, which ought to be a valuable book.

The Catholic School. November 1848.

THIS, the third number of the Catholic Poor-School Committee's publication, is devoted to the subject of Normal Schools, of which, while Protestants have already *twenty-four*, we have—*not one*! We cannot too earnestly impress upon those who have the means, the importance of enabling the Bishops to establish such a school on the most complete and enduring basis, without further loss of time.

A Method of spending the Vacation profitably; addressed to the Youth who frequent the Schools of the Society of Jesus. From the Italian of F. Muzzarelli, S. J. Richardson.

ONE of the thousand little assistances by which the Jesuits strive to keep the world and its poison out of the hearts of the pupils committed to their care.

Milton's Prose Works. Vol. III. Bohn.

THE most important feature in this volume is the series of essays on Divorce. Radically opposed as are the views of Milton to those of the Church, it is well that all who are called to uphold the sanctity of the marriage-bond should be familiar with the arguments and modes of thought of one of the ablest impugnors of her doctrines.

Gardening for Children. Edited by the Rev. C. A. Johns, B.A., F.L.S. London, Cox.

PRETTY and useful, for children who have brains as well as heads; but scarcely lively enough in manner. The woodcuts of flowers are very good.

A Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury on Protestant Frauds. By F. H. Laing, late of Queen's College, Cambridge. Richardson.

A CLEVER exposure of certain logical absurdities pervading the popular mode of arguing against Catholic doctrines. We question, however, whether the tone of the tract is exactly calculated to win over reluctant hearts.

The Life of Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris. Richardson.

EVERY one will read this biographical sketch with much interest.

The Warehouseman, or a Citizen's Seven Ages. By a Commercial Man. London, Strange.

IF the execution of *The Warehouseman* were equal to the good intentions of its author, it would be an excellent little production. We wish we could say more in its praise. The com-

mercial man is far from mastering the real cure for the evils he denounces, and his Sabbatarianism would defeat its own object. He moralises also a vast deal too liberally to do good.

Expositio S.S. Missæ atque Rubricarum; seu Catechismus Liturgicus, juxta Dicata R. D. J. Mohren, Canonici ad S. Cunibertum ac Rituum Magistri in Seminario Archiepiscopali Coloniensi Jubilarii. Cura Maria del Monte. Augustæ Trevirorum (published in six parts, pp. 636). 1844-1847. London, Williams and Norgate.

WE have no hesitation in recommending this as a most valuable work to the clergy, and to all those who are preparing themselves for the clerical state. They will find in it a most ample exposition of the ceremonies and rubrics of the Mass, accompanied with many dogmatical and mystic annotations. The great piety of the author is shewn in his introductory remarks on the sublime dignity of the Holy Sacrifice, and on the great purity with which all should approach to the celebration of the Christian mysteries,—remarks and exhortations, which no one can read without feeling veneration for him who wrote them.

It cannot be expected that we should give in a brief notice an adequate idea of the extent of learning contained in this work.

The origin of the rubrics and ceremonies, and their signification; churches, and their different parts; the sacred vessels and vestments; the different liturgies that have been used in different parts and ages of the Church, and the languages in which they have been celebrated;—these are subjects that are treated at sufficient length, and with immense erudition. The great body of the work is, of course, occupied with the exposition of the Mass as it is celebrated at present according to the Roman rite. Every ceremony is described, and its signification given. Its etymology is discussed and determined. The many variations that have existed in various ages are noticed, and the causes or occasions of the change explained. In the last section (xxx.) is given ample information on the rubrics of the Missal,—*De Defectibus in celebratione Missarum*.

Throughout the work, nearly every opinion of the author is confirmed by other writers, and by the decisions of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. Thus the reader is made acquainted with all the great writers, ancient and modern, who have written on the liturgy and the various ceremonies of the Church.

Frequent annotations of the editor, M. del Monte, accompany the text. These annotations and many quotations are in German, as is also a most interesting discourse, at the end of the work, of a father to his son, who proposes to receive holy orders. Before this discourse, we find three most valuable expositions of the Canon of the Mass, one by the learned Biel, the second by Bishop Odo, and the third by Michael, Bishop of Sion.

To repeat our praise of this work, we must say that no one can read it without drawing from it much interesting information and great edification. The memory of the author is cherished in benediction by those who had the happiness of knowing him. Several of his scholars have proved the sincerity of their admiration and love, by editing his various works after his lamented decease. Of these, one is an additional monu-

ment of his great liturgical learning entitled *Compendium Rituum et Cæremoniarum Missæ* (Coloniæ, 1844, pp. 445); others are purely ascetical works.

Amongst the curiosities of literature contained in this work, we may quote the following:

“ Canonicas horas si devote legis et oras,
Tunc orantur horæ si corde leguntur et ore
Littera neglecta, vel syllaba murmure lecta,
Colligit hæc Satanas, si non cum corde laboras.
Fragmina verborum Tytinillus* colligit horum
Quoque die mille vicibus se sarcinat ille.”

Ex antiquo fragmento.

Notices of the English Colleges and Convents established on the Continent after the Dissolution of Religious Houses in England. By the late Hon. Edward Petre. Edited by the Rev. F. C. Husenbeth. Norwich, Bacon and Kinnebrook.

THE number of English establishments whose settlement on the Continent is here recorded by Mr. Petre will surprise many of our readers. The leading particulars of the history of no less than fifty-two such colleges and convents have been gathered together, and are now edited by Mr. Husenbeth. It would be superfluous to say that such a collection of memorials is a thing of considerable value and interest. How many sad and yet glorious thoughts are suggested by the statements here simply put forward!

We must add, that the typography and general appearance of the work are an unusually favourable specimen of a country bookseller's publications.

The Soul contemplating God: a Manual of Devout Meditations for Daily Use. By a Member of the Society of Jesus. Burns.

MOST welcome and valuable as are good translations of good foreign books, we greet with especial goodwill a devout work from the pen of an English divine. The Catholic mind of a country may live upon translated works, but it is a question how far it can grow upon any but its own native productions. Hence we lose no time in recommending to our readers *The Soul contemplating God*, as a book of much originality of thought, expressed in a straight-forward, simple, fervent style, which will be acceptable to pious readers of almost every description of taste and fancy. Though short, and of little pretence, it has solid claims to our attention.

Funeral Oration on the Rev. W. Richmond. By the Right Reverend Dr. Ullathorne. London, Burns.

A VERY interesting specimen of that very difficult work, an *éloge*, true and genuine, without being vague and overwrought.

MUSIC.

Motetts, Hymns, Litanies, &c. for Church Choirs. Part First. London, Burns.

WE have here eight Motetts and a Litany, some of them by writers scarcely known to the ordinary amateur even by name. They are excellent specimens of genuine Church-music, at once ex-

* “Olim existit in imagine Tytinillus. Erat demon pedibus et amictu hirci, qui portabat omnes omittas litteras et lætatos apparuit accusationes contra sacerdotem luridum, distractum negligentem colligendi. Hodie disparuit quasi tanto labore non se esse sufficientem.”—Let us hope that his occupation is gone for other reasons.

pressive and solid, and are far from difficult of execution. At the same time they vary considerably in style from one another. We think we may fairly say of them, what can rarely be

said of any collection of pieces, that there is not one which is not well worth having, and which will not be *practically useful* in the present condition of our choirs.

Correspondence.

[Want of space compels us to postpone, till our next Number, an important communication on Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and the Directions of Pope Benedict XIV. on the subject.]

STATE OF ROME.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Rome, December 14, 1848.

THE events of the 16th and 24th of last month in this city are already so notorious in England and the whole of Europe, that it is useless to send you a fresh account of them; more especially as here, perhaps, more than any where, we are still in ignorance as to the exact particulars of the last of those events, I mean the escape of the Pope. For several days it was believed that the Holy Father had fled with the French Ambassador by way of Civita Vecchia; and even now contradictory stories are afloat as to the nature of his disguise, the hour of his departure, and, in short, of all the details. One detail, however, which is now ascertained, that he left Rome in the Bavarian Minister's carriage, has been sufficient to lead to an attempt by these *noble-minded* Romans to murder that gentleman's coachman! I think one of the most sickening features in the whole of this turmoil has been, to witness the union of the most contemptible meanness with the wildest and most extravagant conceit. After the glorious exploit of the 16th, when so many thousand soldiers of all sorts united to attack a handful of men in an undefended and indefensible palace, you could hear nothing in the cafés but triumphant boasting that history would record their deeds, that the world would now see that the Romans were not the tame and spiritless macaroni-eaters which calumny had painted, but that they were the genuine descendants of the ancient conquerors of the world. Then, when the flight of the Pope was announced, not one voice was heard to tell the people that they owed this to their own misconduct; not a syllable of reproof, scarcely even a single expression of regret, was published by any. On the contrary, the Chambers, the Senate, all the civil and military authorities, seemed to vie with one another in extolling the virtues of these immaculate Romans: one told them that they could propose no other example for their imitation, but only the example of themselves; another declared that they were the model and the admiration of the world: and so on, from beginning to end, until one could scarcely bear to read any more of such fulsome trash. Even P. Ventura used the same language in the pulpit, when he

preached at the funeral service for "the martyrs of liberty at Vienna," two or three days after the Pope's escape. It would lead me too far from Roman politics, or I would give you an abstract of this extraordinary discourse, which is likely to be heard of hereafter in the theological world. Some of the prelates here now speak of P. Ventura's *fall*, as we speak of that of La Mennais; and certainly his printed sermon, though much more moderate than what was actually preached, is something wholly new in the Catholic pulpit. But if preachers speak in such a tone as this, what can one expect from the people? If you talk to any of the Civic Guard in private, you are told that the affair on the Quirinal has been misunderstood; and if you venture to suggest that a cannon planted against the palace-gate, and musket-balls flying through the windows, was pretty plain speaking, and easy of comprehension, an impatient shrug of the shoulders intimates to you that you are altogether *incapace* in these matters. One of them told me that they went up solely to protect the Pope, and that if matters had proceeded to extremities, they should have fired upon the people; whilst, unfortunately for the veracity of the speaker, all the halfpenny newspapers that are sold in the streets, represent members of that loyal body kneeling behind carts and carriages, and aiming at the palace. You may imagine, therefore, how they have been nettled by the language of the French and English newspapers; those of them, at least, who have read it; but the *Contemporaneo* actually published that the English papers are full of admiration of their conduct. Still, however, I fear it would be difficult to find many, I had almost said any, of the Romans who are willing to confess their fault. They consider that they have been sinned against, but by no means that they have sinned; the Pope has deserted them; diplomats have deceived them; the whole world is conspiring against them; but they themselves are pure and spotless, and have nothing to regret; they do not seem even to have a suspicion of the baseness of their ingratitude, which is so flagrant in the eyes of the whole world. Accordingly, the deputations that were sent to His Holiness were simply commissioned to beg that he would return to Rome, without one word of apology for the past, or promise

of amendment for the future; under these circumstances, one could not regret that they were not allowed to cross the Neapolitan frontier; it seemed but a just rebuke to their arrogance, and a fitting answer to their cool neglect of their Sovereign's letter, appointing a Commission to govern in his absence, which had been received a few days before, but whose authenticity they affected to call in question.

Now that all attempts to open negotiations of this kind with the Pope have failed, they have at last taken the very important step of nominating a Provisional Government; a *Giunta di Stato*, or species of Commission, is appointed by the Chambers, which is to supply the place of the absent Sovereign in every thing that concerns the temporal government of the States; and the persons selected for this office are the Senators of Rome and of Bologna, and the Chief Magistrate of Ancona. As yet, it is not known whether the last two will accept the post of honour assigned to them; but Prince Corsini has consented to his own nomination. The decree of the Chambers which constitutes this new and supreme authority expressly provides that its functions are to cease immediately upon the return of the Pope, or when he shall nominate, "by an act altogether legal," any other person or persons in their stead. This clause was not passed without very violent opposition from Bonaparte; and, after all, the latter part of it at least has no meaning, since, according to the definitions laid down by the President, and accepted by the Chambers a few days ago, no act of a constitutional monarch can be legal, that is executed beyond the limits of his own dominions! Of course, it is intended by means of this extraordinary Commission to act against the will of the Pope in his own name; and this is the policy to which Galletti, Mamiani, and the great majority of the Deputies, are most inclined. Sterbini, on the other hand, scarcely disguises his anxiety to throw off this feeble mask, and that the Romans should declare themselves at once wholly and for ever independent of the Pope. This is the tendency of all the leading articles in his journal; and in his own speech in the House on the appointment of this *Giunta*, he hints at another form of government, which awakens sympathy in the breast of every Roman, from the recollection of the glories of their ancestors; and, in conclusion, he says distinctly, that if there is any difficulty about the execution of the present plan, or if it does not answer their expectations, one only remedy remains—to appeal to the universal mind of the people as to the form of government which they may choose to adopt. Bonaparte thinks this ought to be done at once, because (as he informed the House the other day) "the Romans are unlike any other people. In other countries the people have to recover rights, of which, either by force or fraud, they have been

deprived; but here, this people have never for a moment lost that right; they were never conquered, never sold; they have voluntarily given themselves up to each succeeding Pontiff only *pro tempore*, and of their own good pleasure. The Pope, by his departure, declares that he no longer accepts this surrender; it devolves upon the people, therefore, *ipso facto* to exercise their undoubted privilege of giving themselves afresh to any governor they may select, or of remaining free and independent." This novel view of Roman history did not meet with much favour among his brother Deputies; perhaps it would have had a better chance if it had been propounded by Mamiani, who is undoubtedly the most able member of the Ministry, if not of the House. But every body is sick of Prince Canino, and his speeches are only applauded by the occupants of the galleries, who are said to be generally in his own pay.

There was an attempt on Monday to get up a demonstration in favour of the more democratic movement, but it signally failed; and the Civic Guard are said to have expressed themselves very strongly against all ideas of a republic. I should fear, however, that as distress increases (and it does and will increase daily), or if there should be any prospect of a foreign invasion, this party will gain strength; or rather that, as it would be then no longer possible to maintain order, they would not fail to take advantage of the opportunity.

When the news arrived that 4000 French were about to land at Civita Vecchia, they say that they sent orders to resist the disembarkation in every possible way; but no one really believes that they would offer resistance to any force that might come, except perhaps the Neapolitans. At present, however, the Ministry are amusing themselves with smaller matters than the repulsion of a foreign foe: they are purchasing large quantities of guns and ammunition, offering prizes for the best popular catechism on political economy, and talking loudly of the proposed *Costituente Italiana*; in a word, talking and spending money. The only thing they can be said to have done has been to preserve public order; and how long they will be able to do this, becomes every day more doubtful. The notorious P. Gavazzi has been here for some days, and they have succeeded in keeping him silent. Now another element of excitement and disturbance has just been added, in the person of General Garibaldi; and it is feared that his visit will scarcely terminate without some more resolute acts than have hitherto been achieved.

From the legations we get no certain intelligence. It is known that General Zucchi was one of three who were appointed a Provisional Government at Bologna, in the Pope's behalf, and against the present Ministry; and it is rumoured that Ferrara is of the same mind.

This makes it highly improbable that Zucchini (the Senator of Bologna, who is one of the three) should accept the new office proposed to him. But the official Gazette has observed a prudent silence on all Bologna matters for some days. It seems highly probable, therefore, that the appointment of this *Giunta di Stato* is merely a device for gaining time, and that its promoters already know that it can never really work. Prince Corsini is notoriously a mere puppet in the hands of others; and it requires time to hear from Ancona and Bologna.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the "Rambler."

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—After reading the able paper on "Collegiate Education" in the last *Rambler*, I ventured to forward to the *Tablet* a rather long letter, in correction of what seemed to me exaggerations, if not mis-statements, into which the writer had inadvertently fallen, at least in reference to the Catholic seminary with which I have been for more than two years personally connected. My reason for preferring the *Tablet* to the *Rambler*, as a medium of conveying my sentiments to the public, was, that I should thereby secure an earlier appearance of my letter, a consideration of course important, where I was engaged in discharging what I felt to be an act of gratitude and justice. But press of matter prevented my letter from making its appearance in the *Tablet* first published after its transmission (Dec. 9th), and this delay afforded me time for second thoughts upon the subject. The effect of these was to determine me on enlarging my letter, and sending it to the *Rambler*; first, because it would thus be more sure to come before the readers of the article to which it related; and secondly, because, as you may remember, I had actually proposed to write in the *Rambler* on the subject of Collegiate Education, when you told me that my intention was anticipated.

The writer of the article in the last *Rambler* and myself have certainly arrived at rather different conclusions upon the actual state of things in our colleges, generally agreed as we are in the leading principles and objects of education. But this diversity, be it more or less, is any thing but strange, considering that we have formed our notions upon a completely divergent experience, and have had little or no opportunity, since our respective conversions, of comparing notes on this or any other subject. For myself, as you well know, I have for almost three years been living in the strictest retirement in a Catholic college, associating almost exclusively with old Catholics, having my personal friends chiefly among them, and enjoying no other means of intercourse with former Oxford acquaintances and brother converts than such as were afforded me in the visits they have from time to time paid us at St. Edmund's, between a Saturday and a Monday. Under these circumstances, the account of things given in the *Rambler* looks, I confess, rather strange to me; and so may parts of my present letter look strange to others. It may be that the truth lies in some middle point, or rather, that the writer in the *Rambler* has founded his statements upon a too contracted experience. My own love for St. Edmund's is, I own to you, so great, that I am almost inclined to suspect myself of prejudice in its favour. This, at any rate, I know, that many old Catholics, who have enjoyed far greater means than I of knowing our educational institutions, take rather the *Rambler's* view of the case than my own, and regard the article as both timely and in the main correct. And yet I do not see how we can get over facts such as those I am about to notice, and which are well known to all persons acquainted with the present state of St. Edmund's.

The author of the article and myself are entirely agreed

in giving the first place to the moral department of education. Let me begin with the following summary of objections. The article in the *Rambler* says (p. 236):

"Our whole system, so to call it, may be described in a single phrase; it is a sacrifice of the ecclesiastics to the seculars, and of the seculars to the ecclesiastics. . . . Each Bishop has been driven to employ the ecclesiastical student, so soon as he has ceased to be a mere boy, in the instruction of the lay scholars and the younger Church students, as some sort of counterbalance to the expense of the education of the ecclesiastics themselves."

This, then, is the writer's first point, that the "divines" in our colleges are commonly employed as teachers, instead of older men. I agree with him in feeling this arrangement objectionable, not so much because of the taught as of the teachers. I do not see why the "divines," if properly grounded in their previous course, might not be very good instructors of the younger boys; and, so far as this object is concerned, the system is found to work well in the Jesuit colleges, no mean testimony in its favour. The real objection (which the Jesuits no doubt understand, and provide against) is, that such an arrangement cuts up the time of the "divines" themselves. But now, as to facts. I can assure the writer of the article that at St. Edmund's, at least, the allegation does not hold good. The late Dr. Griffiths, to whom the college owes a great deal, was, I believe, quite of the *Rambler's* opinion in this matter; and, under actual circumstances at St. Edmund's, so far from the employment of persons *in statu pupillari* as teachers being the rule, it is the very rare exception. I remember but one instance, in a college remarkably well stocked with "divines," and that instance fully justified the departure from established practice. It was the means of securing to the students most competent instruction in one particular department, while the admitted disadvantages to the teacher, in taking him off from his theology, were, I believe, made up, as far as possible, by his own extraordinary application. On such an exception, nothing, of course, can be founded but a confirmation of the rule.

But while it is true that at St. Edmund's the time of the "divines" is not, as a general rule, taken up in the way just mentioned, I must acknowledge that great and (abstractedly speaking) I should say undesirable inroads were made upon it by the annexation of laborious or engrossing offices to the higher classes of students; such, for instance, as the duties of the infirmary, or of the bounds. With respect, however, to the post of infirmarian, it must be admitted that an office of so great charity and usefulness is altogether "in the way of business" to a priest; but whether the labours in such cases might not admit of abridgment without affecting the benefit of which I doubt not they are productive to the official himself, is a practical question which I would respectfully throw out, and leave with others.

To come now to the second point—the intermixture of Church and lay students. The article contains some true and beautiful writing upon the importance of keeping up what we used at Oxford to call a distinct "*habitus*" in the ecclesiastics. You rightly say (and delighted I am to see it said in a periodical conducted by laymen), that ecclesiastical students must either find, or create for themselves, a completely distinct atmosphere of thought, aim, taste, affection; that subjects which a layman may dwell upon even in prospect, without danger of corruption, are to the young ecclesiastic the very borderland of ruinous sin; with much more, which I will not dilute into feebler language than that in which it stands in the *Rambler*.

Now, you are probably aware, that, although all good Catholics are, of course, quite in agreement with the *Rambler* in these sentiments, yet all are not agreed whether that entire separation of the lay and Church students which the article advocates is the best way towards attaining the end in view. Here again my late kind superior, Dr. Griffiths, was altogether on the *Rambler's* side in practice, as well as in principle;—but at St. Cuthbert's, which has the character of being one of the most ecclesiastical of our colleges, I am told that a different practice exists. But if Dr. Griffiths and the

Rambler be in the right on this matter, St. Edmund's certainly is not in the wrong; for a more entire separation of Church and lay students than exists there you could not desire, nor, I think, imagine. In the first place, the clerical students treble the lay boys, which, of course, secures a predominance of the ecclesiastical spirit in the college. And next, as to arrangements. It is true that the lay boys dine in the same refectory with the ecclesiastics, but then it is at different tables, and all in silence. It is true (I think) that they study together, but under the eye of a master, and of course without intercommunication. And here ends the contact. They have separate dormitories, separate bounds and play-rooms; and they walk out in separate parties. Upon the expediency and importance of these arrangements, I own that I am altogether on the side of the *Rambler*; but I know it to be a question with some admirable men whether the entire separation of ecclesiastics from contact with seculars is desirable towards the end of their vocation. Hence I am not sure that it is a good thing to keep Church-students up at college during the vacations. For in order that a youth be well grounded in his vocation, it is certainly good that he should thoroughly try it. It is well he should know that there is such a thing as a world outside; and this before he is launched headlong into it as a missionary-priest. Again, as to the intercourse of Church and lay students, we must remember that, besides preserving the vocation of the ecclesiastics, we must guard against the entire secularisation of the layman.

Dr. Griffiths, I believe, wished to clear his college of lay boys altogether, if the funds had allowed it. My own observation and experience would, I confess, be in favour of retaining them in their present small proportion, and under a certain age. Dr. Griffiths was a great enemy to the admission of great overgrown lay boys; an opinion to which I humbly and altogether subscribe. The question, indeed, is, what is to be done with such interesting, but intractable members of our body? We have as yet no Oxford or Cambridge, and there seems no alternative but letting them travel, under care of a tutor, on the continent, or keeping them at home, or putting them in some foreign college, or sending them to Cambridge; all objectionable arrangements, and the last absolutely odious. But now as to lay boys, between eight or nine and fifteen years of age, I have seen the greatest good come at St. Edmund's of having them in an ecclesiastical college. From the great preponderance of ecclesiastics, and the predominant ecclesiastical spirit of the house, they were thoroughly kept down, and in their proper place. It happens not rarely that they find a vocation for the Church, and at fourteen or fifteen go, as an experiment, into the Church-bounds. At any rate, unless they are very unfavourable subjects, or get harm, as is too often the case, in vacations, they acquire, by being brought up directly under the wing of the Church, an interest in it which may cleave to them through life. In London I see a good deal of the Catholic laity, and I will add, that there are no better specimens of it than those young men who have been educated within the last few years at St. Edmund's. I should not say that they were, as a general rule, ill-informed, but the reverse, especially in general literature; while their tastes are singularly ecclesiastical, and their habits of life regular and exemplary. It is no small benefit which the young laity enjoy in an ecclesiastical college, that they have the constant opportunity of attending Catholic worship, celebrated in the most devout manner, and with the most appropriate accompaniment of solemnity. In the first respect, the present chapel-service at St. Edmund's is a model to the whole district;—what will it be when the new collegiate church is opened—a consummation, of which I will say, that the long delay and the still distant prospect, are matters which reflect no little discredit upon our body.

And now, as to the amount of ecclesiastical spirit which is secured to the Church students by the actual arrangements at St. Edmund's. I will mention one fact, which speaks volumes. During the two years and a half I was there, in a society consisting of more than fifty

ecclesiastics, not more than four or five gave up the ecclesiastical state, and of these not more than three were far advanced in their course. I think I am right in stating (though I do it under correction), that in that period *there were more lay students who found a vocation, than ecclesiastics who lost one*. I do not mean that such a fact is absolutely *decisive* on the point in question, unless it could be shewn also, that all who persevered in their vocation were warranted in doing so. But, on the whole, you will agree with me, that against a college so circumstanced it is impossible to bring, with any shew of reason, the charge of deficiency, at least in the ecclesiastical spirit.

It frequently happens at St. Edmund's that boys enter the Church-bounds at fifteen or sixteen; thus they have seven good years of training for the priesthood. At about eighteen they receive the tonsure and the minor orders; and from the subdeaconship upwards, from twenty-one to twenty-three. Observe, I am still on the subject of moral training. To shew you that my admiration of our system (as carried out under my own eye) is nothing new, I may refer you to an article in the *Dublin Review* of, I think, July 1846, headed, "The Ordination Services." And I might refer to the same article for another reason, to shew, namely, how untrue it is to say, as is sometimes said, that Oxonians make light of the advantages of their new position, or are slow to acknowledge the rare blessings of the Catholic Church. In that article I said, and I repeat, that the *idea* of an ecclesiastical education was quite strange to me till I became a Catholic.

How far our system, even when most favourably exhibited, may admit of improvement in its intellectual bearings, and in its *moral* also, as connected with these, is another question. If I were to speak my mind, I should say, for instance, that our circumstances in England have a tendency to give one branch of theology an undue preponderance over others. But this thought I do but throw out, respectfully, for the consideration of those to whom the subject may appertain. Seven or eight years is a long period of study; *do the fruits correspond?* Again, I am disposed to think the actual discipline, as it has come before me (including the course of study), more favourable to the purity of the heart than to the enlargement of the mind and the formation of the judgment. How to reconcile all these various objects is so great a problem, that we may well be tolerant of delay, and indulgent towards defects.

The difference between the existing English Catholic idea of education and that to which we were accustomed at Oxford is, as you well know, a fundamental one; the one making the formation of (mental) *character* its great aim, the other, the storing of the mind with a certain amount of valuable facts. Hence our acquirements seem to Catholics "limited," and their intellectual character and habits seem to us shallow and desultory. We used to aim at knowing one or two things well, *they* aim at knowing many respectably. "*Non omnia possumus omnes*," was our motto; they look less to the cultivation of particular *fortes*, and deal with men more *en masse*. This difference is a very radical one, and extends to other things. It is the fault of us Catholics, I think, to make too little allowance for the distinctions of individual character, both moral and intellectual; it was the fault of Oxford that the range of intellectual pursuits was, as a general rule, far too narrow. Accordingly, the statement that "Catholic youths are less well educated than any corresponding class in any of the Protestant sects," appears to me to want qualification. "Less well educated," perhaps, according to our former, and, I believe, truer, view of education; but, according to that which is most popular in Europe, as well as in parts of Great Britain, possibly not so. For example, you would not say, I think, that in modern history, in European politics, in the elements of physical science, in modern languages, the advantage is clearly on the side of the Established Church, still less of the various "denominations" of Protestantism (except perhaps the Unitarians), true though it may be that, if the end of education be not mere information, but a certain valuable habit of mind, *one* University in *one* branch

of the Protestant Church is unrivalled, both in its theory and results. But Oxford is a fair spot in the Establishment, as the Establishment is a jewel among Protestant communions.

I am, all along, less anxious, you see, to dispute the principles of the article, than to set you right in facts. And at last you will remember that my experience is founded on a single instance, and that, according to report, a very favourable one. Of Prior Park I know nothing; of Oscott, next to nothing; and of St. Cuthbert's, only that all who have visited it speak highly of its ecclesiastical character. Oscott, I hear, is undergoing changes, and has a man at the head of the class in the London University. Stoneyhurst seems always to stand very high in the same quarter. These are facts which seem to bear more or less upon your subject, though not upon mine.—I am, my dear Mr. Editor, yours very sincerely in Christ

FREDERICK OAKELEY.

St. George's, 11th December, 1848.

[Our much-valued correspondent appears, in one important respect, to have mistaken our meaning in the article to which he refers. He will find, on recurring to what we wrote, that no hint whatever is given of any comparison between Catholic seminaries and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, or between Catholics and the members of the Establishment, as separate from the other denominations of Protestantism. We rate the value of an Oxford or Cambridge education, and the intellectual ability and acquirements of the Anglican body, far lower than Mr. Oakeley seems to think. We contrasted the literary and intellectual training of the young Catholic with that training which, in a thousand ways, apart from any thing which Oxford and Cambridge can offer, is, as a matter of fact, possessed by the non-Catholic youths of England.

For, when the Catholic intellect and Catholic literature are compared with those of the Establishment, we must include in the latter only those men who are her members from a greater or less degree of conviction, and not merely so by name or fashion, without the slightest measure of real regard. Catholic writers are *bonâ fide* Catholics, while the vast body of English thinkers are scarcely more attached to the Establishment than to the corporation of the city of London. Dissenting writers also are ordinarily *bonâ fide* Dissenters, and whatever they write must fairly be looked upon as the production of the Dissenting body; but when a man of great powers or acquirements is said to belong to the Established Church, in all justice we must inquire whether he can, in any true sense, be said to be attached to its principles, whatever he may think those principles to be; otherwise we should have such men as Lord Brougham, and Macaulay, and a host of others, set down to the credit of the Establishment, to which they no more belong than Mazzini and Mamiani belong to the Church Catholic.

The truth is, that the Established Church has a wonderfully small portion of the intellect and knowledge of the nation enlisted in her service. The great body of thought in the country is either openly her enemy or uses her as a political engine. The periodicals which are her real supporters may be taken as a fair specimen of the general character of her actual friends. She owns the *Morning Post*, the *Herald*, the *Standard*, and the *John Bull*. *Times* and *Chronicle*, *Spectator* and *Examiner*, *Sun* and *Economist*, are about as friendly to her as they are to the Pope. The *Quarterly Review* is her sole secular quarterly representative, against the *Edinburgh*, the *Westminster*, and the *Foreign Quarterly*; while her theological journals are neither known, nor, with few exceptions, worth knowing.

We should never have thought, therefore, for a moment, of taking the intelligence and acquirements of the Anglican body as in any sense a representative of the intellectual condition of England. It is indeed wellnigh ignored by the nation at large. It is with far other foes we have to contend, and, therefore, with far other foes that we must measure ourselves.

We take the liberty of appending these few paragraphs to our correspondent's letter, because he has in some

sort made a personal appeal to us, and attributed to us a value for the system of Oxford and Cambridge, and a respect for the intellect of the Establishment, which we are as far as possible from entertaining; so far from it, indeed, that the real, thorough "clergyman of the Church of England" has always appeared to us a very type of narrow-mindedness and shallow ignorance.

We must also remind our readers that our article was directed solely to the subject of *secular* education, not touching at all on the question of *moral training*, and only incidentally speaking of *theological* education. It is important that we should draw attention to this circumstance, as it is most necessary to the understanding of our real meaning. So far also as we touched upon the question of *mixed* education, we only assumed that principle which is *ordinarily* acted upon in the Church.—Ed. Rambler.]

"H." IN EXPLANATION TO "T. W. M."

[At the request of our correspondent "H." we insert the following explanation of his last letter, with the distinct understanding that the subject is to be considered closed.—Ed. R.]

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—I am far from regretting the determination to which you have come of closing the rood-screen controversy in your pages; and the less so from the circumstance of "T. W. M." himself admitting that "Italian customs may be imitated elsewhere" without the shadow of ecclesiastical impropriety. There is far more hope of our coming to agreement on the subject by means of practical experiment than of paper argument; and one has only to hope that "Italian customs" may before long be exhibited on a sufficiently large scale to afford a fair criterion. The present letter, then, sir, is not intended in any respect to continue the controversy, but is merely, to use Parliamentary language, in "*explanation*." I will only explain my meaning where "T. W. M." has obviously misunderstood it; and speak on one or two subjects on which he has directly, and as it were personally, appealed to me. I will take the respective topics in the order in which he has mentioned them.

1. It will not, of course, fall within the scope of this letter to give reasons why I still adhere to my opinion, that screens strongly militate against the Church's attractiveness to the poor: some of my reasons, indeed, in their own nature are more fit for a private communication than a public notice, and I intend corresponding privately with "T. W. M." on the subject. But I will avail myself of the present occasion to disavow in the strongest terms the imputation brought against me by "T. W. M.," that I have "invoked the sacred name of the poor" "in a mere rhetorical and declamatory way," and "with a secret intention of disavowing them as soon as they witness against me." Nor can I forbear from expressing my surprise that "T. W. M." should have so far violated the usual rules and courtesies of controversy as to have introduced this reflection on my personal integrity of purpose; a kind of reflection which can serve no argumentative object, because the charge is as easily denied as made, but which embitters controversy seriously and painfully. In the present instance the accusation is especially unreasonable, because one of the strongest facts on which "T. W. M." rests was a fact which (with what some might think an excess of candour) I myself was the person to make public.

2. "T. W. M." has wholly misunderstood my argument in regard to the blessed Saints, as will be seen even by the most cursory inspection of my last letter. I never appealed to their authority in behalf of my own opinion, that open sanctuaries are the fittest and most appropriate for these times; but solely against my opponents' position, that screens will "spontaneously flourish" wherever "men are loving and reverent," and that they will necessarily return if "Catholic faith, devotion, and reverence" be "revived." Against this latter position I did undoubtedly appeal most strongly to the authority of the Blessed Saints. I urged that if this were indeed so, if

screens had any direct and necessary connexion with the spirit of faith and reverence, it must follow that Mr. Pugin has a more quick and enlightened perception of these heavenly graces than had St. Alphonsus or St. Philip Neri. But I never for one moment implied that the presence of screens is adverse to essential Catholic principles, any more than their absence: on the contrary, my very position was, that it is a question of mere individual taste and judgment; and as such I proceeded to discuss it. Accordingly, through the whole of that (far the larger) portion of my letter which was engaged in so discussing it, I did not once so much as hint at the authority of the Blessed Saints as an element in the question; and that for the obvious reason of its being implied in the very principle I maintain, that Saints might as readily sanction one style of architecture as the other.

Now, it shews how completely "T. W. M." has misunderstood me, that he cites, as if it told against my argument, this very fact (of Saints worshipping in Gothic churches no less than in Italian), which not only does not tell against me, but is necessarily implied in the whole current of my reasoning throughout. "If the Church herself," adds "T. W. M.," "had no reproaches for the customs of a part of Italy, neither has she any for the very different customs of almost all Spain, France, and Germany." Exactly so; or, in other words, as far as the Church is concerned, the whole question is a perfectly open one. This is the very proposition I have so earnestly maintained from first to last.

3. Another misapprehension is, that I have grounded my argument against screens on the circumstance, that the present discipline of the Church permits an unimpeded view of the Blessed Sacrament itself. In my last letter I disclaimed most distinctly, in so many words, any wish to rest my argument on such a ground; and in another place, after alluding to Dr. Wiseman's beautiful description of the Quarant' Ore, "all this," I added, "would remain, even were the Blessed Sacrament covered with a veil; but it is at once swept away by the . . . interposition of a screen." Even those of my arguments, then, which are concerned with the subject of Exposition generally, and the Quarant' Ore and Benediction in particular, are wholly unaffected by the subordinate controversy concerning the veil of the Blessed Sacrament; while my remaining arguments have not even any superficial appearance of connexion with that controversy. Merely to prevent misconception, however, I will add, that even on this merely subordinate question "T. W. M.'s" arguments have failed to change my opinion.

4. "T. W. M." attributes to me the opinion, that "it is impossible to question the superior fitness or advantage of certain Roman customs, without being disrespectful to the Holy See;" and adds, "this is a serious charge to bring against a Catholic." Now I admit that it is a serious charge to bring against a Catholic; and it is quite certain that I did bring it against "T. W. M.": but it was not because he questioned the superior fitness or advantage of certain Roman customs (which any Catholic of course may do), but because he went very far beyond questioning their fitness and advantage. I called him disrespectful to the Holy See, because he said, in regard to the mode of worship sanctioned by the deliberate and long-continued approval of innumerable Popes, that it is contrary to what "the whole Church approves, and all tradition authorises;" that it perhaps tends to make men's reason "bold and rash;" that it will cease to "flourish, if ever men become again loving and reverent;" that "all the authorities are unanimous" in their disapproval of it. There is a very wide difference between such language as this, and the merely "questioning its superior fitness or advantage."

5. An "absurd blunder" is attributed to me, in making a charge against the clergy of the thirteenth century, on the authority of William of Newbury, who died three years before that century commenced. But a careful perusal of that portion of my letter will shew, (1) that I did not myself profess any acquaintance whatever with William of Newbury's writings, and therefore

did not found on them any charge; and (2) that the main and principal charge which I brought against those clergy, the charge on which the whole stress was laid and the whole argument turned, was not connected directly or indirectly with William of Newbury at all. A few words will make this clear.

The authority on which I relied for my facts was the Life of Stephen Langton: a Life written, as I said, "in a spirit of the profoundest reverence for the Church of the time," and grounded throughout on the original documents of the period, which are cited largely at the foot of every page. The period of the alleged facts was indisputably the thirteenth century, because it was during the time of the Interdict, which began A.D. 1208, and ended A.D. 1214. The allegation itself is no vague and general charge, but the averment of a positive, definite, public scandal; and the circumstance that the said allegation, made in so widely known a series, has passed to this day without contradiction—while it is of a nature which, if false, would so readily admit of contradiction—may be taken as sufficient warrant of its truth. The allegation is, that during the time of the Interdict, the secular priests were living generally in a state of concubinage; that their concubines were called '*focariae*;' that the King, in order to punish the clergy, imprisoned these *focariae*; and that the priests were put to the shame and cost of buying them off at heavy ransoms. On this fact I rested my conclusion, that in the thirteenth century the English secular priests generally led lives (I will not merely say less edifying than the same class in the present day, but rather) scandalous and disedifying in a high degree, and such as are utterly unknown in our own time and country.

In all this there is not a word of William of Newbury. It is true that I did prefix to this account a passage, quoted in the same work from William of Newbury, expressing a strong opinion on the extreme worldly-mindedness and covetousness of the Bishops who were his contemporaries; nor can I think the writer so unreasonable as "T. W. M." considers him, in quoting this passage for his own purpose. William of Newbury died, it seems, eleven or twelve years before the period treated of; but, unless there be some historical record of a marked and decided change of spirit among the upper clergy, the circumstance that such was their character in the year 1197 affords surely the strongest presumption that it was not substantially different in the year 1208. However, I will very willingly withdraw from the record this whole passage from William of Newbury, which was in no way material to my purpose, and rest my case exclusively on the pregnant fact above recited.

A further explanation seems called for, on the motives which led me to this course of argument; for "T. W. M." considers that "the absurd blunder of this charge is praiseworthy compared with the motive which originated it." It is really difficult to imagine what the motive can be which he suspects to have actuated me; but I can most honestly assert that I am conscious of no other motive whatever except the one I avowed, viz. the desire to disabuse persons of what seems to me a most exaggerated notion as to the practical purity of the mediæval Church. I think, as I said, that this notion leads men "occasionally to rather extravagant opinions on the practical questions of the day," and also to an unfair disparagement of our existing condition. So far as I may have had any other motive at all, it was probably to throw discredit on Mr. Pugin's proposition, that the state of architecture is a fair "barometer of the Church;" but my position, whether an "excess" or not, was most assuredly not one "to which controversy provoked me;" for it was one of my strongest opinions, long before I so much as dreamed of the rood-screen controversy, and before I knew clearly what a rood-screen is.

6. I trust, sir, your readers will admit that I have hitherto kept to my engagement of not introducing new controversial matter, and confining myself strictly to "explanation." I have now to meet two personal appeals made on me by "T. W. M." for an answer. The first is, as to my reason for quoting the passages from Dr. Wiseman's beautiful and most touching description of

the Quarant' Ore. I answer, it was the reason I mentioned, and no other, viz. that, being written by Dr. Wiseman, it is "of the most unimpeachable authenticity, as the true account of an Italian devotion." As to imputing "inconsistency" to his Lordship on the subject, I do not see how I could have done so had I wished. What his private opinions are on the subject of rood-screens I really neither know nor have any means of knowing; but his public conduct as Bishop, as far as it goes, is a direct authority for those opinions which I humbly advocate. He has quite recently sanctioned a church with a screen at St. George's; a Gothic church, without a screen, at Fulham; and a church of Grecian architecture at Kingston; thereby distinctly implying an opinion that architecture and screens are purely open questions, and that unshrouded sanctuaries are in no way at variance with the true spirit of faith and devotion. Dr. Wiseman has also permitted Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament to take place, on the second Sunday of Advent, in all the churches of his district; not one of which, I suppose, except St. George's, possesses a screen: and he has thereby implied an equally decided opinion, that there is nothing adverse to the truest reverence in so open and public an exhibition of the Sacred Host.

7. I happened to mention in my letter that "the celebration of the Quarant' Ore at St. George's did not excite any very lively interest in the mass of the people." "T. W. M." asks, "did the people authorise me to say so?" meaning, I presume, to interrogate me as to my authority for the assertion. Now, since I expressly said "it would be most unfair to ground any argument on" this fact, "because, under any circumstances, that might be the case at first," I confess I should not have scrupled to mention it had I had no other authority for it except public and unanimous report. It does so happen, however, that I had the best and most impartial authority conceivable for the fact, as I will mention to "T. W. M." in my private communication.

8. I know not whether "T. W. M." includes my own letters among "the ungenerous attacks of a few English Catholics" on Mr. Pugin. Considering that I started with "expressing in the strongest terms my sense of his great genius, and of the benefits it has conferred on the whole Catholic body, and my admiration of the generosity, the uprightness of character, and the childlike singleness of purpose, which are especially his characteristics," I can only sincerely hope, for his own sake,

that Mr. Pugin will never meet with an assailant more "ungenerous" than myself.

9. In conclusion, however, I am bound to say that, as far as I am able to understand him, "T. W. M." virtually retracts or disavows certain opinions which I attributed to him in my last; opinions, I mean, on the direct and necessary connexion of screens with the spirit of faith, and reverence, and submission to the Church's authority. I infer this partly from the passage above quoted, in which he freely admits that "Italian customs may be imitated elsewhere;" and partly from his very kind and handsome expression towards myself, of his confidence that I should be "ready to defend the least of the Church's laws with fully as much zeal as himself;" from whence I infer, that he does not consider such opinions as those which I humbly advocate to be in any way opposed to the Church's laws. Under these circumstances, and assuming that I have rightly understood him, I have no hesitation in declaring that no expression of censure which I used in my last letter can be considered as applicable to himself. For my own part, I have professed all through that there *can* be no essential error on the present question, except the regarding of the question as an essential one. This is plain from the fact that, in the first letter which I wrote, I pleaded only for there being *many* churches without screens: and it is plain also from the very circumstance of which "T. W. M." most strangely complains, that the staple of my letters have been my own "personal opinions, arguments, and assertions;" such being, of course, the considerations which alone are admissible on a question whereon *authority* is silent. I stated in my last letter, and I repeat the statement with equal emphasis in this, that "I should be ashamed of myself were I to throw the shadow of an imputation on a brother-Catholic on the ground of his cordial admiration for screens," so he do not exalt his private and individual taste into a sort of Catholic dogma. And I am most fully convinced that, whenever some question really essential may happen to arise, the friends and the enemies of screens will be found acting cordially together in the common cause; and that they will feel most unmistakeably, how trivial a thing it is to differ on a mere question of architecture or ecclesiastical arrangement, for those who are united in the maintenance of the broad principles of Catholic morality and asceticism, and of the lofty and soul-subduing dogmas of the Catholic faith.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant, H.

Ecclesiastical Register.

LETTERS ON LEBANON.

BY M. EUGENE BORÉ.

[Continued from p. 294.]

LETTER VI.

The United Greeks, called Catholics.

It will have been remarked, with regard to our co-religionists of Lebanon, that we have several times termed them Christians, and not Catholics, though the latter appellation would more properly designate the part of the population specially meriting our interest. Besides, the schism musters only a few thousand sectarians, who are always exclusively called *Greeks*, as their national distinction. But there are United Greeks, whose numbers, we have been assured, in all Syria, amount to the half of the Maronite population. They bear, exclusively, the appellation of Catholics, just as do the United Armenians of Constantinople; and the Maronite is so accustomed to understand the United Greek alone by that denomination, that if asked whether he is a Catholic, he will reply, "No, I am a Maronite;" deny-

ing himself to be a United Greek with a sharpness of tone that marks the rivalry of the two races. We say the two races, because we at first supposed that the Greek population of the country was originally a Syrian population that had merely preferred the Greek ritual. But after having examined both the men and the locality, we remain convinced that the Maronites are a branch of the great Syro-Chaldean race, who have taken the name of the holy Patriarch Maron; who gave them rather his liturgy and ecclesiastical constitution than the Christian faith, since the Syrians already belonged wholly to the Church; whilst the Greeks, United and non-United, are the descendants of the Greco-Roman race dominant in Syria at the epoch when the mystery of redemption was accomplished. Their small number, and their dispersion over such an extent of country, prevented their preserving the Greek, their national tongue; and the Saracen sway imposed the Arabic on them as well as on the Maronites, whose ancient language is the Syriac. But though the Syriac is perpetuated in the Ma-

ronite liturgy, the Greeks, who had not the advantage of an eminent Patriarch like St. Maron, could not preserve their ecclesiastical language, and bit by bit adopted the Arabic; which has spared only a few words, such as *Kyrie eleison*, *proshoume*, &c. &c.—the last phrase that the Armenians also have preserved in the prayers of the Mass. But it is not the less evident to any one examining their ritual, their chant, and the distribution of their churches, that they really belong to the ancient Greek Church. Ethnographical observation confirms these remarks. The features of their physiognomy, presenting sometimes a union of both types, the Greek and Roman, their natural vivacity of character, their aptness for commerce and the duties of the scribe, the schoolmaster, and the linguist, &c. bespeak the qualities and defects of the dual origin we have attributed to them, in accordance, moreover, with their traditional testimony; while the opinion of a nation as to its own nationality merits some deference.

The West has hitherto paid little attention to these United Greeks, who live among the Maronites without commingling much, though they are habitually confounded with them. This undesigned preference of public opinion has contributed to develop the germs of their natural emulation, which a community of faith happily hinders from going the length of rupture and division. When the Maronites were predominant, under the Emir Bechir, they committed the sin and the blunder of looking too much to the interests and considerations of nationality. They wounded and alienated precious auxiliaries; for they ought not to forget that it was the Greek Catholics of Zahlé who avenged their honour, when it had been humiliated by the Druses. The United Greeks, too, shewed more than indifference towards the revolution of 1840, which pulled down no chief of their race, and tended, on the contrary, to equalise positions. And at a later period, those who could keep aloof from the contest specially waged between the Maronites and the Druses, preserved a neutrality; and knowing this, the latter respected their convents, their churches, and their villages.

Mgr. Mazloum, titular Patriarch of Antioch, Jerusalem, and Alexandria, for the Greek Catholics, or *Melchites*, has written and circulated a tract, raising various questions little calculated to efface those traces of coolness and estrangement but too visible between these nations. He endeavours to establish, for example, that the primitive Eastern Church was Greek in liturgy and nationality. This is not true, because Syria was, at the first, Roman, in a political sense; and afterwards, the Syrian and Chaldean Churches, founded in the beginning by the Apostles, had their own rituals in their national tongue. In the second place, he is wrong in asserting that the Chaldeans fell into the heresy of Nestorius, and the Syrians into that of James Baradaeus; for they separated later from the primitive Church—a reproach which he also extends to the Copts, the Armenians, and the Constantinopolitan Church of Michael Cerularius. This is to confound the Greek Church with the Roman Catholic Church, which would necessitate an alteration in the *Credo*; and is also to deny, in the face of history, that these various Churches have subsisted in orthodoxy; as if orthodoxy was not at that time compatible with different rituals, though it has been since. Another more irri-

tating assault on the Maronites is, the accusation that they were led into schism and heresy by the Patriarch John Maron, posterior to the first St. Maron, who lived on the borders of the Orontes. We have elsewhere ourselves repeated this assertion, which is founded on a passage in the chronicle of William of Tyre. But a Maronite Bishop, who passes for the best informed man in the nation, is preparing a book, in which he intends to combat and refute this accusation against the Maronite faith. According to this prelate, the assertion of William of Tyre, opposed both to history and tradition, had no better foundation than the word of an heretical Greek Patriarch called Eutyches,—in Arabic, *Said Ibn Patrick*. Doubtless Mgr. Mazloum will reply; and we expect from this discussion, information alike serviceable to the truth and to the good understanding of the two races.

LETTER VII.

The Moquatadjis, or Feudal Chiefs of the Druses.

THE preceding digression on the United Greeks, or Melchites, was necessary for understanding the social relations existing between the different populations of the Mountain; and again we repeat, a careful distinction must always be observed as to the mixed cantons, whose condition is modified and complicated by the presence and admixture of Druses. If there be not the animosity and repulsion of religious hatred between the latter and the Christian race, as has been reported, it is yet certain that the good harmony of former relations has given place to distrust and resentment. Niebuhr, and other travellers, who have described the Druses as frequenting Christian churches, preferring that religion to Islamism, and sometimes embracing it, would find now existing among them a change to be regretted. In the first place, most of those who, before the late events, had publicly received baptism, have now returned to their errors. A spirit of nationality has triumphed over their faith. The negative eclecticism of their creed, tending to lead them to the truth when no contrary interests obstructed the way, has also the inconvenience, under certain circumstances, of provoking doubts and sudden relapses. Many of these pretended converts preserve, in the depth of their hearts, the dissimulation, prejudices, and sympathies of the Druse; as if grace had not triumphed over the resistance opposed by the malice and wickedness of a race who are accused of secret and abominable crimes. Putting in practice the principle of appearing to follow the religion that has numbers and strength on its side, they turned to Islamism in proportion as they witnessed the increased preponderance of the Ottoman power. To gain favour with the Turks, they affect certain forms of language, usages, and manners, that confer plausibility on the notion of a religious union. In 1841, when the Druse chiefs addressed a kind of collective memorial to the Porte, they appended to it a profession of faith, in which they declare themselves Mussulman—a sure means of standing well with the army, which is still infected with the leaven of fanaticism. We can thus understand why the bayonets that should have interposed between the two parties were perfidiously turned against the Christians. At the present time the Druses suppress, and outwardly deny, their true designation, and assume the Mussulman. The Porte, undeceived by these vain appearances, is

not the less bent on the overthrow of Druse feudality, which is felt to be an obstacle to the unity of its administrative action, and the source of abuses fatal to the people.

The existing régime is a striking example of this. The power of the Sheiks or *Moquatadjis*, beaten down and suppressed in the Christian, is as great and tyrannous as ever in the mixed cantons. Some of them are wealthy, and have vast possessions, as the Djemblats, heads of the ancient *Djemblat* party, who, in their struggles with the rival *Jusbeki* faction, more than once gave the Mountain over to the horrors of civil war. The *Djemblat* party supported the Emir Bechir against his uncle Youssof, and assisted him to win the victory of Djebail, deciding the first success of that prince. The Emir Youssof, and Gondour his minister, were, in fact, put to flight and proscribed; and though the greedy and capricious policy of Djezzar, the Pasha of Acre, reinstated them, it was only to be soon dispossessed by the same Prince Bechir, who is said to have bought their heads from Djezzar; as he soon afterwards bought that of the Sheik Bechir *Djemblat*, who had become his enemy as soon as he discovered that he had ignorantly been working against the interests of his own family. We refer to this fact to account for the present opposition of this party to the return of Bechir, against whom they nourish an implacable resentment; in which the Christians are also included, as co-religionists with the Prince, and favoured by him.

It is not immaterial to observe, that the English Agent, desirous of creating for his Government a rival influence to that of France, and to make that use of a Druse policy which we were said to do of a Maronite, has linked himself with the *Djemblat* chief, who enjoys his active protection, both against his adversaries of the *Jusbeki* party and against the Porte, for the latter has reason to fear the excesses of his feudal authority. The Christians are very ill-treated in his fiefs, and each day exposes them to insults and spoliations not to be excused by the acts laid to their charge in the war of 1845. Though they may indeed have taken the initiative, and attacked the Druses with deadly fury, it might be alleged in their justification, that they were driven to it by the intolerable rigour of a régime that had lain heavily on them for five years—a régime that was one long commencement of hostilities. Moreover, the Christians have wofully expiated their want of patience or their rashness; and neither the sack of Djezzin, nor all the other abuses of victory, can reinstate justice and right on the Druse side. Said, their Sheik, who was present and assisting at the massacres, never ceases daily to glut his base vengeance, by forcibly seizing on the property of Christians and the titles that legitimately belong to them, by abetting individuals of his race in other unjust pretensions, and by constraining these unfortunates, already stripped and ruined by war, alone to bear the burden of taxation.

It is exceedingly awkward and disreputable for the policy of England, or for that of Colonel Rose, the English Agent, that it seems to offer the hand to a man who so steadily maintains his character as a petty tyrant towards the Christians. If the connexion of England with the Druses has for its aim their civilisation and conversion to Protestantism, as say the missionaries

employed in the work, it must be confessed that their neophytes hitherto exhibit little of evangelical principle. How happens it, on the contrary, that they lost the hereditary sympathy and moderation they had for Christians directly after the commencement of this religious and political propagandism? Can it be that the envoys of the Bible Society are able, when a Catholic force is opposed to them, to establish and maintain their ground only by means of division?

The other chiefs, or *Moquatadjis*, of the neighbouring cantons are not less oppressive towards the Christians, but for different reasons. Not so openly and systematically inimical to men who are necessary to the cultivation of their land, and from whose weakness they have nothing to fear, but more numerous than the *Djemblat* family, and generally poor, they bleed their vassals to death, without even sparing the Druses. Such, for example, in the *Djurd*, is the *Abd-el-Melek* family, composed of thirty-three individuals; that is to say, of thirty-three chiefs, or *Moquatadjis*, all, by the strange custom of the country, having equal power over their peasantry. The farmer, or tenant in half-share, as we have before explained, has thirty-three proprietors to deal with, who come successively, or all together, to lay him under contribution, or to demand rent or statute-work. The perfect idleness of the chiefs, and their passion for horses, hunting, and dress, keep them necessitous and greedy of money. The peasant escapes them only by affecting extreme wretchedness; neither does he dare to complain, for fear of drawing on himself their ferocious anger and ill-treatment. They resemble ruined gentry, retaining the habits and love of display; they get deeper into debt for the purchase of a new garment or the entertainment of a guest; and the more ostentatious their etiquette and ceremony, the more confirmed is their poverty. For example, one of them almost committed violence on us by a pertinacious invitation to a banquet, the preparations for which endured at least five hours; and during this time men enacting the part of armed vassals were continually passing and repassing in the only miserable room that remained of his ancient mansion. We were told that a solitary mulberry-tree constituted his whole possessions; yet he had found the secret of being liberal and hospitable, doubtless with the money of others, who were subservient to his known energy and audacity.

The Turkish Government has struck a heavy blow at these chiefs, whom it dreads to see easy and thriving, for they immediately grow headstrong and turbulent. It has taken from them the enjoyment of the immense and magnificent plain (*Bequa*) interposed between the parallel chains of the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon. They had seized by force on this vast fief, which they cultivated in a great measure by Christian hands. It formed the granary of the Mountain, whose crops barely sufficed for the general consumption for a few months. The administration of the *Bequa* now falls under the Pasha of Damascus. He farms it to Turkish or Metuali Agas, by whom the Christian peasantry are horribly oppressed. Let the season be good or bad, they must return the same quantity of produce to the Pasha's farmer; neither would it matter that they had been plundered by the Arab tribes who in the spring pitch their tents in these pastures. Melancholy it is

that this land of promise, formerly the cornucopia of populous cities, such as Palmyra, Heliopolis, and Damascus, should be impoverished and exhausted by rapacity and injustice!

LETTER VIII.

The Land-Registration—The Administrative System of Chekib Effendi.

BUT what must above all contribute to destroy the feudal preponderance of the Druse Sheiks is, the land-registration; a just and simple measure already in process of execution, the merit of the proposition of which belongs to M. Bourée, the French Consul-General at Beyrout. The rapine of the Shieks has a false and arbitrary apportionment of taxation for its almost only source. The chiefs first find out a means of escaping it themselves, and then tax the peasant according to their caprice. So that, though the sum that should pass into the treasury is only 3500 purses, which is five times less than that furnished under the Emir Bechir, the people nevertheless continue to pay almost as much. Most certainly the profit does not go to the Porte: the tribute of the tears and sweat of the people is swallowed up in intermediate channels. The land-registration, by fixing the extent of the property of each individual, will determine also the proportionate quota of the tax. And if, as is proposed, the list or table is posted in the churches and mosques, so that the peasant can no longer be cheated, it will work a radical change. The chief will not dare to infringe the law by demanding more; and, on the other hand, the source of his unjust wealth once cut off, he will soon lose his credit and his surly haughtiness. The frequent spoliations of which the Christians have to complain will cease and be retrieved, because the registration will, we hope, also have the effect of determining property. It may be readily conceived that the Moquatadjis have little love for this measure, and have sought to obstruct and retard it: they instinctively resist the hand that is to overthrow them. But a matter not so easy to understand is, that the civilised power whose Agent is their patron, seems to defend the ancient and barbarous order of things, as if the preference accorded to the Druse involved the not wishing well to the Christian. France, who provoked this reform, shews herself, on the contrary, not less friendly to the Christians than to the Turkish government, who will both profit by it. A few chiefs in the Christian cantons, not possessed of patriotism enough to sacrifice individual advantage to the general benefit, will murmur, and even reproach us. But we must know how to put up with such partial and egotistical complaints when the mass is satisfied and approving; to content all the world—above all, men who are mere thews and sinews—is a thing impossible. The alternative would be to renounce action altogether.

The Porte has promised our ambassador to send engineers, and their head has already arrived at Beyrout. They are Prussians, a nationality that would seem to guarantee their impartiality in the task. But as long as the work is unfinished, we shall fear lest the feebleness of the Turkish government be arrested by apparent obstacles, raised up by the policy opposed to France and to Christian interests.

We will here reply to the objection put forward by this policy, the apologist of the existing state of things. "You assert," it is said, "that your

co-religionists are spoiled and oppressed by the Druses; but how is the thing possible? Have they not every guarantee that can be desired under the new administrative system established these two years by Chekib Effendi? In the first place, the majority, in the purely Christian districts, is self-governed, under a chief chosen from its own ranks,—a good and peaceful man, and zealous for his faith. If, in the mixed districts, the Pasha's lieutenant, or *Kaimakan*, is a Mussulman, he has a council that he must consult and follow; now, half the members of this council are Christians, and consequently have in their own hands the means of resisting the encroachment and injustice of the Druses."

We cannot deny that the theory of this system has somewhat in it equitable, impartial, and satisfactory. Our acknowledgments are due to the Porte on this score, for the proposition evinced a fresh and more enlightened interest, as regards the population of the Mountain, and manifested a deference to opinion, which had been alarmed by anarchy almost reduced to a system. But the practice is unfortunately very different. We refer to the mixed districts; the Emir Haidar, *Kaimakan* of the Christian, administers them with moderation and prudence, for he is defective only by natural timidity, sometimes verging on pusillanimity. In the first-mentioned districts the *Kaimakan* is a Druse turned Mussulman, and we know what that means. While satisfying the Turks by his public profession of Islamism, it is exceedingly probable that, at the bottom of his heart, he remains a disciple of the Caliph Hakembiamri, and of Hamzé, the great commentator on his doctrine. At least, he cannot throw off the sympathies of race; and if he exercises, as we are assured, an unbounded influence on the assembly over which he presides, it is much to be feared that Christian interests are badly represented there. It is all well enough that they have six delegates or commissioners, two for the Maronites, two for the United, and two for the non-United Greeks; but before the six other delegates of the Druse, Mussulman, and Metuali communities, these men have the timidity, and, we will be bold to say, the abject humbleness of Christians in general when brought face to face with Mussulmans. The subjection and humiliation of past centuries has extinguished in them, as it were, the character of manhood, and robbed the soul of that sentiment of liberty whence springs nobility and greatness. Fear, caution, and the compliances always resulting from a fundamental attachment to self-interest, render them full of scruples and dissimulation, and shrinkers from their duty. This failing might rather be expected in a country where the Christians were in the minority of strength and numbers; but that excuse cannot be offered. The Catholic judges are reported to be wanting in courage, independence, and equity; and, what is worse, to be sellers of justice. Yet these judges are said to be the most honest and most able class, and are selected by the Bishops. What, then, must we think of the rest?

The *richouet*, or gift of corruption, cursed by God in the Mosaic law, and so many times afterwards in the Psalms and by the Prophets—that secret and infamous premium that traffics with innocence, with honour, and with every right, is the endemic scourge of the East: leprosy and the plague have almost disappeared, but that

remains still to continue its ravages. A man is sure of no one in a trial; each party is self-accused, and too often with truth, of having bought the magistrate; the witnesses too are purchased; and, till very recently, a certain class of men publicly carried on throughout Turkey the lucrative profession of bearing false witness. The present Sultan has the merit of having issued several severe laws against this immorality, and of having rigorously repressed it. There is a sensible amelioration in the capital in this respect. The Pashas, for example, no longer hope to cover their malversations, by sharing with a member of the Ministry or of the Supreme Divan. But reform has not yet penetrated to the extremities of the empire; for that, we must set our hopes on the generation now growing up amid the ideas and under the discipline of a better education. It proves little in favour of the past, that the integrity of the Catholics is more vulnerable than the character of the Druses, which is preserved from such weaknesses by the energetic spirit of nationality that so firmly unites them. Thus, in 1845, when Father Thomas, a Capuchin missionary, was massacred and burnt by the Druses at the attack and pillage of the town of Abbeï, the investigation ordered for the discovery of the murderer, and the reward of 10,000 piastres (100*l.*) offered to the informer, produced no result.

LETTER IX.

Abuse of the Tribunal of Justice instituted in the Mixed Cantons—Remedy for the evil proposed.

THE Druses, then, abuse the preponderance assured to them in the tribunal of Chouefat, and take daily advantage of the denial of justice to the Christian. At one time, a field is resumed by an Emir at the price that was paid him twenty years before, without regard to the improvements that have increased its value, or to the successive debasement of the piastre; at another, a poor peasant is compelled to give up his property, under pretext of a certain right of *chefa*, or neighbourhood, signifying merely that it lies convenient for a Sheik or seigneur; or the usurpation is audacious, and the plundered owner has no other resource but flight or resignation. Does he wish to apply to the before-named tribunal? he must first ask the consent of the chief against whom he is going to complain. Grant it obtained, how, poor and weak, is he to triumph in a suit waged against the rich and powerful? should the judges be equitable, as has happened in one or two cases, and take the side of the oppressed, the decree cannot be executed without the assent of the losing Sheik. Will he have the self-denial to carry it out? That would be to hope too much from him: he might rather be expected to imitate the vengeance of a brother Moquatadji, who beat the farmer, and made him pay the costs of the process he had brought.

What is the remedy for such a disorder? We know but of one—an augmentation of the authority of the Pasha, whose divan, properly selected, might be a court of appeal and review. But, it will be asked, what becomes of the privileges of the Mountain? Privileges deserve that name only when they turn to the public advantage; otherwise, they are but evils and abuses. If, in former times, the Turkish Pasha did not interfere directly in the affairs of the Christians and Druses, he came to the same result by indirect and by-paths, which only added to the elements of dis-

cord. And besides, the functionaries that then came from Constantinople were not men of the new school of progress: they received no fixed emoluments—a thing sure to imply extortion and iniquity. The administrative law had not then participated in the improvements that assimilate it more each day to that of civilised governments. Besides, why should the Lebanon more insist on its ancient customs than Kurdistan or Albania? Did Brittany or Languedoc, with us, maintain them long against the central power? not that we are partisans or admirers of our centralisation, which has been pushed to an extreme by the Napoleon régime, with the aim of making all France discharge its functions with the mechanical regularity of a mere machine, to the prejudice of liberties intimately allied with conscience and the domestic hearth; but here there is nothing to fear of that kind. The direct action of the government respects the religion and the education of each community, and has no jurisdiction beyond the levying of taxes, and the support of justice and the police. Now it is incontestable, that it will cost the Christians less to pay their annual quota direct to the treasury, than to levy it by a second government—an indigenous one, if you like, but one with the fault of all governments, that it is no cheap bargain. With the sole proviso, that all this can be, and is, carried out, under the beneficent control of protective diplomacy, and without the introduction of an armed force, whose nationality and language, and still more whose belief, would at the outset be the cause or occasion of differences and conflicts. Let the Porte have a few battalions concentrated at some point, as at Deir-el-Kamar at present. That is no more than a right, and their presence might prevent collisions between the Christians and the Druses; but care must be taken lest the ignorant fanaticism of individual soldiers should urge them to a proselytism of corruption or threats, of which there have been instances; and under any circumstances it would be injurious to cover the Lebanon with troops, as in a country under military occupation. The Porte might employ the vigorous youth of the Mountain with advantage to them and to itself, and might entrust them with the internal police, under the command of their own chiefs: the duty would be discharged more vigorously, and at less expense.

A proof that the Christians in the mixed cantons would gain by putting themselves under the direct government of the Porte, is, that Deir-el-Kamar, the small city mentioned above, and the ancient residence of the Emirs, is much better off under its *Mutselim*, a kind of Ottoman sous-préfet; so much so, that the neighbouring towns long for the same fate. Compared with the rest of the country, which lies under the rod of Druse Moquatadjis, it resembles at this moment a city of refuge under the Old Law, or rather a free city of the middle ages, the asylum of those oppressed by feudality. The Porte feels that its interest is, to present to the population a contrast that shall be to its advantage, as a means of making its government desired, and of smoothing the transition to the new régime. In fact, the wish of all the communities consulted by us on this point is unanimous; they all ask to be placed under the Pasha of Beyrout,—the improved administration of the central power inspires them with so much more confidence than an unbridled

and lawless authority. And if the Porte, really desiring the progressive renovation of the empire, should enter on a broad plan of toleration and civil equality for all races, why may it not one day confide the administration of these provinces to a Christian Pasha? It would be doing an act of skilful policy, that would more closely attach to it the Christian population, and make them reparation for much injustice; and would, after all, be but imitating the example set by a Mahometan and neighbouring government, that of Persia. We are now supposing nothing impossible. It would be easy to arrive at such a result on the very day, for instance, when Christians, hitherto excluded from military service, should contribute, like Mussulmans, to the defence of their common country. Yet a sense of their true interest is so wanting to them, equally with courage, that we have several times seen them aghast at the vague rumour—but prophetic perhaps of some future day's fact—that they too were to be liable to the conscription. Instead of trembling, we told them, you should felicitate yourselves on escaping in this way from your degrading stagnation, and on carrying those arms that will make you respected. It must be added, however, in justification, that to their natural cowardice is united a laudable feeling for their faith, which causes them to dread an enrolment among fanatical Mahometans, where they might be harassed on account of their religion, and entrapped into apostasy. But so important a measure could not be adopted without friendly Christian council, nor without positive guarantees for liberty of conscience—in Turkey the most essential of all reforms, and the only one to render others possible and durable. Turkish good sense reassures us; and the chaplains already granted by the government to the Christians serving in the fleet, proves that it would not be difficult to obtain the same favour for the land forces. More than one Christian state might benefit by this example of respect for religion.

We must be just, and not exaggerate the faults imputed to the Ottomans. It must be admitted that the masses are still, from ignorance, strongly attached to the erroneous faith they profess; that Christianity, according to their prophet, is in their eyes a kind of idolatry, as regards a belief in the dogma of the most holy Trinity, and in the *dulia* of saints and images; and that a secret ardour for proselytism impels them to increase the number of Mahometans. It must, however, be also borne in mind, that the Government, connected with Christendom by various treaties, and anxious not to alienate the Christian moiety of its subjects, will never push a contempt for international rights, and a forgetfulness of its duties, to the point of undertaking the spread of Mahometanism in the Mountain by force and persecution. Such an act would be to retract all reform, and to hurl defiance on Europe. The author of the *Notice* before referred to has been led into error by reports representing the introduction of a more direct power of the Porte over the Mountain as an approach to *Mussulman unity*. Heaven be praised, there is no appearance of any such danger. We could wish the Catholics enjoyed as complete liberty and security in the exercise of their worship in very many Christian states of the West. Here they build and repair their churches without being compelled to wait for an authorisation; whoever chooses may open a

school, and we have more than once seen young Druses, seated among Greek and Maronite children, reading the Psalms, and respectful and docile to the instructing priest. Processions and pilgrimages are neither obstructed nor controlled; monasteries and religious orders are freely founded and freely supported; it never occurs to one man to annoy another in his mode of worshipping and praying to God; the Mahometan is accustomed to hear proclaimed from the minaret of the mosque five times each day—"Prayer is the most excellent of deeds." The precautions and the barriers invented in our Western communities against conscience and its manifestations, are an unknown incumbrance; and on this head, the Porte is a lesson and an example to our affectation of liberality. This remark naturally leads us to speak of the state of religion in the Lebanon.

DISCOVERY OF THE MATRIX OF BISHOP BEAUMONT'S MONUMENTAL BRASS IN DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

THE matrix of Bishop Beaumont's monumental brass has been lately discovered in Durham Cathedral. The stone was found in its original situation, turned wrong side up, and has been turned with the matrix uppermost. It has been a remarkably large brass, and one of the finest that ever existed in this country. The form of the figure, the gorgeous border round it, the angels using censers, and the legends, can be most distinctly traced.

This discovery is the more interesting, as we have on record two important documents serving to illustrate it.

The first document is the license granted by the prior and convent of Durham to their Bishop to be buried in their church. It is the first grant of the kind on record.

"Concessio quod Episcopus sepeliatur in ecclesia."

Venerabili in Christo Patri et Domino Domino Ludovico Dei gratia Episcopo Dunelmensi sui filii devotissimi Galfridus Prior Ecclesie Dunelmensis et ejusdem loci conventus salutem, cum omni qua possunt subjectiva promptitudine obedientie, reverentie, et honoris. Nostis cedit sensibus in suavitatis et delectationis augmentum vestre reverende paternitatis beneplacita semper devote suscipere ac illa prosequi reverenter cum ad hoc ex debito teneamur, vestre igitur complacentie piis animis et ferventibus adquiescere cupientes ut inter magno altare vestre Dunelm. et chorum in loco quem elegistis seu duxeritis eligendum, cum ab eo qui aufert spiritum principum subtracti fueritis ab hac luce, sine omni contradictione corpus vestrum cum honorificentia qua convenit tumuletur, nostrum consensum unanimiter tenore presentium impartimur. Paternitatem vestram in augmento pacis ad ecclesie vestre regimen diu dirigat et conservet clementia Salvatoris. In cujus rei testimonium sigillum commune capituli nostri presentibus est appensum. Data Dunelm. in capitulo nostro xviii. Kal. Januarii anno Domini millesimo ccc vicesimo."—*Reg. ii. f. 72. b.*

The second document explains all the details of the workmanship of the brass that filled the matrix, and the words of its legends:

"Ludovick de Bellomonte, Bishop of Durham, lieth buried before the high altar, in the quire, beneath the steps that go up to the said high

altar, under a most curious and sumptuous marble stone, which he prepared for himself before he died, adorned with most excellent workmanship of brass; wherein he was most excellently and lively pictured, as he was accustomed to sing or say Mass, with his mitre on his head, and his crozier's staff in his hand, with two angels very finely pictured, one on the one side of his head and the other on the other side, with censers in their hands, censuring him; containing most exquisite pictures and images of the twelve apostles, divided and bordered of either side of him; and next them is bordered, on either side of the twelve apostles, in another border, the pictures of his ancestors in their coat-armour, being of the blood-royal of France,—and his own arms of France, being a white lion, placed upon the breast of his vestment, beneath his verses of his breast, with fleurs-de-lys about the lion; two lions pictured, one under one foot, and another under the other, supporting and holding up his crozier's staff, his feet touching and standing upon the said lions; and other two lions beneath them, in the nethermost border of all, being most artificially wrought and set forth all in brass, marvellously beautifying the said through of marble. Wherein was engraven in brass such divine and celestial sayings of the Scripture which he had peculiarly selected for his spiritual consolation at such time as it should please God to call him out of his mortality; whereof some of them are legible to this day, as these that follow:

Epitaphium ejus.

In Gallia natus

De Bellomonte jacet hic Ludovicus humatus;
Nobilis ex fonte regum comitumque creatus;
Præsul in hac sede, cæli lætatur in æde.
Præteriens, siste, memorans quantus fuit iste,
Cælo quam dignus; justus, pius, atque benignus,
Dapsilis ac hilaris, inimicus semper avaris.

Super caput.

Credo quod Redemptor meus vivit, qui in novissimo
die me resuscitabit ad vitam æternam, et in carne mea
videbo Deum Salvatorem meum.

In pectore.

Reposita est hæc spes mea in sinu meo. Domine,
miserere.

Ad dexteram.

Consors sit sanctis Ludovicus in arce Tonantis.

Ad sinistram.

Spiritus ad Christum qui sanguine liberat istum.

Durham Rites, p. 13.

The brass was not removed nor the slab reversed prior to the year 1672. C. E.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEO.

THE two following letters were written by this great Saint to the rector of the English College at Rome, Padre Alfonso, of the Society of Jesus. By some means unknown they found their way, many years ago, to the residence of the Vicar Apostolic of the London District; but have long escaped all search, though they were known by Dr. Wiseman to be in existence. They have lately been discovered; and one of them is restored to the archives of the English College at Rome, and the other is preserved by Dr. Wiseman, as a relic of their holy author. They are

both signed by St. Charles under his title of Cardinal of St. Praxedes. A translation of them cannot fail to be interesting to our readers.

I.

MOST REVEREND FATHER,—Your letter was most welcome to me, describing as it did the affairs of England, as I am especially delighted to hear of the progress of our holy Catholic religion in a country so miserably torn and afflicted by heresies.

As to the scholars of the College who at this time are on their journey, be assured, most Reverend Father, that both they, and all others who shall come this way, shall be welcomed by me, and treated with all kindness and loving affection. And the priest of whom you speak shall be received with all the more satisfaction, because of the testimony borne by your Reverence to his distinguished virtue and goodness. Meanwhile, I pray for you from my heart that God would grant you every true blessing.

At your command,
THE CARDINAL OF ST. PRAEDES.

II.

MOST REVEREND FATHER,—I was very glad to see and entertain those English gentlemen who passed by here the other day, as was deserved by their virtues, and the cause for which they had undertaken that journey. If hereafter you should send any more such travellers to my house, be assured that I will endeavour to give them the most kind reception, and I shall be extremely happy to have an opportunity of practising to the Catholics of that nation that hospitality which is so becoming to a Bishop. In the mean time I most earnestly recommend myself to your prayers.—At your command,

THE CARDINAL OF ST. PRAEDES.
Milan, the last day of June, 1580.

FATHER JOSEPH PAHES OF SEVILLE.

FATHER JOSEPH PAHES, of the order of Friars Minor, lived for many years in a retired convent about three miles from Seville, in the midst of olive-groves, adjacent to a little village called Humbrete, the place of retirement of the Archbishops of Seville, and where St. Leander and St. Isidore sanctified their lives.

In the same convent it was, where that seraphic thau-maturgus, St. Francis Solano, prepared himself for his apostolic mission in the new world. If the shadow of St. Peter, through the will of God, cured the sick in the streets of Jerusalem, why may not those venerable walls, which yet still perhaps respond to the reverberating sound of the penitential *Miserere*, be an instrument in the hands of Him with whom nothing is impossible, not only to cure all earthly affections in Father Joseph Pahes, but also to fill his soul with that fire of divine love, so little known by the votaries of the world?

Father Joseph, thus secluded from the vanity of the world, made a rapid progress in heavenly wisdom, and soon became conspicuous for his humility and holy obedience.

On the suppression of convents and monasteries by the Spanish government, he went to Seville, where he obtained a humble cell in the college of St. Bonaventure, of the same order. In this his religious palace he could scarcely stand erect, or stretch his frame on his bed, not of repose, but of mortification, as it consisted of four planks, and a coarse woollen, or rather a hair-cloth, blanket. He soon attracted the esteem and veneration of the lukewarm as well as the fervent, of rich and poor, and even of all political parties during the national differences from 1819 until the day of death.

I have seen him (says our informant) in church, both kneeling and standing with his arms stretched in the form of a cross, when the adorable sacrament of the Eucharist was unveiled or exposed, apparently insensible to the multitude around him, his eyes perfectly open, and his face glowing with the effulgence of divine love, so that I really was afraid to remain looking at him for more than an instant. In walking through the streets he always kept his eyes modestly looking down, and scarcely saluted any one except when accosted, and then an unconscious smile of sweet complacency flushed his emaciated cheeks.

On the morning of his death, in February 1848, he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass without any apparent symptom of his approaching dissolution; but on his returning to the sacristy after having given thanks, he said to the priests present, *Voy a morir*; "I am going to die;" and without saying more he retired to his cell. The priests, in some astonishment, followed him. He reclined on his bed of penance, dressed in his habit, and they commenced a conversation on religious matters; but on a sudden he interrupted them, and in a mild yet audible voice, said, "Recommend my soul to God;" and thus took his flight to the mansions of eternal bliss.

The news circulated through the city that Father Pahes, the saint, was dead; and crowds of all classes flocked to see his mortal remains, and implored his intercession with the God of mercy.

His body was placed for three days in the church of St. Bonaventure, to satisfy the piety and veneration of the people, without the least mark of decay; and then enclosed in a lead coffin by the express orders and at the expense of the corporation of the city, and, as a particular privilege, was deposited in the church itself.

LEBLANC, THE FRENCH PAINTER.

FRENCH painting has just sustained a great loss in the person of M. Alexandre Leblanc, who died at Florence on September 16. Early impelled by an imperious calling, which acknowledged no other school but that of nature, Alexandre Leblanc, however, obtained the suffrages of the Academy by his picture of *Heloïse and Abelard*, which was crowned in 1815. At Rome, the sight of the Christian monuments determined the direction of his talents, which from that epoch were employed in fixing or reviving on the canvasses those sacred edifices of Italy of which the traveller carries away, alas! nothing but a fugitive image. What was most to his honour was, that, at a period which was still smitten with classical traditions, he attached himself without hesitation to those primitive basilicas, and those pure creations of religious architecture, of which modern science must sooner or later comprehend the mysteries, while it will render popular its beauties.

His first work was an *Interior of St. Paul's*, at Rome, the last, and perhaps the most perfect painting that may remain of this sanctuary that was destined to the flames. Later, he painted the *Cathedral of Sienna*, at the moment of the annual fête, in which a cavalier, armed *cap-à-pié*, enters the nave, accompanied by two long rows of young girls dressed in white, bearing in their hands the offerings of public piety. Nothing is wanting to the charms of this painting; the depth of the Gothic fabric, the brilliancy of the light which streams through the windows, and the artless simplicity of the spectators who tread the rich mosaic pavement, are all rendered with perfect truth. The national palaces at Paris have preserved these two interiors, which were bought by the French government.

Italy, however, kept the painter to herself: he could not detach himself from the mountains of Tuscany, whose scenes enchanted him. He successively painted the *Campo Santo* of Pisa, for M. Dukaila; the *Piazza of the Grand Duke* and the *Bridge of the Trinity*, for Count de Wélgorski; and the *Choir of the Church of Ognisanti* (All Saints) at Florence, and the *Cathedral of Prato*.

He was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour in 1838; and more than once, at the Louvre,

the people had pressed to see the works he had sent. The loss of a tenderly beloved son was soon to shorten so honourable a career. M. Leblanc could not resist the blow; and grief, anticipating age, has sent him to the grave in the midst of all the consolations of religion and of his own family. His friends in France, and those who are acquainted with the brilliancy and delicacy of his pencil, will be glad to learn that he has left in his studio a certain number of pictures and designs of great merit, which public taste will gather sooner or later, and which will ensure him an honourable position among his contemporaries.—*From L'Opinion Publique.*

THE HOLY SEE.

THE official organ of the Neapolitan Government, in its number of the 30th November, furnishes a narrative of His Holiness's departure from Rome, his arrival at Gaeta, and of what took place afterwards. Most of the journals have reproduced this narrative, in whole or in part, as from "our own correspondent." We present the principal portion to our readers, without assuming to denude the recital of its official character.

On the evening of the 24th of November, as had been agreed on, M. d'Harcourt, the French Ambassador, went to the Quirinal, as if to receive an audience from the Pope. Leaving the Ambassador in his apartments, so that the people about might think the interview was still going on, the Holy Father, in the dress of a simple priest, descended the staircase of the Swiss corridor, and got into the carriage of the Count de Spaur, the Bavarian Minister, which passed out at the great gate, and proceeded towards St. John Lateran. There a change of vehicles was made; and leaving Rome, the travellers took their course to the Valle della Riccia, where they found a post-chaise, and the Countess de Spaur [an English lady, formerly Mrs. Dodwell], with her attendants, waiting. Passing for a priest attached to the suite of the Count, the Holy Father continued his route at full speed, and on the 25th, at nine in the morning, reached Mola di Gaeta. His Holiness entered the Hotel Cicero without being recognised by any one. There he found, *incognito*, and expecting him, Cardinal Antonelli, who had set out from Rome in advance, with the Chevalier Arnau, the secretary to the Spanish Legation. After a brief rest, they all went on to the Hotel del Giardinetto, in the town of Gaeta, with the exception of the Count de Spaur, who continued his route to Naples. [Gaeta is divided into two districts: Mola di Gaeta, where the principal village is, and Gaeta itself, where the castle is situated.] On the 26th, the Tenare French war-steamer came in from Civita Vecchia, bringing the French Ambassador, the Portuguese Minister, the Baron de Venda-Cruz, Monsignore Stella, the Pope's chamberlain, and other persons.

The Count de Spaur arrived at Naples in the night, and immediately presented himself to the King, to whom he was introduced by Monsignore Garibaldi, the Apostolic Nuncio. He delivered to the King an autograph letter from His Holiness, informing the monarch of his arrival, and demanding hospitality for the head of the Catholic world. On opening the letter, the King was seized with joy and astonishment. Though the night was advanced, he gave orders for the immediate embarkation of a battalion of grenadiers of the guard and a battalion of the line on board the steam-frigates Tancredi and Roberti, to serve as His Holiness's guard. His Majesty himself, with the Queen and their royal highnesses the Count d'Aquila, the Count de Trapani, and the Infant Don Sebastian, embarked on board the Tancredi, and reached Gaeta in seven hours. Nobody there yet suspected the presence of the Pope. On landing, the King was received by Cardinal Antonelli, M. d'Harcourt, and the Spanish secretary; and it was resolved that the Holy Father should be privately conducted to the Governor's palace. This having been done, the august Sovereigns, with their family, also repaired there, and kissed the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff. It is impossible to describe this touching interview.

The King, prostrate before the Pope, rendered to God the liveliest expressions of thanks at seeing the Pontiff safe and unhurt, and his kingdom chosen as a refuge; and the Holy Father bestowed the Pontifical benediction on the whole royal family, and on the kingdom at large.

The Pope then invited the King and Queen and the royal Princes to his table; while Cardinal Antonelli entertained the French Ambassador, the Bavarian Minister and his lady, the Portuguese Minister, and other important personages, at another. Their Majesties withdrew after dinner, again receiving the Pope's blessing; and the King ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Nunziante and Major de Yongh to remain at Gaeta, at His Holiness's disposal.

On the 27th, the Pope's brother, Count Gabriel Mastai, with his son Count Louis, arrived at Gaeta; and after them the Abbé Rosmini, Princes Borghese and Doria, the Duke Salviati, and Professor Montarini; while Cardinal Patrizi and the Cardinal-Archbishop Riario-Sforza arrived from Naples. The Pope again entertained their majesties; and after dinner made his appearance at the balcony of his apartment, and gave his blessing to the people below, who had assembled in crowds before the palace. The multitude shed tears of emotion, and burst into acclamations of devotedness towards the Pontiff, mingled with cries of *Viva il Rè*.

On the morning of the 28th, the Pope expressed a wish to visit the Sanctuary of the Trinity, a little distance from Gaeta. The Pontiff entered the same carriage with the King and Queen, and, accompanied by the Royal Princes, Cardinals, Foreign Ministers, and all their suites, proceeded to the sanctuary. About half way the Pope left the carriage, all following his example; and, having ascended a hill which commands the city, from a house previously prepared, blessed the Sovereign and the troops. On arriving at the sanctuary, which is served by religious, the prior said Mass. The Holy Sacrifice being completed, His Holiness desired to bless the King with the most Holy Sacrament. Approaching therefore the altar, and kneeling, whilst all prostrate were awaiting the solemn benediction, the Sovereign Pontiff, seized with a supernatural transport, with angelic fervour uttered the following prayer:

"O Eternal God! my august Father and Lord, behold at thy feet thine unworthy Vicar, supplicating Thee with all his heart to pour upon him thy blessing from the height of the eternal throne on which Thou sittest. O God! direct his steps; sanctify his intentions; guide his spirit; govern his actions. Here, where Thou hast brought him in thine inscrutable ways, and in whatever part of thy fold he may find himself, make him a worthy instrument of thy glory and that of thy Church, now, alas, a mark for the arrows of thine enemies.

"If his life can be a holocaust acceptable to thine heart, to appease the wrath justly excited by so many indignities committed in word, in writing, and in deed, from this moment he consecrates it to Thee. Thou didst give it to him, and to Thee alone belongs the right of taking it away whensoever it shall please Thee. But, O God! let thy glory triumph, let thy Church be victorious. Stablish the good, hold up the feeble, and let the arm of thine omnipotence awake all them that lie in darkness and in the shadow of death.

"Bless, O Lord! the Sovereign here prostrate before Thee; bless his consort and his family; bless all his subjects, and his faithful and honourable soldiers. Bless, together with the Cardinals, all the Bishops and clergy, that all may perfect, in the peaceful paths of thy law, the righteous work of the sanctification of thy people; so that we may hope not only to be delivered from the snares of the wicked, and the toils of sinners, here in this mortal pilgrimage, but also to rest our feet in a place of everlasting security, *Ut hic et in aeternum, Te auxiliante, salvi et liberi esse mereamur.*"

All who were present returned to Gaeta with their hearts softened and exalted.

On the 29th there arrived Cardinal Macchi, Dean of the Sacred College; and the King and Queen, with the royal princes, took leave of the Sovereign Pontiff, and returned to Naples.

The Protest that follows bears date the 28th.

"Pope Pius IX. to his well-beloved subjects.

"The outrages lately committed against our person, and the declared intention of carrying them further (which may God prevent by inspiring men's minds with sentiments of humanity and moderation), have compelled us to withdraw for the time from our children and subjects, whom we have always loved, and continue to love.

"Among the reasons that have induced us to take this determination—how painful to our heart God is a witness—one of the most weighty has been the necessity of preserving entire liberty in the exercise of the supreme authority of the Holy See. The Catholic world might reasonably have concluded, under existing circumstances, that we were impeded in the free exercise of spiritual authority. If these outrages have been a source of great bitterness to ourselves, that bitterness is increased beyond measure when we think of the stain of ingratitude contracted in the face of Europe and the world by a band of froward men, and above all when we reflect on that mark which the wrath of God has already set on their souls, who sooner or later carries into effect the punishments decreed by his Church.

"In the ingratitude of our children we recognise the hand of the Lord, who chasteneth us, and willeth that we should expiate our own sins and the sins of the people. But, as on the fatal evening of the 16th November, and on the next morning, we protested verbally before the diplomatic corps, who formed a court of honour about us, and contributed greatly to fortify our soul, so we cannot refrain, without betraying our duties, from solemnly protesting before the whole world that we have had to undergo unprecedented and sacrilegious violence. We desire, then, solemnly to repeat this day that protest against the violence that has been done towards us, and we further declare that all the acts resulting from that violence are null, illegal, and invalid.

"The sad truth and protest we have just expressed are wrested from our lips by men's malice and by our own conscience, by which we have been powerfully impelled, under existing circumstances, to the discharge of our duties. Nevertheless, we confide in the Most High that the continuance of these evils may be abridged, and that it will be permitted us, when we pray and beseech the Almighty to turn away his wrath, to begin our prayer in the words of the holy prophet and king: *Memento, Domine, David, et omnis mansuetudinis ejus.*

"Anxious, however, not to leave the government of our estates without a head at Rome, we appoint a Commission of Government, composed of the persons whose names follow:—The Cardinal Castracane, Monsignore Roberto Roberti, Prince di Roviano, Prince Barberini, Marquis Bevilacqua di Bologna, Marquis Ricci di Macerata, Lieutenant-General Zucchi.

"In confiding to this Commission of Government the temporary direction of public affairs, we recommend tranquillity and the maintenance of order to all our children and subjects.

"Finally, we desire and command that daily and earnest prayers be offered to God for our humble person, and for the restoration of peace to the world, especially to our estates, and to Rome, where our heart will always be, in whatever part of Christ's fold we may sojourn. And as is the especial duty of the High Priest, we ardently invoke the great Mother of mercy, the Immaculate Virgin, and the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, that, as is our earnest prayer, the wrath of Almighty God may be turned away from the city of Rome and the whole Roman States.

"PIUS PAPA IX.

"Given at Gaeta, the 27th day of November, 1848." His Holiness has addressed two letters to General Cavaignac since his arrival at Gaeta, thanking him for his proffered hospitality. In the second, the Holy Father reverts to a subject mentioned in the first, viz. the probability of a visit to France. His words are: "And here my heart feels it necessary again to assure you that a favourable opportunity will not be wanting for me to bestow the Apostolic benediction on the great and generous French family with my own hand."

The Sovereign Pontiff has nominated Cardinal An-

tonelli Pro-Secretary of State, who is henceforward charged with all the correspondence with the different parts of Christendom. All official communications concerning the affairs of the Church or the Holy See are therefore to be addressed to Gaeta, and not to Rome.

His Holiness has addressed Briefs to all the Sovereign Powers, including those not Catholic, containing a copy of his Protest of the 27th November. In the Brief addressed to the Chief of the French Executive he stigmatises "the unprecedented outrage of which he has been the victim as the result of a criminal conspiracy, devised by most perverse workers of disorder." He states, "that in the midst of his bitterest sufferings one of his principal anxieties has been his temporal sovereignty, as well as the rights and patrimony of St. Peter, consecrated by the law of nations, and specially guaranteed by the glorious and constant tradition of France." He expresses his conviction, that "the Governments will not allow him to wait long for their generous assistance."

It is announced that the Holy Father will hold a Consistory at Gaeta from the 15th to the 20th December.

The report at first current that the Pope had proceeded to Malta appears not to have been without a very probable foundation. The *Presse* has a letter written from Rome on the 26th November by a Roman Prelate, from which the following is an extract:—"Some months ago, foreseeing the present catastrophe, Pius IX. had cast his eyes on Malta, with the idea of transferring the Holy See thither provisionally. Cardinal Ferretti was deputed by the Pope to proceed to Malta with this object. His Eminence's report being favourable, the Sovereign Pontiff came to a decision, and immediately after the events of the 16th November, the Pope confidentially warned the Cardinals to withdraw in the mean while to the celebrated Convent of Monte Cassino (in the kingdom of Naples), from whence they might rejoin him, if God vouchsafed to protect his flight. . . . A weighty motive in inducing the Pope to establish the Holy See provisionally at Malta was, the necessity of quiet and reflection for the due care of the interests of the Church, which Pius IX. sets far above his temporal power. . . . P.S.—I forgot to tell you that at the moment of quitting Rome Pius IX. left a Brief in the hands of the Cardinal-Vicars, commanding the members of the Sacred College, that if the Almighty should demand the life of the present Pope as a holocaust for the crimes of which Italy is now the blood-stained theatre, they should hold the conclave at Malta for the election of the new Pontiff."

Looking at the important position the writer has been chosen to fill, the following letter, addressed to the Pope's Nuncio, is a document of very great interest:

"Monseigneur,—I am anxious you should not attach any credit to reports tending to connect me with the conduct pursued at Rome by the Prince of Canino. It is long since I had any kind of relation with the eldest son of Lucien Bonaparte; and I deplore with all my soul that he has not felt the maintenance of the temporal sovereignty of the venerable Head of the Church to be intimately linked with the well-being of Catholicism, as well as with the liberty and independence of Italy. Accept, Monseigneur, the assurance of my high esteem.

"LOUIS-NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE."

MONSIGNORE PALMA.—This deeply-lamented prelate was a Roman priest of remarkable knowledge and exemplary piety. He had been successively Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Roman College, at the Roman Seminary, at the College of the Propaganda, and lastly at the Sapienza University. He was a member of the Theological College of Rome, Theologian to the Apostolic Datary, and Canonist to the Holy Penitentiary. For thirty-five years he held the most important post in the Propaganda. He it was who corresponded directly with all the Catholic missions throughout the world, and who was charged with the direction of their affairs. Pius IX., who had a high esteem for this holy and learned priest, had appointed him his Privy Chamberlain, and Secretary for Latin Letters to the Holy See, which is one of the most important and honourable situations in the Apostolic Palace. Not-

withstanding the numerous duties of his offices, Monsignore Palma still found time to devote himself to every duty of the pastoral ministry. He confessed the poor, visited the sick, and particularly addressed himself to the direction of the young. He was in his fifty-sixth year when he was struck by a bullet, which deprived the Roman Church and the Holy Father of a most faithful and eminent servant.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

THE REV. J. J. REEVES, of St. Mary's, Chelsea, died on Friday, the 8th December. He was attacked by influenza, after saying his Mass on the preceding Sunday, at nine o'clock. It may be mentioned that he was remarkable for his devotion to our Blessed Lady, and that his last words were, "O Immaculate Heart of Mary! help me in my agony."

THE REV. ANTONIO MARIA HERRERA, who first opened the now prospering mission of Saffron Hill, died on the 28th October, at Bayonne, within sight almost of his native Spain, whither he was going to recruit his shattered health.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The name of Edward Gilpin Bagshawe, of St. Mary's, Oscott, stands first in classics in the examination for honours which has just taken place.

GRAVESEND.—This mission is in an exceedingly precarious state. The present pastor, the Rev. A. Ritort, having patiently endured many privations during the last four years, has been frequently obliged to apply to his own relations in Spain for the means of subsistence, as the receipts at the chapel were scarcely adequate to meet the necessary expenses of the public worship. As he cannot persevere in this course, the mission must necessarily be discontinued, to the very serious privation of the Catholic inhabitants of Gravesend, with a considerable inconvenience to many families who occasionally visit this pleasant retreat from London during the summer months, unless he meets with efficient and permanent encouragement.

LANCASHIRE.—In a short time, schools for the education of children in connexion with the Catholic Church will be erected on all the principal estates belonging to Charles Towneley, Esq., of Towneley Hall, in this county. There will be three in the immediate neighbourhood of Burnley, and three or four more in the townships of Habergham Eaves, Cliviger, Worsthorne, and Hapton. Mr. Towneley gives the sites, and will also contribute liberally towards the building-fund. Lady Caroline Towneley has also directed that the Catholic Sunday-school at Burnley Wood shall be immediately opened as an infant school, under her own patronage, and at her sole expense.

LIVERPOOL.—The new Catholic church in Salisbury Street, Liverpool, dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, was opened on the 4th December. The architect is Mr. Scholes of London, and the work has been superintended by Mr. Hildick of Liverpool. The building, says the *Liverpool Journal*, is in the style of the early decorated period, and is erected of blue limestone, hammer-dressed and coursed—the quoins, tracery, &c. being of beautiful freestone. It is 150 feet long by 60 feet wide. The nave is 50 feet wide, and the side aisles 15 feet wide each. The roof is supported on each side of the aisle by seven pillars of beautiful polished Drogheda limestone. Although the weight which the pillars have to support is great, such is the quality of the stone, that the diameter necessary is only two feet. The pillars rest on circular pedestals, and have ornamented capitals of freestone. The roof, which is of oak panelling, is fifty feet in height. The body of the church is lighted by means of eighteen windows. At the north end of the nave there is a splendid window, with stone frame-work, handsomely carved. At the top of this there is also a

window, in the form called St. Catherine's wheel; and the whole of the gables are finished with beautiful crosses, richly carved in stone. The chancel, at the south end, is lighted with three large windows. The interior walls are of dressed freestone, and at the east side there are fourteen small apartments or vestries, to be used as confessionals. At the north-west corner there will be a gallery for the choir, and an organ will be fitted up. The church is calculated to hold from 1500 to 1800 persons. At the north-west corner stands an immense square tower, eighty feet in height. The top is finished with open tracery or battlements, and here the spring of the spire commences. The spire will also be eighty feet in height, but its erection will be delayed for some time. The principal front is in Salisbury Street. The ceremony of opening the church took place on the Feast of St. Xavier; the solemn consecration of the building being deferred till next summer. Bishop Brown celebrated the solemn service of Mass, and the Very Rev. W. Cobb preached an eloquent sermon on the life, labours, and virtues of the great Saint to whom the church is dedicated. The sermon after Vespers was delivered by the Rev. R. Lythgoe. The clergymen appointed to the mission are the Reverends F. West, Jos. Johnson, and R. O'Carroll.

NORTHWICH.—This ancient town belongs to the large and struggling mission of Crewe, which extends over a district of seventeen miles, and comprises no fewer than five towns, viz. Nantwich, Crewe, Sandbach, Middlewich, and Northwich, exclusive of numerous villages. The pastor presiding over this extensive mission is the Rev. Martin Broadrick, and it is to his exertions that the Catholics of Northwich are indebted for their present neat and commodious place of worship. Having understood that the remaining term of the lease of a Primitive Methodist chapel, of which eighty-four years are still unexpired, was to be disposed of, he strained every nerve to accomplish its purchase, and though there were great difficulties in the way, he overcame them, and succeeded in procuring the place, which will only cost about 130*l.*, the necessary repairs included. Sunday, the 19th November, being the day fixed for the opening of the chapel (which was blessed the preceding evening), the ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Hall of Macclesfield. The congregation is principally composed of poor emigrants, and 55*l.* is yet wanting to defray the expense of the purchase and repairs.

THE ORATORIANS.—During the mission lately given by the Fathers of the Oratory at Lane End, in the Staffordshire Potteries, the number of confessions amounted to nearly 800, and twenty Protestants have been converted. Since the Oratory has been established in England, at the beginning of the present year, by His Holiness, the Fathers have received nearly a hundred persons into the Church, whom they have also instructed in the Catholic faith. In addition to these labours they are training upwards of twenty novices.

THE REV. HENRY NORRINGTON.—We have the melancholy duty, says the *Yeovil Times*, of announcing the death of the Rev. Henry Norrington, of the Catholic chapel, Axminster, on Friday, December 8th, at Terrace Lodge, the residence of Henry Knight, Esq. The deceased gentleman had been labouring under a disease of the brain and an affection of the throat, rendering him, for some time previous to his death, unable to swallow. The event has cast a gloom over the town, where the deceased was universally and deservedly respected, his kind and affable disposition endearing him to every one. His literary acquirements were of the first order, and he was ever ready, apart from his religious duties, to disseminate his valuable knowledge for the improvement and benefit of others. His loss will be not only felt by his own immediate acquaintance and friends, but by the whole town and neighbourhood. R.I.P.

COATBRIDGE.—This village is about eight miles distant from Glasgow, in an easterly direction. The locality in which it is situated is one vast mineral field;

every "knowe" has its iron-work or coal-shaft. The district is densely populated, chiefly by the humbler class, many of whom are Irish emigrants; and the Catholic population is estimated at about 5000. Up to the day of the opening of St. Patrick's they had no place for religious worship, save a hall used by them on Sundays as a chapel, and as a school-house the remaining days of the week. The edifice was commenced in last April, under the auspices of the Rev. M. O'Keefe, under whose spiritual jurisdiction this mission has been for the last eighteen months; and connected with it are a presbytery and school-room. On Sunday, the 26th November, St. Patrick's was appointed to be opened for Divine service. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the congregation assembled on the occasion comprised a great number of the respectable Catholics of Glasgow, and other distant districts. The ceremony of blessing the chapel being over, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Murdoch, the Rev. Mr. Hanley serving as assistant-priest; the Rev. J. Smith, of Hamilton, as deacon; the Rev. M. O'Keefe, incumbent of the mission, as sub-deacon; and the Rev. W. Gordon, of St. Andrew's, Glasgow, as master of the ceremonies. After the last Gospel, his Lordship delivered a most eloquent and impressive discourse, appropriate to the occasion.

THE NEW QUEEN'S COLLEGES in Belfast, Cork, and Galway, are to be opened in October next. The buildings of the northern college at Belfast are completed, and those of Galway and Cork will be finished before the time fixed for the opening. Two of the principals, Sir Robert Kane and the Rev. Dr. Henry, have been in London, and have had interviews with some members of the Cabinet on the subject of the arrangements connected with the colleges. There are to be twenty professors in each college. The professors in the six following branches are to have 250*l.* per annum each: the Greek language, the Latin language, history and English literature, logic and metaphysics, mathematics, natural philosophy. In the five following branches the salary is fixed at 200*l.*: chemistry, anatomy and physiology, natural history, modern languages, mineralogy and geology, and curatorship of museum. In jurisprudence and political economy, English law, civil engineering, and agriculture, each of the four professors is to have a salary of 150*l.* In each of the following five branches the salary of the professor is to be 100*l.*: Irish language, practice of medicine, practice of surgery, materia medica, and midwifery; but all the professors will be entitled to receive, in addition to the fixed salary, the regulated class-fees, to be paid by the students attending the lectures. The rules for study and examination to qualify for degrees in the Queen's University in Ireland have been prepared. In each of the colleges there will be forty-five junior scholarships, of the value of 30*l.* each, which are to be awarded, after matriculation, by special examiners, to the most distinguished candidates. There are also to be senior scholarships, of the value of 50*l.* each, as rewards for proficiency in certain departments of science and literature. Candidates for matriculation will be required to undergo an examination in English grammar and composition, ancient history, ancient and modern geography, the Greek and Latin languages, the fundamental rules of arithmetic, and the first principles of geometry and algebra. The under-graduate course in arts will occupy three collegiate sessions, on completing which the student will be admitted to examination for the degree of A.B. from the Queen's University in Ireland. Candidates for the degree of A.M. will be required to continue their studies for one year after having proceeded to that of A.B. A vast number of candidates for professorships have sent in their applications to the Irish Government.

SINGAPORE.—Died, on the 13th July last, the Rev. John Tschu, a Chinese Catholic Priest, after a few days' illness, at the age of sixty-five years. The *Singapore Free Press* gives the following brief sketch of his life:—

The Rev. John Tschu was born in the province of Canton, of a respectable Chinese Christian family, his father being a literate mandarin. He was, whilst young, sent by a French missionary to the college established at Pinang for the education of native priests. Having completed his studies, he began his sacred ministry by opening, as a catechist, a mission among the Chinese in the island of Batukawan, close to Pinang. He was afterwards sent to Siam, where he opened another mission, which has become very flourishing. The Bishop of the mission, the Right Rev. Dr. H. Courvez, seeing how great was his zeal for the propagation of the faith, ordained him a priest in 1838, and sent him to Singapore in the following year, that he might put the Chinese mission in this place on a good footing. During his stay of nine years at Singapore, he has with great zeal and much success preached the Christian religion to his countrymen, and baptised many of them. The Rev. John Tschu was a well-informed man, thoroughly versed in all Chinese sciences, most skilled in teaching and preaching religion to the Pagans, and so amiable in all his demeanour that he was loved and revered by all those who knew him. His loss has, therefore, been much felt, and the many tears which were shed on the day of his funeral shewed how much the good priest was held in veneration.

FOREIGN.

FRANCE.—The *Moniteur* of the 7th December announced the appointment of the Abbé Jaquemot, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Paris, to the Bishopric of Nantes, in place of M. de Hercé, resigned. The *Alliance* of Nantes is delighted with this appointment. The Abbé Jaquemot, it says, possesses personal qualifications particularly adapted to the elevated post which he is called on to occupy. Still in the prime of life (about forty-five), notwithstanding an appearance of delicate health, he joins great activity to an experience matured by long acquaintance with business. Several ecclesiastics of this diocese were his fellow-students at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, where he studied theology. Successively Vicar-General of the Dioceses of La Rochelle and Aix, where he followed Monsignor Bernet, since a Cardinal, he was called by Monsignor Affre in 1842, to be first Grand-Vicar of Paris, and the greatest portion of the administration of the diocese had latterly devolved on him. It will be remembered that he accompanied the Archbishop to the barricades of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and received several balls in his hat. We owe a lively gratitude to our venerable Bishop, Monsignor de Hercé, that in unison with the profound self-negation which has characterised the whole course of his episcopate, he has assured to us a successor according to God's own heart, and placed his Church above the difficulties always inseparable from a vacant see.

There have been reports for a long time of a union of the Congregations of the Holy Spirit and the Holy Heart of Mary. Having both the same object, they felt the necessity of uniting their strength to carry out the holy work intrusted to their zeal with greater ease and success. The two societies are at length definitively united, and are to form henceforward but one congregation, entitled, "The Congregation of the Holy Spirit under the invocation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary." Monsignor Monnet, the former Superior-General, having been appointed to the Apostolic Vicariate of Madagascar, and having therefore resigned, the members have unanimously elected the Abbé Liebermann to fill that office.

On the 30th November, the Cathedral of Strasbourg was the scene of an imposing solemnity. The Abbé Kobès, a young Alsatian priest, was consecrated Bishop of the Two Guineas, by Monsignor Röss, Bishop of Strasbourg, assisted by the Bishops of Nancy and Saint Dié.

The solemn inauguration of the Roman Liturgy in the Cathedral of St. Brieuc took place on All Saints' Day. The *Bretagne* says:—Ten Breviaries and as many Missals divided our Churches, and the same men who treated the architecture of our ancient cathedrals as

barbarous, proclaimed that the liturgical books of Rome were not on a level with our religious civilisation! The Archbishop of Tours made some efforts, in 1780, to re-establish in this diocese *uniformity of worship, that image of the unity of the Church*; but his Suffragans, whose predecessors had taken no heed of the regulations of the Council of Tours (1583), which prescribed the use of the Roman Breviary of St. Pius V., naturally considered themselves authorised not to submit to the liturgical authority of their Metropolitan. The Bishops of Angers and Mans determined to keep to their own books; Nantes decided on the Poitevin Liturgy; Rennes alone embraced the custom of the metropolis; but still received the Tours books only in its cathedral, declaring the Roman Liturgy obligatory in the rest of the diocese, as of old. "We hold to Rome only by a thread; it does not become us to break it," wrote the Bishops of St. Pol de Léon and St. Malo to the Archbishop of Tours, faithful, like their colleague of Cornouailles, to the ancient Liturgy of Rome. Vannes and St. Brieuc preserved the Parisian Liturgy, which had been lately introduced; but in the latter diocese an immense majority of parishes refused to adopt the new customs. In 1791, of one hundred and thirty churches, France counted more than eighty that had abjured the Roman Liturgy. During the Empire, no new liturgical composition was published for the use of any particular diocese. But the Restoration brought with it numerous Breviaries, Missals, and Rituals, reprinted, corrected, recast, and repolished. The epidemic lasted even to the year 1835, when the united Bishoprics of St. Paul-Aurélien and St. Koréntin, whom their situation at the extremity of *Pen-ar-bad* had till then saved from the disease, saw a Breviary intruded upon them, to take the place which the Roman had occupied in those churches from the date of the Council of Tours. St. Brieuc, where the Roman Liturgy had been re-established by Bishop Jacob in 1792, was compelled to submit in 1808 to a new invasion of the Parisian. But four-fifths of the parishes in the diocese adhered to the Roman Missal, and this state of things had not changed in 1846, when Monsignor Lemée, our venerable Bishop, "considering a simple desire expressed by the Vicar of Jesus Christ as an order which he should hasten to obey," re-established among us the ancient Liturgy that had reigned in this *land of obedience* for so many generations, and which, to borrow the language of the illustrious Bishop of Langres, "is not only the most ancient, but also the most universal, the most immutable, and the most complete of Liturgies."

The Archbishop of Paris has issued a circular to his clergy, for the purpose of forming a General Association of Charity, with the view of regulating and extending Christian charity, and of uniting all the good institutions at present in existence, for their mutual support and development. There is to be an association for each parish, and a Council-general, under the presidency of the Archbishop.

A new society has been formed at Paris under the title of the Polynesian Society, for the service of Catholic missions. A vessel has been fitted out by subscription for the southern fishery, and the profits are to go to the benefit of the Church. Of the three years which each expedition is to last, one alone is to be spent in the fishery, and the other two will be devoted to visiting the different islands in the Pacific, and in the conveyance and protection of missionaries. In recommendation of the design, it is enough only to cite the Briefs addressed by the Propaganda and the Sovereign Pontiff to M. G. Radow, who commenced the undertaking, and will himself take the command of the first expedition. A Brief, dated the 18th May, authorises M. Radow to name his vessel "The Pius IX." Vice-Admiral Cecille is one of the committee.

SWITZERLAND.—The Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva has been set at liberty under the penalty of banishment. The resolutions adopted by the delegates from Berne, Fribourg, Vaud, Neuchâtel, and Geneva, as given in our last number, were communicated to the Bishop

on the 9th December, with a demand to know in what country the exile intended to reside. The following was the Bishop's reply:—

"From the Prison of the Castle of Chillon,
10th December, 1848.

"To Monsieur Delarageaz, Councillor of State, and President of the Department of Justice and Police at Lausanne.

"Monsieur le Conseiller.—I have been arrested, carried off, imprisoned, and detained a prisoner for nearly seven weeks, without having been heard, without trial, and without judgment. I have demanded a trial and a judgment; that act of justice has been refused me. I am now to be banished from my country and my diocese, contrary to the principles of justice and to the federal and constitutional guarantees that protect the liberties and rights of citizens, and without respect for the ideas and guarantees of religious liberty. I shall submit to this closing outrage, protesting, as I do again protest, as a Swiss citizen, as a Catholic, and as Bishop of this diocese, against the violation of my rights. Not being free, I can come to no determination as to the asylum I shall choose. Consequently, I shall suffer myself to be conducted to whatever frontier of the diocese it may be thought convenient to fix on. The shorter the road, the more to my satisfaction. Accept, Monsieur le Conseiller, the assurance of my consideration.

✠ STEPHEN MARILLEY,

Bishop of the Diocese of Lausanne and Geneva."

At two o'clock in the morning of the 13th, the Préfet of Vevey, attended by an officer, conveyed the Bishop to the French frontier, and there left him, in the parish of Divonne.

We subjoin a few other extracts relative to what has lately been passing in Switzerland.

The Grand Council of the Canton of Vaud has passed a vote of thanks to the Council of State for its conduct in the late events at Fribourg, and by a very large majority rejected the proposition of M. Longchamp, requiring the Grand Council to put an end to the state in which the Vaudois Catholic Church was placed in consequence of the arrest of its Bishop. The author of this proposition, says the *Courrier Suisse*, accompanied it with a few appropriate and very moderate remarks; and there was nothing in the words of the only Catholic Deputy of the Assembly, nor in his motion, to justify the heat of the Préfet Bachelard. The latter violently denounced the deposed Bishop as having preached rebellion in the canton of Vaud, "not, it is true, from the elevation of the pulpit, because," exclaimed the orator, "he might have found it turned into a lamp-post for him." This abominable phrase called forth the exclamations of a part of the Assembly, and an energetic protest from M. Pellis. Bachelard, however, refused to retract it, and even added, that if the thing had so happened, it would have been well done.

The following is from the *Observateur* of Geneva:—
On the 24th November, the Grand Council of the Canton of the Valais, by a tolerably large majority, suppressed the establishment of the Grand-Saint-Bernard. This act crowned the ordinary session of the month of November. Thus this establishment, founded for an object essentially identified with humanity, and excellently administered; an establishment which had been the admiration of Europe for ages; an establishment where young priests, models of every virtue, gave themselves up to the exercise of the most heroic charity; an establishment that had weathered so many storms, and which the iron arm of the mighty emperor had respected and even fostered; an establishment where the weary traveller found a generous asylum ever open;—this establishment has fallen under the destructive hammer of men who have ever in their mouths sounding phrases of "enlightenment," "progress," and "humanity;" but who are in reality mere barbarians, rioting in the vitals of Christianity. By this act of cruelty these worthy religious, who lived but for their brethren, who were devoted to acts of the most sublime charity, will find themselves houseless at the beginning of winter, and reduced to knock at the doors of their already plundered fellows. And what is the motive that determined the Grand Council to vote this suppression? It complains of the ingratitude of these obstinate religious! Indignant Europe will decide where lies the ingratitude.

The anti-Catholic persecution has extended to the canton of the Grisons. When, a year ago, a federal army was assembled to put down the Sonderbund, the Catholics of this canton refused to march against their co-religionists, and the cantonal government, doing justice to the feeling, dispensed with their services. This is all over now. Under the influence of triumphant Radicalism, the Government has ordered proceedings against the Communes, as well as against the individuals, who abstained from taking part in that fratricidal war. Several Catholics have lately been arrested on this charge, and brought before the tribunals, who have condemned some in heavy fines, and others to imprisonment and hard labour.

SPAIN.—An association has been formed to extend Catholic missions in the islands of the Gulf of Guinea, and in all the Spanish possessions beyond sea where unbelievers are to be found. In some islands, as Fernando Po and Annabon, it is intended to found colonies as well as to preach the faith of Jesus Christ. The project only waits for Government sanction.

UNITED STATES.—The Archbishop of Baltimore has issued a circular to his people on the subject of education. He condemns the education of Catholic youth in seminaries or colleges where they are exposed to the companionship of youth educated in other religious creeds. The corner-stone of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Ohio, was laid on the 22d October.

Historic Chronicle.

A POWERFUL party, and the only really assailable party in the English political world, may be said to have already paraded their *cheval de bataille* for the next parliamentary session. Birmingham claims to itself the honour of passing the Reform Bill; Manchester vaunts itself as the metropolis of Free Trade; Liverpool, half-conscious of being eclipsed by the glories of her sisters, is burning to be the *alma mater* of Financial Reform. Her export of "political capital" was not, however, thriving. Unused to her new line, she had fallen into a petty and retail mode of displaying her ware; till Richard Cobden volunteered the aid of his matured experience, and, in a letter to the Liverpool Financial Reform Association, pointed

out the necessity of a "plan which should commit those politicians of all shades who now join in the demand for 'economy and retrenchment,' to some practical measure worth contending for;" "for simplicity of object is above all things necessary to the success of a public agitation." He advises them to take the "expenditure of 1835" as the motto for their banner, which will effect a reduction of 10,000,000*l.* on the next year's budget. He urges "emphatically, that all hope of any material relief from taxation hinges upon the question of a large reduction in the cost of the army, the navy, and ordnance;" and he is "prepared to contend for changes in our foreign, colonial, and domestic policy, calculated to facili-

tate a reduction in the amount of our armaments." To effect this reduction, there must be a complete change in our colonial system: "give the colonists that which is their birthright—the control over their expenditure, and the administration of their own local affairs, and they will be willing, as they are perfectly able, to bear all the cost of their own civil and military establishments." But a million and a half is also to be gained by imposing the probate and legacy duty upon real estate, the exemption from which is "an offensive and costly aspect of aristocratic privilege." Having, then, eleven millions and a half of disposable surplus revenue, the duty on tea is to be reduced to one shilling per lb.; and the duty on timber and wood, and that on butter, cheese, and upwards of one hundred items of the Customs, is to be wholly taken off. Under the head of Excise, we are to be relieved from the taxes on malt, hops, soap, and the window duties. The true middle-class spirit that pervades the document peeps out unmistakably in the mention of tobacco—"a very strong case, but it involves so large an amount of revenue that I could not include it." Now this is, perhaps, the sole article enumerated with which a Chancellor of the Exchequer might deal hopefully, in the idea of making up for reduction by increased consumption. It is almost the only article in which a contraband trade still flourishes; and where a reduction of duty would work wonders, if it did no more than bring the entire consumption into the "Queen's locker." Mr. Cobden and the school to which he belongs remain lamentably unconscious that the problem now pressing on thinking minds is, not so much the creation as the distribution of wealth.

The Government, however, are taking time by the forelock, and are busied in making large curtailments in the civil establishments. The Stamps and Taxes and the Excise have been consolidated under one general board of Internal Trade. The Commissioners are to be reduced from twelve to seven, and an immense number of clerks and *employés* have been cut off. The Irish expenditure will also be reduced, it is rumoured, by consolidating some of the establishments with the offices in London from which they depend, and by enforcing strict economy in all.

A most important memorial has been presented to Lord Clarendon from the Catholics of Ireland against the exclusion of Catholics from juries on political trials. The memorial bore 41,000 signatures, including those of seven Prelates, twenty-six ecclesiastical dignitaries, and the presidents and professors of four Catholic colleges. In his reply, Lord Clarendon denied any "studied design of excluding Roman Catholics as such from the juries;" and asserted that it was the duty of the public prosecutor to exclude all members of certain associations, and all known supporters of their principles. As regarded the Sheriff, it was wholly without the province of the Government to give instructions to that officer. After all, the main fact is not denied, but rather admitted, that the Government is obliged to pack juries to obtain a conviction in its political trials. Whether with regard to men's religious or other opinions, if this practice is adopted against the majority of a nation, it should be taken as a most serious warning, that the whole social condition of that nation is in a most unsound state, and tottering to its fall. This unsound condition is

being daily evinced by the most mournful proof of all—every cultivator, of small capital, is quitting the soil, to seek that recompense for his cost and labour across the ocean which is denied him at home. Vast tracts of land will be left uncultivated, and the Irish landlord remains not only without rent but without a tenant, to provide as he can for the subsistence of an immense mass of famishing creatures, with whose fate the lately imposed Poor-law has inextricably united his own.

France is easy and almost smiling at the installation of what it hopes will prove a settled order of things. Since his disasters at Strasbourg and Boulogne, Louis Napoleon has undergone that which makes the bad man worse, but often acts as a filter to the mind that has in it any ingredient of steadiness. Louis Philippe may unconsciously have acted as the schoolmaster to his successor, and, by enforcing the seclusion of Ham, been the means of giving Louis Napoleon the sole preparation that could have availed him for his new position. The appointment of M. Falloux as Minister of Instruction and Public Worship has been hailed as a homage to religion, and to the convictions of the party who are Catholics in heart as well as in name.

The important changes in Austria and Prussia speak well for the cause of really constitutional government. The accounts from Hungary are very confused; but we fear that a civil war of the most sanguinary and horrible character has been waged there for some time—a war not of principle but of race. Windischgratz appears to be aware that this internecine spirit will only succumb under a strong hand, and he is making immense and protracted preparations which are rather the result of care than dilatoriness. Presburg has submitted to the Imperial troops.

A change has taken place in the Frankfort Cabinet. Austrian influence has waned, or has perhaps seceded, in the person of Schmerling; and Baron Von Gagern and Prussia have just reached the ascendant. But the value of the Frankfort Regency as a political element remains yet to be ascertained.

The Gioberti Ministry has presented its programme to the Sardinian Chamber. They avow that Italian independence is only to be obtained by arms; but they cannot say when they intend to commence hostilities, for they have to inquire into the real situation of their military resources. They adopt the decree for the convocation of an Italian Constituent Assembly, and will concert with Rome and Tuscany the best and speediest means of holding such an Assembly. The Anglo-French mediation is referred to as a matter not likely to produce any effect.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

November 28th.—A series of most fearful crimes took place at Stanfield Hall, near Wymondham, in the county of Norfolk. Mr. Jermy, the Recorder of Norwich, and his son, were both shot dead by an assassin, within the residence of the former. The wife of the younger Mr. Jermy and her waiting-maid were also desperately wounded by the same ruffian. These crimes were the deed of but one person; and James Blomfield Rush, formerly a steward of the Recorder, has been fully committed for trial as the murderer.

December 2d.—The steamer Londonderry left Sligo on the evening of the 1st December for Liverpool, having on board about 190 steerage passengers, emigrants

on their way to America, and only three cabin passengers. During the night a perfect gale came on, and the steerage passengers were sent below into the cabin allotted for them, a very small compartment. A tarpaulin is said to have been nailed over the companion leading down to this cabin, the better to keep out the sea—and, unhappily, the air also. One of the imprisoned inmates at last got out and alarmed the crew. When the tarpaulin was removed, seventy-two dead bodies were discovered, all presenting the ghastly appearance of persons who had died in the agonies of suffocation. The captain put into Derry, where he, with his chief and second mate, now remain charged with manslaughter, under the verdict of a coroner's jury.

Parliament has been further prorogued from the 19th December to the 1st of February.

At the anniversary meeting of the Royal Society on the 29th November, the Earl of Rosse was elected President without opposition, the chair having become vacant by the retirement of the Marquis of Northampton. The election of a Secretary, in place of Dr. Roget, terminated in favour of Mr. Thomas Bell; who was preferred to the Council's candidate, Mr. Grove, "by a large number of balls."

The official announcement of the poll for the West Riding of Yorkshire took place on the 18th December. Mr. Edmund Denison was declared duly elected: the numbers were—for Denison, 14,743; for Sir Culling Eardley, 11,795.

The Hon. E. H. Stanley, son of Lord Stanley, has been elected for Lynn without opposition; a Chartist opponent declining to go to the poll.

Mr. Charles Buller, President of the Poor-Law Board, and Member for Liskeard, died on the 29th November, at the comparatively premature age of forty-two.

A seat is vacant in either House of the Legislature: in the House of Lords, by the death of Lord Dunsany, one of the Representative Peers of Ireland, and Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Meath; in the House of Commons, by the sudden decease of Mr. Turner, Member for Truro.

Mr. Barkly, the Member for Leominster, has been appointed Governor of British Guiana; and Mr. Gregory to the Governorship of the Bahama Islands. Governor Mathew had been suspending Members of both the Executive and Legislative Council at the latter dependency, and was so generally committed with his subjects, that a petition had been sent home praying for his removal.

FOREIGN.

FRANCE.—Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was, on the 20th December, proclaimed President of the French Republic "from that day until the second Sunday of May, 1852." 7,349,000 citizens deposited their votes, dividing their suffrages thus:—Louis Napoleon, 5,434,226; General Cavaignac, 1,448,107; Ledru Rollin, 370,119; Raspail, 36,900; Lamartine, 17,910; General Changarnier, 4,790; votes lost, 12,600.

21st.—The President announced his Ministry to the National Assembly. The following is the list:—Odillon Barrot, Minister of Justice and President of the Council; Drouyn de Lhuys, Foreign Affairs; Léon de Malleville, the Interior; General Rulhières, War; De Tracy, Marine and Colonies; Falloux, Public Instruction and Worship; Léon Faucher, Public Works; Bixio, Agriculture; Hypolite Passy, Finances. Mar-

shal Bugeaud has been appointed Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Alps, and General Changarnier Military Governor of Paris.

AUSTRIA.—The Diet assembled at Kremsier on the 22d November. Smolka was re-elected President.

December 2d.—The Emperor Ferdinand abdicated the throne in favour of his nephew Francis Joseph; the father of the new monarch, the Archduke Francis Charles, having also renounced the succession in favour of his son. Francis Joseph the First was born on the 18th August, 1830.

5th.—The young Emperor issued his inaugural proclamation, of which the following are the most important paragraphs:—"We are convinced of the necessity and the value of free institutions, and enter with confidence on the path of a prosperous reformation of the monarchy. On the basis of true liberty, on the basis of the equality of rights of all our people, and the equality of all citizens before the law, and on the basis of their equally partaking in the representation and legislation, the country will rise to its ancient grandeur." A hope is expressed for "success in uniting all the countries and tribes of the monarchy into one integral state."

The Hungarians have refused to recognise Francis Joseph as their king, on the ground of its being expressly stipulated in the Pragmatic Sanction that no person under twenty years of age should succeed to the Hungarian crown; and have declared themselves a Republic, with Kossuth as its first President.

PRUSSIA.—The Assembly met at Brandenburg on the 27th November. Von Unruh and the Left stayed away; so that only one hundred and fifty-four members answered to their names—forty-eight too few for a legal quorum.

December 5th.—The King dissolved the Assembly, and proclaimed a Constitution, principally classified on the form of the Belgian. All Prussians are to be equal before the law; freedom of property, of religious faith, and of the communication of knowledge, are guaranteed. There are to be two legislative Chambers; the elective franchise for both to be indirect, and founded on population and property. Feudal tenures, family entails, and privileges of rank, are abolished. The Constitution is to be revised by the Chambers.

SARDINIA.—The new Ministry was definitively formed on the 15th December, with Gioberti as President of the Council.

ROME.—The Pope, who had remained a close prisoner in the Quirinal since the events of the 16th, made his escape from thence on the 24th November, disguised as an attendant on Count de Spaur, the Bavarian Minister. His Holiness reached Gaeta, in the kingdom of Naples, on the next day. On the day after, he was welcomed to his dominions by the King of Naples in person, attended by the Queen and the Royal Family.

EGYPT.—Ibrahim Pasha died on the 10th November. In consequence of Mehemet Ali's feebleness, the Sultan nominated Ibrahim Viceroy only on the 1st September last. In accordance with the firman granted by the Sultan in 1841, the deceased is succeeded in the government by Abbas Pasha, the child of Mehemet Ali's second son, who died in 1816. The new Viceroy was born in Arabia in 1813.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. The series of papers on St. Philip Neri and his Times will be resumed in our next Number.

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